"

More was a contemporary
Poet with Milton.

Southey considers his Poems to
hopefs "passages of the highest
feeling & most Exquisite beauty."

ΨΥΧΩΔΙΑ
PLATONICA:

OR

A Platonicall Song
of the
SOUL,

onsisting of foure severall Poems;

viz.

ΨΥΧΟΖΩΙΑ.

ΨΥΧΑΘΑΝΑΣΙΑ.

ΝΤΙΨΥΧΟΠΑΝΝΥΧΙΑ

ΑΝΤΙΜΟΝΟΨΥΧΙΑ.

to is added a Paraphrasticall Interpretation
f the answer of Apollo consulted by Amelius, about Plotinus soul departed this life.

H. M.

er of Arts, and Fellow of
e in Cambridge.

let ignaris inscitia voluptatem
ique contemptum. Scal.

IBRIDGE
aniel, Printer to the Univer-
ie. 1642.

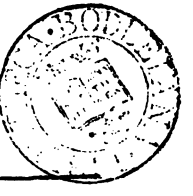
ΨΥΧΟΖΩΙΑ,

OR

CHRISTIANO-
ATONICALL display of
LIFE,

n in the beginning of the year
ir LORD 1640. and now
blished for all free Phisophers
and well-willers to the true
Christian Life.

ίζει, ὦ τέκνον. Ὁ γὰρ εὐσεβῶν ἄκρως
φιλοσοφεῖ, Trismeg.



CAMBRIDGE
ed by *Roger Daniel*, Printer to the
Universitie, 1642.

But whom luſt, wrath, and fear controul,
Scarce know their body from their ſoul,
If any ſuch chance heare my verſe,
Dark numerous Nothings I rehearſe
To them, meaſure out an idle ſound
In which no inward ſenſe is found.
Thus ſing I to cragg'd clifts and hills,
To ſighing winds, to murmuring rills,
To waſtefull woods, to empty groves,
Such things as my dear mind moſt loves.
But they heed not my Heavenly paſſion,
Faſt fixt on their own operation.
On chalky rocks hard by the Sea,
Safe guided by fair Cynthia,
I ſtrike my ſilver-ſounded lyre,
Firſt ſtruck my ſelf by ſome ſtrong fire;
And all the while her wavering ray
Reflected from fluid glaſſe doth play
On the white banks. But all are deaf
Unto my Muſe, that is moſt lief
To mine own ſelf. So they nor blame
My pleaſant notes, nor praiſe the ſame.
Nor do thou, Reader, raſhly brand
My rhymes 'fore thou them underſtand.

H. M.

ΨΥΧΟΖΩΙΑ,

OR

A CHRISTIANO-PLATONICALL *display of* LIFE,

Written in the beginning of the year of our LORD 1640. and now publiſhed for all free Phiſophers and well-willers to the true Chriſtian Life.

Ἐυσέβει, ὦ τέκνον. Ὁ γὰρ ἐυσεβῶν ἄκρως φιλοσοφεῖ, Triſmeg.

CAMBRIDGE

Printed by *Roger Daniel*, Printer to the Univerſitie, 1642.

TO THE READER, upon the first Book of PSYCHOZOIA.

THis first book, as you may judge by the names therein, was intended for a mere Platonicall description of Universall life, or life that is omnipresent, though not alike omnipresent. As in Noahs Deluge, the water that overflowed the earth was present in every part thereof, but every part of the water was not in every part of the earth, or all in every part; so the low Spirit of the Universe, though it go quite through the world, yet it is not totally in every part of the world; Else we should heare our Antipodes, if they did but whisper: Because our lower man is a part of the inferiour Spirit of the Universe.

Ahad, *Æon*, and *Psyche* are all omnipresent in the World, after the most perfect way that humane reason can conceive of. For they are in the world all totally and at once every where.

This is the famous Platonicall Triad: which though they that slight the Christian Trinity do take for a figment; yet I think it is no contemptible argument, that the Platonists, the best and divinest of Philosophers, and the Christians, the best of all that do professe religion, do both concur that there is a Trinity. In what they differ

I leave to be found out, according to the
rection of that infallible Rule of Faith, tl
Word.

In the mean time I ſhall not be blame
ny thing but ignorance and malignity, fo
invited to ſing of the ſecond Unity of the
nicall Triad, in a Chriſtian ſtrain and P
ſcheme, that which the holy Scripture wit
of the ſecond Perſon of the Chriſtian Trini
that his patrimony is the poſſeſſion of the
earth. For if it be not all one with Chriſt,
ding to his Divinity (although their att
ſute exceeding well: For that ſecond Unity
Platonicall Triad, is called *Filius Boni*, T
of the Good; The Chriſtian ſecond Perſo
Sonne of God; He, ἀπαύγασμα τῆς δόξης τοῦ
That, the Ἀυτοκάλλον, *the firſt beauty or l*
He, the ὁ Λόγος: that, the firſt εἶδος, and
time λόγος: As in Triſmeg: Ὁ οὖν λόγος
κὼν καὶ νοῦς τοῦ Θεοῦ· He, *the Truth*; That, t
or true platform according to which ever
was made and ought to be made: That
He, *Eternall life*: He, *the wiſdome o*
That the *Intellect*: He ὁ ὢν καὶ ὁ ἦν, καὶ ὁ ἐρ
that the τὸ ὄν.) Yet the Platoniſts placing
the ſame order, and giving him the lik
butes, with the Perſon of the Sonne in C
anity, it is nothing harſh for me to take o
from hence to ſing a while the true Chriſti
tocalon, whoſe beauty ſhall adorn the
Earth in good time; if we believe the Pr

or that hath not as yet happened. For Christ is ot where ever his name is : * but as he is the uth, so will he be truly displayed upon the face f the whole Earth. For God doth not fill the orld with his glory by words and sounds, but y spirit, and life, and realtie.

* *This opinion, though it have its moments of reason, yet every mans deemment is left free, and will ever be, where there is no demonstration bind it to assent.*

Now this Eternall life I sing of, even in the iidst of my Platonisme : for I cannot conceal om whence I am, *viz.* of Christ ; but yet acnowledging, that God hath not left the Heathen, 'lato especially, without witnesse of himself. Vhose doctrine might strike our adulterate Chriian professours with shame and astonishment ; ieir lives falling so exceeding short of the better leathen. How far short are they then of that adiirable and transcendent high mystery of true hristianisme ? To which Plato is a very good ibservient Minister; whose Philosophy I singing ere in a full heat, why may it not be free for me) break out into an higher strain, and under it) touch upon some points of Christianitie ; as ell as all-approved Spencer sings of Christ. unr the name of Pan ? Saint Paul also transfers ose things that be spoken of Jupiter, to God mself, Arat. φαινόμθα.

Πάντῃ ϛ Διὸς κεχρήμεθα πάντες·
γὰρ κ γένος ἐσμέν.

hose *latter words* he gives to the Christian God,

;od, whom he himſelf preached. I will omit th
ſual courſe of the Spirit of God in holy Writ
To take occaſion from things that have ſome re-
ſemblance of divine things, under them to ſpeak
of the true things themſelves.

All this out of a tenderneſſe of mind; being ex-
ceeding loth to give any man offence by my wri-
tings. For though knowledge and theory be bet-
ter then any thing but honeſty and true piety, ye
it is not ſo good, as that I ſhould willingly of-
fend my neighbour by it.

Thus much by way of preparation to the firſt
piece of this Poem. I will now leave thee to thin
own diſcretion and judgement.

Upon the ſecond Book.

THis ſecond Book, before we deſcend to pa
ticular lives, exhibits to our apprehenſi
by as fit a ſimilitude as I could light upon,
Univerſe as one ſimple uniform being, from
had to *Hyle* : no particular ſtraitned being a
being made ; no Earth or any other Orb a
knea together. All homogeneall, ſimple, ſi
pure, pervious, unknotted, uncoacted, no
exiſting but thoſe eight univerſall orders,

There God hath full command, builds a
ſtroyes what he liſts.

That all our ſouls are free effluxes from
ſence, what followes is ſo plain that the
wants no direction.

Upon the third Book.

THere is no knot at all in this laſt Book if men do not ſeek one. I plainly and poſitively declare no opinion, but ſhow the abuſe of thoſe opinions there touched, crouding a number of enormities together, that ſafely ſhroud themſelves there, where all ſinfulneſſe ſurely may eaſily get harbour, if we be not well aware of the Devil, that makes even true opinions oftentimes ſerve for miſchief.

Nothing elſe can be now expected for the eaſy and profitable underſtanding of this Poem, but the interpretation of the names that frequently occur in it. Which I will interpret at the end of theſe Books, (as alſo the hard terms of the other Poems) for their ſakes whoſe reall worth and underſtanding is many times equall with the beſt, onely they have not fed of husks and ſhels, as others have been forced to do, the ſuperficiary knowledge of tongues. But it would be well, that neither the Linguiſt would contemne the illiterate for his ignorance, nor the ignorant condemne the learned for his knowledge, For it is not unlearnednesſe that God is ſo pleaſed withall, or ſillines of mind, but ſingleneſſe and ſimplicity of heart.

H. M.

THE ARGUMENT OF PSYCHOZOIA.

Lib. 1.

This song great Psyches parentage
With her fourefold array,
And that mysterious marriage,
To th' Reader doth display.

1

NOr Ladies loves, nor Knights brave Martiall deeds,
Ywrapt in rolls of hid Antiquity;
But th' inward Fountain, and the unseen Seeds,
From whence are these and what so under eye
Doth fall, or is record in memory,
Psyche, I'll sing. *Psyche*! from thee they sprong.
O life of time, and all *Alterity*!
The life of lives instill his nectar strong,
And Psych' inebriate, while I sing *Psyches* song.

2

But thou, who e're thou art that hear'st this strain,
Or read'st these rimes which from Platonick rage
Do powerfully flow forth, dare not to blame
My forward pen of foul miscarriage;
If all that's spoke, with thoughts more sadly sage
Doth not agree. My task is not to try
What's simply true. I onely do engage
My self to make a fit discovery,
Give some fair glimps of Plato's hid Philosophie.

3

What man alive that hath but common wit
(When skilfull limmer 'suing his intent
Shall fairly well pourtray and wisely hit
The true proportion of each lineament,
And in right colours to the life depaint
The fulvid Eagle with her sun-bright eye)
Would woxen wroth with inward cholar brent
Cause 'tis no Buzard or discolour'd Pye?
Why man? I meant it not: Cease thy fond obloquie.

4

So if what's consonant to Plato's school,
(Which well agrees with learned Pythagore,
Ægyptian Trismegist and th' antique roll
Of Chaldee wisedome all which time hath tore
But Plato and deep Plotin do restore)
Which is my scope, I sing out lustily.
If any twitten me for such strange lore,
And me all blamelesse brand with infamy,
God purge that man from fault of foul malignity.

5

Th' Ancient of dayes, sire of *Æternitie*,
Sprung of himself, or rather nowise sprong.
Father of lights and everlasting glee,
Who puts to silence every daring tongue
And flies mans sight, shrouding himself among
His glorious rayes, good *Hattove*, from whom cai
All good that *Penia* spies in thickest throng
Of most desired things, all's from that same,
That same, that *Hattove* hight and sweet *Abinoam*.

6

Now can I not with flowring phantasie
To drowsie sensuall souls such words impart,
Which in their sprights may cause sweet agony,
And thrill their bodies through with pleasing dar
And spread in flowing fire their close-twist heart,
All-chearing fire, that nothing wont to burn
That *Hattove* lifts to save: and his good Art
Is all to save that will to him return,
That all to him return, nought of him is forlorn.

7

For what can be forlorn, when his good hands
Hold all in life, that of life do partake?
O surest confidence of *Loves* strong bands!
Love loveth all that's made; *Love* all did make:
And when false life doth fail, it's for the sake
Of better being. Riving tortures spight,
That life disjoints, and makes the heart to quake
To good the soul doth nearer reunite:
So ancient Hattove hence all-joyning *Abad* hight.

This *Abud* of himself the *Æon* fair
Begot, the brightnesse of his fathers grace:
No living wight in heaven to him compare,
Ne work his goodly honour such disgrace,
Nor lose thy time in telling of his race.
His beauty and his race no man can tell:
His glory darkeneth the Suns bright face;
Or if ought else the Suns bright face excell,
His splendour would it dim, and all that glory quell.

9

This is that ancient *Eidos* omniform,
Fount of all beauty, root of flowring glee.
Hyle old hag, foul, filthy and deform,
Can not come near. Joyfull *Eternity*
Admits no change or mutability,
No shade of change, no imminution,
No nor increase; for what increase can be
To that that's all? and where *Hyl'* hath no throne
Can ought decay? such is the state of great *Æon*.

10

Farre otherwise it fares in this same lond
Of truth and beauty, then in mortall brood
Of earthly lovers, who impassion'd
With outward formes (not rightly understood,
From whence proceeds this amorous sweet flood,
And choise delight which in their spright they feel:
Can outward idol yield so heavenly mood?)
This inward beauty unto that they deel
That little beauteous is: Thus into th' dirt they reel.

11

Like to Narcissus, on the grassie shore,
Viewing his outward face in watery glasse;
Still as he looks, his looks adde evermore
New fire, new light, new love, new comely grace
To 's inward form; and it displayes apace
It's hidden rayes, and so new lustre sends
To that vain shadow: but the boy, alas!
Unhappy boy! the inward nought attends,
But in foul filthy mire, love, life and form he blends.

12

And this I wote is the Souls excellence,
That from the hint of every painted glance
Of shadows sensible, it doth from hence
Its radiant life and lovely hue advance
To higher pitch, and by good governance
May wained be from love of fading light
In outward formes, having true Cognisance,
That those vain shows are not the beauty bright
That takes men so, but that they cause in humane sprig

13

Farre otherwise it fares in *Æons* realm.
O happy close of sight and that there's seen!
That there is seen is good *Abinoam*,
Who *Hattove* hight: And *Hattubus* I ween,
Cannot be lesse then he that sets his eyen
On that abysse of good eternally,
The youthfull *Æon*, whose fair face doth shine
While he his Fathers glory doth espy,
Which waters his fine flowring forms with light from h

14

Not that his forms increase, or that they die.
For *Æon Land*, which men *Idea* call,
Is nought but life in full serenitie,
Vigour of life is root, stock, branch, and all;
Nought here increaseth, nought here hath its fall:
For *Æons* kingdomes alwaies perfect stand,
Birds, beasts, fields, springs, plants, men and minerall,
To perfectnesse nought added be there can.
This *Æon* also hight *Autocalon* and *On*.

15

This is the eldest sonne of *Hattove* hore:
But th' eldest daughter of this aged sire,
That virgin wife of *Æon*, *Vranore*.
She *Vranora* hight, because the fire
Of *Æthers* essence she with bright attire,
And inward unseen golden hew doth dight,
And life of sense and phaneie doth inspire.
Æther's the vehicle of touch, smell, sight,
Of taste and hearing too, and of the plastick might.

Wh

16

Whylom me chanced (O my happy chance!)
To spie this spotlesse pure fair *Urauure*.
I spi'd her, but, alas! with slighter glance
Beheld her on the *Hattubæan* shore,
She stood the last: for her did stand before
The lovely *Autocal*. But first of all
Was mighty *Hattove*, deeply covered o're
With unseen light. No might Imaginall
May reach that vast profunditie.

17

Whiles thus they stood by that good lucid spring
Of living blisse, her fourefold ornament
I there observ'd; and that's the onely thing
That I dare write with due advisement.
Fool-hardy man that purposeth intent
Far 'bove his reach, like the proud Phaeton,
Who clomb the fiery car and was ychent
Through his fond juvenile ambition:
Th' unruly flundring steeds wrought his confusion.

18

Now rise, my Muse, and straight thy self addresse
To write the pourtraiture of th' outward vest,
And to display its perfect comlinesse:
Begin and leave where it shall please thee best.
Nor do assay to tell all, let the rest
Be understood. For no man can unfold
The many plicatures so closely prest
At lowest verge. Things 'fore our feet yrold,
If they be hard, how shall the highest things be told?

19

Its unseen figure I must here omit:
For thing so mighty vast no mortall eye
Can compasse; and if eye not compasse it,
The extreme parts, at lest some, hidden lye:
And if that they lie hid, who can descry
The truth of figure? Bodies figured
Receive their shape from each extremity:
But if conjecture may stand in truths stead
The garment round or circular I do aread.

20

As for its colour and materiall,
It silken seems, and of an azur hew,
If hew it have or colour naturall:
For much it may amaze mans erring view.
Those parts the eye is near give not the shew
Of any colour: but the rurall Swains,
O easie ignorance! would swear 'tis blew,
Such as their Phyllis would, when as she plains
Their Sunday-cloths, and the washt white with azu

21

But this fair azur colour's fouly stain'd
By base comparison with that blew dust.
But you of *Uranore* are not disdain'd,
O silly Shepherds, if you hit not just
In your conceits, so that you're put in trust
You duly do attend. If simple deed
Accord with simple life, then needs you must
From the great *Uranore* of favour speed,
Though you can not unfold the nature of her weed.

22

For who can it unfould, and reade aright
The divers colours, and the tinctures fair,
Which in this various vesture changes write
Of light, of duskishnesse, of thick, of rare
Consistences: ever new changes marre
Former impressions. The dubious shine
Of changeable silk stuffs this passeth farre.
Farre more variety, and farre more fine,
Then interwoven silk with gold or silver twine.

23

Lo what delightfull immutations
On her soft flowing vest we contemplate!
The glory of the Court, their fashions,
And brave agguize with all their Princely state,
Which Poets or Historians relate
This farre excels, farther then pompous Court
Excels the homeliest garb of Country rate:
Unspeakable it is how great a sort
Of glorious glistring showes in it themselves dispor

24

There you may ſee the eyelids of the morn
With lofty ſilver arch diſplaid ith' Eaſt,
And in the midſt the burniſht gold doth burn;
A lucid purple mantle in the Weſt
Doth cloſe the day, and hap the Sun at reſt.
Nor doe theſe lamping ſhewes the azur quell,
Or other colours: where 't beſeemeth beſt
There they themſelves diſpoſe; ſo ſeemly well
Doth light and changing tinctures deck this goodly veil.

25

But 'mongſt theſe glaring glittering rows of light,
And flaming circles, and the griſell gray,
And crudled clouds with ſilver tippings dight,
And many other deckings wondrous gay,
As *Iris* and the *Halo*, there doth play
Still-pac'd *Euphrona* in her conique tire;
By ſtealth her ſteeple-cap ſhe doth aſſay
To whelm on th' earth: So ſchool boyes do aſpire
With coppell'd hat to quelm the Bee all arm'd with ire.

26

I ſaw pourtray'd on this Sky-coloured ſilk
Two lovely lads, with wings fully diſpread
Of ſilver plumes, their skin more white then milk,
Their lilly limbs I greatly admired,
Their cheary looks and luſtie livelyhed:
Athwart their ſnowy breaſt a ſcarf they wore
Of azur hew, fairly beſpangoled
With the gold fringe. Like Doves ſo forth they fore:
Some meſſage they, I ween, to *Monocardia* bore.

27

O gentle ſprights, whoſe carefull overſight
Tends humane actions, ſons of *Salyma*!
O heavenly *Salems* ſons! you fend the right,
You violence reſiſt, and fraud bewray;
The ill with ill, the good with good you pay.
And if you liſt to mortall eye appear,
You thick that veil, and ſo your ſelves array
With viſibility: O myſtery rare!
That thickned veil ſhould maken things appear more bare.

28

But well I wote that nothing's bare to ſenſe;
For ſenſe cannot arrive to th' inwardneſſe
Of things, nor penetrate the cruſty fence
Of conſtipated matter cloſe compreſſe:
Or that were laid aſide, yet natheleſſe
Things thus unbar'd, to ſenſe be more obſcure.
Therefore thoſe Sonnes of *Love* when they them d
For ſight, they thick the veſt of *Vranure*,
And from their centre overflow't with beauty pure.

29

Thus many goodly things have been unfold
Of *Vranures* fair changing ornament:
Yet far more hidden ly, as yet untold;
For all to tell was never my intent,
Neither all could I tell if I ſo ment.
For her large robe all the wide world doth fill:
Its various largeneſſe no man can depaint:
My pen's from thence, my books, my ink; but skil
From *Vranures* own ſelf down gently doth diſtill.

30

But yet one thing I ſaw that I'll not paſſe,
At the low hem of this large garment gay
Number of goodly balls there pendent was,
Some like the Sun, ſome like the Moons white ray
Some like diſcoloured Tellus, when the day
Diſcries her painted coat: In wond'rous wiſe
Theſe coloured ones do circle, float and play,
As thoſe far-ſhining Rounds in open skies:
Their courſe the beſt Aſtronomer might well aggriz

31

Theſe danc'd about: but ſome I did eſpie
That ſteddy ſtood, 'mongſt which there ſhined o
More fairly ſhineth not the worlds great eye,
Which from his plenteous ſtore unto the Moon
Kindly imparteth light, that when he's gone,
She might ſupply his place, and well abate
The irkſome uglineſſe of that foul drone,
Sad heavie night, yet quick to work the fate
Of murdered travellers, when they themſelves belat

32

O gladsome life of sense that doth adore
The outward shape of the worlds curious frame!
The proudest Prince that ever Sceptre bore
(Though he perhaps observeth not the same)
The lowest hem doth kisse of that we name
The stole of *Uranore*, these parts that won
To drag in dirty earth (nor do him blame)
These doth he kisse: why should he be fordonne?
How sweet it is to live! what joy to see the Sunne!

33

But O what joy it is to see the Sunne
Of *Æons* kingdomes, and th' eternall day
That never night o'retakes! the radiant throne
Of the great Queen, the Queen *Vranura*!
Then she gan first the Sceptre for to sway,
And rule with wisdome, when *Hattubus* old,
Hence *Abad* we him call, did tie them tway
With nuptiall charm and wedding-ring of gold:
Then sagely he the case gan to them thus unfold:

34

My first born Sonne, and thou my daughter dear,
Look on your aged Sire, the deep abysse,
In which and out of which you first appear;
I *Abad* hight, and *Abad* oneness is:
Therefore be one; (his words do never misse)
They one became. I *Hattove* also hight,
Said he; and *Hattove* goodnesse is and blisse:
Therefore in goodnesse be ye fast unite:
Unitie, *Love*, *Good*, be measures of your might.

35

They straight accord: then he put on the ring,
The ring of lasting gold on *Vranure*;
Then gan the youthfull Lads aloud to sing,
Hymen! O Hymen! O the Virgin pure!
O holy Bride! long may this joy indure.
After the song *Hattove* his speech again
renews. My Son, I unto thee assure
All judgement and authoritie soveraign.
Spake *as unto one*: for one became those twain.

36

To thee each knee in Heaven and Earth shall bow,
And whatsoever wons in darker cell
Under the Earth: If thou thy awfull brow
Contract, those of the *Æthiopian* hell
Shall lout, and do thee homage; th y that dwell
In *Tharsis*, *Tritons* fry, the Ocean-god,
Iim and *Ziim*, all the *Satyres* fell
That in empse Ilands maken their abode:
All those and all things else shall tremble at thy rod.

37

Thy rod thou shalt extend from sea to sea,
And thy Dominion to the worlds end;
All Kings shall vow thee faithfull fealtie,
Then peace and truth on all the earth I'll send:
Nor moody Mars my metalls may mispend,
Of warlike instruments they plow-shares shall
And pruning-hooks efform. All things shall wend
For th' best, and thou the head shalt be o're all.
Have I not sworn thee King? true King Catholicall!

38

Thus farre he spake, and then again respired;
And all this time he held their hands in one;
Then they with chearfull look one thing desired,
That he nould break this happy union.
I happy union break? quoth he anon:
I *Abad*? Father of Community?
Then they: That you nould let your hand be gone
Off from our hands. He grants with smiling glee:
So each stroke struck on earth is struck frō these same.

39

These three are *Abad*, *Æon*, *Uranore*:
Abad these three in one doth counite.
What so is done on earth, the self-same power
(Which is exert upon each mortall wight)
Is joyntly from all these. But she that hight
Fair *Uranore*, men also *Psyche* call.
Great *Psyche* men and angels dear delight,
Invested in her stole ethereall,
Which though so high it be, down to earth doth fall.

40

The externall form of this large flowing stole,
My Muse so as she might above displaid;
But th' inward triple golden film to unroll,
Ah! he me teach that triple film hath made,
And brought out light out of the deadly shade
Of darkest Chaos, and things that are seen
Made to appear out of the gloomy glade
Of unseen beings: Them we call unseen,
Not that they 're so indeed, but so to mortall eyen.

41

The first of these fair films, we *Physis* name.
Nothing in nature did you ever spy
But there's pourtraid: all beasts both wild and tame,
Each bird is here, and every buzzing fly;
All forrest work is in this tapestry:
The Oke, the Holm, the Ash, the Aspin tree,
The lonesome Buzzard, th' Eagle, and the Py,
The Buck, the Bear, the Boar, the Hare, the Bee,
The Brize, the black-arm'd Clock, the Gnat, the Butterflie;

42

Snakes, Adders, Hydraes, Dragons, Toads, and Frogs,
Th' own-litter-loving Ape, the Worm and Snail,
Th' undaunted Lion, Horses, Men and Dogs;
Their number's infinite, nought doth 't avail
To reckon all: the time would surely fail;
And all besprinkeled with centrall spots,
Dark little spots, is this hid inward veil:
But when the hot bright dart doth pierce these knots,
Each one dispreads it self according to their lots.

43

When they dispread themselves, then gins to swell
Dame *Psyches* outward vest, as th' inward wind
Softly gives forth, full softly doth it well
Forth from the centrall spot; yet as confin'd
To certain shape, according to the mind
Of the first centre, not perfect circlar wise,
It shoots it self: for so the outward kind
Of things were lost, and Natures good devise
Of different *forms* would hidden ly in one agguise.

44

But it according to the impreſt Art
(That Arts impreſſion's from *Idea Lond*)
So drives it forth before it every part
According to true ſymmetry: the bond
And juſt precinct (unleſſe it be withſtond)
It alwayes keeps. But that old hag that hight
Foul *Hyle* miſtreſſe of the miry ſtrond,
Oft her withſtands, and taketh great delight
To hinder *Phyſis* work, and work her all deſpight.

45

The ſelf ſame envious witch with poyſon'd dew,
From her foul eben-box, all tinctures ſtains
Which farely good be in hid *Phyſis* hew:
That film all tinctures fair in it contains;
But ſhe their goodly glory much reſtrains.
She colours dims; clogs taſtes; and damps the ſound
Of ſweeteſt muſick; touch to skorching pains
She turns, or baſer tumults; ſmels confounds.
O horrid womb of hell, that with ſuch ill abounds.

46

From this firſt film all bulk in quantity
Doth bougen out, and figure thence obtain.
Here eke begins the life of Sympathy,
And hidden virtue of magnetick vein,
Where unknown ſpirits beat, and *Pſyche's* trane
Drag as they liſt, upon purſuit or flight;
One part into another they conſtrain
Through ſtrong deſire, and then again remit.
Each outward form's a ſhrine of its magnetick ſpright.

47

The ripen'd child breaks through his mothers womb
The raving billows cloſely undermine
The ragged rocks, and then the ſeas intombe
Their heavie corſe, and they their heads recline
On working ſand: The Sun and Moon combine;
Then they 'r at ods in ſite diametrall:
The former age to th' preſent place reſigne:
And what's all this but waſts of winds centrall
That ruffle, touze, and toſſe Dame *Pſyche's* wrimpled

48

So *Physis*. Next is *Arachnea* thin,
The thinner of these two, but thinn'st of all
Is *Semele*, that's next to *Psyches* skin.
The second we thin *Arachnea* call,
Because the spider, that in Princes hall
Takes hold with her industrious hand, and weaves
Her daintie tender web; far short doth fall
Of this soft yielding vest; this vest deceives
The spiders curious touch, and of her praise bereaves.

49

In midst of this fine web doth *Haphe* sit:
She is the centre from whence all the light
Dispreads, and goodly glorious Forms do flit
Hither and thither. Of this miroir bright
Haphe's the life and representing might
Haphe's the mother of sense-sympathy;
Hence are both hearing, smelling, taste and sight:
Haphe's the root of felt vitality;
But *Haphe's* mother hight all-spread *Community*.

50

In this clear shining miroir *Psyche* sees
All that falls under sense, what ere is done
Upon the earth; the deserts shaken trees,
The mournfull winds, the solitary wonne
Of dreaded beasts, the Lybian Lions moan,
When their hot entrals skorch with hunger keen,
And they to God for meat do deeply groan;
He hears their crie, he sees of them unseen;
His eyelids compasse all that in the wide world been.

51

He sees the weary traveller sit down
In the waste field oftimes with carefull chear:
His chafed feet, and the long way to town,
His burning thirst, faintnesse, and Panick fear,
Because he sees not him that stands so near,
Fetch from his soul deep sighs with countenance sad,
But he looks on to whom nought doth dispair:
O happy man that full persuasion had
Of *this! if right* at home, nought of him were yerad.

The

51

A many ſparrows for ſmall price be ſold,
Yet none of them his wings on earth doth cloſe
Lighting full ſoft, but that eye doth behold,
Their jets, their jumps, that miroir doth diſcloſe.
Thrice happy he that putteth his repoſe
In his all-preſent God. That Africk rock
But touch'd with heedleſſe hand, Auſter aroſe
With bluſt'ring rage, that with his irefull ſhock
And moody might he made the worlds frame nigh to rock.

53

And ſhall not He, when his Anointed be
Ill handled, riſe, and in his wrathfull ſtour
Diſperſe and quell the haughty enemie,
Make their brisk ſprights to lout and lowly lour?
Or elſe confound them quite with mighty power?
Touch not my Kings, my Prophets let alone,
Harm not my Prieſts; or you ſhall ill indure
Your works ſad payment and that deadly lone;
Keep off your hand from that high holy rock of ſtone.

54

Do not I ſee? I ſlumber not nor ſleep.
Do not I heare? each noiſe by ſhady night
My miroir repreſents: when mortals ſteep
Their languid limbs in Morpheus dull delight,
I hear ſuch ſounds as Adams brood would fright.
The dolefull echoes from the hollow hill
Mock houling wolves: the woods with black bedight
Anſwer rough Pan, his pipe and eke his skill,
And all the Satyr-routs rude whoops and ſhoutings ſhrill.

55

The night's no night to me: What? ſhall the Owl
And nimble cat their courſes truly ſteer,
And guide their feet and wings to every hole
So right, this on the ground, that in the aire?
And ſhall not I by night ſee full as clear?
All ſenſe doth in proportion conſiſt,
Arachnea doth all proportions bear:
All ſenſible proportions that fine twiſt
Contains: all life of ſenſe is in great *Haphes* liſt.

Se

56

Sense and concent, and all abhorrency,
Be variously divided in each one
Partic'lar creature: But antipathy
Cannot be there where fit proportion
Strikes in with all things in harmonious tone. ¶
Thus *Haphe* feels nought to her self contraire;
In her there's tun'd a just Diapason
For every outward stroke: withouten jar
Thus each thing doth she feel, and each thing easly bear.

57

But *Haphe* and *Arachne* I'll dismisse,
And that fourth vest, rich *Semele* display:
The largest of all foure and loosest is
This floting flouring changeable array.
How fairly doth it shine, and nimbly play,
Whiles gentle winds of Paradise do blow,
And that bright Sun of the eternall day
Upon it glorious light and forms doth strow,
And *Ahad* it with love and joy doth overflow!

58

This all-spread *Semele* doth *Bacchus* bear,
Impregn'd of *Jove* or *On*. He is the wine
That sad down-drouping senses wont to rear,
And cheerlesse hearts to comfort in ill tine.
He 'flames chaste Poets brains with fire divine;
The stronger spright the weaker spright doth sway:
No wonder then each phansie doth incline
To their great mother *Semel*, and obey
The vigorous impresse of her enforcing ray.

59

She is the mother of each *Semele*:
The daughters be divided one from one;
But she grasps all. How can she then but see
Each *Semels* shadows by this union?
She sees and swayes imagination
As she thinks good; and if that she think good
She lets it play by 't self, yet looketh on,
While she keeps in that large strong beating flood
That gars the Poet write, and rave as he were wood.

60

Prophets and Poets have their life from hence;
Like fire into their marrow it ſearcheth deep.
This flaming fiery flake doth choak all ſenſe,
And binds the lower man with braſen ſleep:
Corruption through all his bones doth creep,
And raging raptures do his ſoul outſnatch:
Round-turning whirlwinds on Olympus ſteep
Do caſt the ſoul, that earſt they out did catch:
Then ſtiller whiſpering winds dark viſions unlatch.

61

But not too farre, thou bold Platonick Swain!
Strive not at once all myſt'ries to diſcover
Of that ſtrange ſchool: More and more hard rema
As yet untold. But let us now recover
Strength to our ſelves by reſt in duly hower.
Great *Pſyches* parentage marriage and weeds
We having ſong according to our power,
That we may riſe more freſh for morning deeds,
Let's here take Inne and reſt our weary ſweating ſteed

THE ARGUMENT OF PSYCHOZOIA.

Lib. 2.

Here's taught how into Psychanie
Souls from their centrall sourse
Go forth. Here Beirons ingeny
Old Mnemon doth discourse.

1

I Sang great *Psyche* in my former song,
Old *Hattoves* daughter, sister unto *On*,
Mother of all that nimble Atom-throng
Of winged lives, and generation.
When *Psyche* wedded to *Autocalon*,
They both to *Abad* forthwith straight were wed:
For as you heard, all these became but one,
And so conjoyn'd they lie all in one bed,
And with that foure-fold vest they be all overspred.

2

Here lies the inmost centre of Creation,
From whence all inward forms and life proceed:
Here's that aereall stole, that to each fashion
Of sensibles is matter for their weed.
This is the ground where God doth sow his seed,
And whilest he sowes with whispering charms doth bid
This flourish long, and that to make more speed,
And all in order by his word doth rid:
So in their fatall round they 'pear and then are hid.

3

Beginning, end, form and continuance
Th' impression of his word to them doth deal.
Occurrences he sees, and mindeth chance:
But chance hath bounds. The Sea cannot o'reswell
Its just precincts; or rocky shores repell
Its foming force; or else its inward life
And Centrall rains do fairly it compell
Within it self, and gently 'pease the strife,
Or makes it gnaw the bit with rore and ragefull rife.

So

4

So fluid chance is set its certain bound,
Although with circling winds it be ytost;
And so the Pilots skill doth quite confound
With unexpected storms, and men have lost
Their time, their labour, and their precious cost.
Yet there's a Neptune Sovereigne of this Sea,
Which those that in themselv's put not their trust
To rude mischance did never yet betray:
Its He, whom both the winds and stormy seas obay.

5

Now sith my wandring Bark so far is gone,
And flitten forth upon the Ocean main,
I thee beseech that just dominion
Hast of the Sea, and art true Sovereigne
Of working phansie when it floats amain
With full impregned billows and strong rage
Enforceth way upon the boyling plain,
That thou wouldst steer my ship with wisdome sage,
That I with happy course may run my watery stage.

6

My mind is mov'd dark Parables to sing
Of *Psyche's* progeny that from her came,
When she was married to that great King,
Great *Aeon*, who just title well may claim
Of every soul, and brand them with his name.
Its He that made us, and not our own might:
But who, alas! this work can well proclaim?
We silly sheep cannot bleat out aright
The manner how: but that that giveth light is light.

7

Then let us borrow from the glorious Sun
A little light to illustrate this act,
Such as he is in his solstitiall noon,
When in the welkin there's no cloudy tract
For to make grosse his beams, and light refract.
Then sweep by all those globes that by reflection
His long small shafts do rudely beaten back,
And let his rayes have undenied projection,
And so we will pursue this mysteries retection.

8

Now think upon that gay discoloured bow:
That part that is remotest from the light
Doth duskish hew to the beholder show;
The nearer parts have colours far more bright,
And next the brightest is the subtle light;
Then colours seem but a distinct degree
Of light now failing, such let be the sight
Of his far spreaden beams that shines on high:
Let vast discoloured orbs close his extremity.

9

The last extreme, the fardest off from light,
That's natures deadly shadow, *Hyle's* cell.
O horrid cave, and womb of dredded Night!
Mother of witchcraft and the cursed spell,
Which nothing can avail 'gainst *Israel*.
No Magick can him hurt; his portion
Is not divided nature; he doth dwell
In light, in holy love, in union:
Not fast to this or that, but free communion.

10

Dependence of this All hence doth appear,
And severall degrees subordinate.
But phansie's so unfit such things to clear,
That oft it makes them seem more intricate:
And now Gods work it doth disterminate
Too far from his own reach: But he withall
More inward is, and far more intimate
Then things are with themselves. His ideall
And centrall presence is in every atom-ball.

11

Therefore those different hews through all extend
So far as light: Let light be every where:
And every where with light distinctly blend
Those different colours which I nam'd whilere
The extremities of that far shining sphere.
And that far shining sphere, which centre was
Of all those different colours, and bright chear,
You must unfasten; so o'respred it has,
Or rather *deeply fill'd*, with centrall sand each place.

Now

Now sith that this withouten penetrance
Of bodies may be done: we clearly see
(As well as that pendent subordinance)
The neaby couching of each realtie,
And the Creatours close propinquitie,
To ev'ry creature. This be understood
Of differentiall profundity.
But for the overspreading latitude;
Why may't not equally be stretch'd with Ocean floud?

13

There *Proteus* wonnes and fleet *Idothea*,
Where the low'st step of that profunditie
Is pight; Next that is *Psyche's* out array:
It *Tasis* hight: *Physis* is next degree:
There *Psyche's* feet impart a smaller fee
Of gentle warmth. *Physis* is the great womb
From whence all things in th' Universitie
Yclad in diverse forms do gaily bloom,
And after fade away, as *Psyche* gives the doom.

14

Next *Physis* is the tender *Arachne*;
There in her subtile loom doth *Haphe* sit:
But the last vest is changing *Semele*:
And next is *Psyches* self. These garments fit
Her sacred limbs full well, and are so knit
One part to other, that the strongest sway
Of sharpest axe, them no'te asunder smite.
The seventh is *Æon* with eternall ray:
The eighth *Hattove*, steddy cube, allpropping.

15

Upon this universall Ogdoas
Is founded every particularment:
From this same universall Diapase
Each harmony is fram'd and sweet consent.
But that I swerve not farre from my intent,
This Ogdoas let be an unitie
One mighty quickned orb of vast extent,
Throughly possest of lifes community,
And so those vests be seats of Gods vitality.

16

Now deem this universall round alone,
And rayes no rayes but a first all-spread light,
And centrick all like one pellucid Sun;
A Sun that's free, not bound by natures might,
That where it lists exerts his rayes outright,
Both when it lists, and what, and eke how long,
And then retracts so as it thinketh meet.
These rayes be that particular creature-throng:
Their number none can tell but that all-making tongue.

17

Now blundring Naturalist behold the spring
Of thy deep-searching soul, that fain would know
Whether a mortall or immortall thing
It be, and whence at first it gan to flow;
And that which chiefest is where it must go.
Some fixt necessity thou fain wouldst find:
But no necessity, where there's no law,
But the good pleasure of an unty'd mind:
Therefore thy God seek out, and leave nature behind.

18

He kills, He makes alive; the keys of hell
And death he hath. He can keep souls to wo
When cruell hands of fate them hence expell:
Or He in *Lethe's* lake can drench them so,
That they no act of life or sense can show.
They march out at His word, and they retreat;
March out with joy, retreat with footing slow
In gloomy shade, benumm'd with pallid sweat,
And with their feeble wings their fainting breasts they beat.

19

But souls that of his own good life partake
He loves as His own self; dear as His eye
They are to Him: He'll never them forsake:
When they shall dye, then God Himself shall dye.
They live, they live in blest eternity.
The wicked are not so; but like the dirt,
Trampled by man and beast, in grave they ly:
Filth and corruption is their rufull sort:
Themselves with death and worms in darknesse they disport

20

Their rotten relicks lurk close under ground:
With living wight no sense or sympathy
They have at all; nor hollow thundring sound
Of roring winds, that cold mortality
Can wake, ywrapt in sad fatality.
To horses hoof that beats his grassie dore
He answers not: The Moon in silency,
Doth passe by night, and all bedew him o're
With her cold humid rayes; but he feels not heavens p

21

O dolefull lot of disobedience!
If God should souls thus drench in Lethe lake.
But O unspeakable torture of sense,
When sinfull souls do life and sense partake,
That those damn'd spirits may thē anvils make
Of their fell cruelty, that lay such blows
That very ruth doth make my heart to quake
When I consider of the drery woes,
And tearing torment that each soul then undergoes.

22

Hence the souls nature we may plainly see:
A beam it is of th' intellectuall sun,
A ray indeed of that eternity;
But such a ray as when it first out shone,
From a free light its shining date begun.
And that same light when't list can call it in;
Yet that free light hath given a free wonne
To this dependent ray: hence cometh sin;
From sin drad death and hell: these wages doth it win

23

Each life a severall ray is from that sphere
That sphere doth every life in it contain.
Arachne, *Semel*, and the rest do bear
Their proper virtue, and with one joynt strain
And powerful sway theymake impression plain,
And all their rayes be joyned into one
By *Ahad*: so this womb withouten pain
Doth flocks of souls send out that have their won
Where they list most to graze; as I shall tell anon.

24

'he country where they live *Psychania* hight,
;reat *Psychany*, that hath so mighty bounds,
fbounds it have at all: so infinite
t is of bignesse, that it me confounds
'o think to what a vastnesse it amounds;
'he Sun Saturnus, Saturn the earth exceeds
'he earth the Moon; but all, those fixed rounds;
;ut *Psychany* those fixed rounds exceeds,
farre as those fix'd rounds excell small mustard-seeds.

25

Two mighty kingdomes hath this *Psychany*,
The one self-feeling *Autæsthesia*;
The other hight god-like *Theoprepy*.
Autæsthesy's divided into tway:
One Province cleeped is great *Adamah*,
Which also hight *Beirah* of brutish fashion;
The other Province is *Dizoia*:
There you may see much mungrill transformation,
:h monstrous shapes proceed from Niles foul inundation.

26

Great *Michael* ruleth *Theoprepia*,
A mighty Prince. King of *Autæsthesy*
Is that great Giant who bears mighty sway,
Father of discord, falshood, tyranny,
His name is *Dæmon*, not from Scienc,
Although he boasteth much in skilfull pride;
But he's the fount of foul duality,
That wicked witch *Duessa* is his bride:
om his dividing force this name to him betide.

27

Or for that he himself is quite divided
Down to the belly; there's some unity:
But head and tongue and heart be quite discided;
Two heads, two tongues, and eke two hearts there be.
This head doth mischief plot, that head doth see
Wrong fairly to o're guild. One tongue doth pray,
The other curse. The hearts do ne're agree
But felly one another do upbray:
Huggly cloven foot this monster doth upstay.

36

His concave nose, great head, and grave aspect,
Affected tone, words without inward sense,
My inly tickled spright made me detect
By outward laughter; but by best pretence
I pur'gd my self, and gave due reverence.
Then he gan gravely treat of codicils,
And of Book readings passing excellence,
And tri'd his wit in praysing gooses quills:
O happy age! quoth he, the world *Minerva* fills.

37

I gave the talk to him, which pleas'd him well:
For then he seem'd a learned cleark to been,
When none contrayr'd his uncontrolled spell,
But I alas! though unto him unseen,
Did flow with tears, as if that onyons keen
Had pierc'd mine eyen. Strange virtue of fond joy:
They ought to weep that be in heavie teen.
But nought my lightsome heart did then annoy:
So light it lay, it mov'd at every windy toy.

38

As we yode softly on, a youngster gent,
With bever cockt and arm set on one side
(His youthfull fire quickly our pace out-went)
Full fiercely pricked on in madcap pride,
The mettle of his horses heels he tri'd.
He hasted to his country *Pithecuse*.
Most hast worst speed: still on our way we ride,
And him o'retake halting through haplesse bruise;
We help him up again, our help he nould refuse.

39

Then gan the learn'd and ag'd *Don Psittaco*,
When he another auditour had got,
To spruse his plumes, and wisdome sage to show,
And with his sacred lore to wash the spot
Of youthfull blemishes; but frequent jot
Of his hard setting jade did so confound
The words that he by papyr-stealth had got,
That their lost sense the youngster could not sound,
Though he with mimicall attention did abound.

40

Yet some of those faint-winged words came near,
Of God, of Adam, and the shape divine,
Which Adams children have; (these pierc'd his ear)
And how that man is Lord of every kind
Of beasts, of birds, and of each hidden mine
Of natures treasures. He to Adams sonne
The wide world for his kingdome doth designe:
And ever naming God, he look'd aboven:
Pithecus straight plac'd God a thought above the Moon.

41

Pithecus, so they call this gentile wight,
The docible young man eas'ly could trace
His masters steps, most quick and expedite.
When *Psittaco* look'd up to holy place,
Pithecus straight with sanctimonious grace
Cast up his eyes; and when the shape divine,
Which *Adam* had from God, he gan to praise,
Pithecus drawes himself straight from that line,
And phansies his sweet face with heavenly hew to shine.

42

He pinch't his hat, and from his horses side
Stretcht forth his russet legs, himself inclin'd
Now here, now there, and most exactly eyed
His comely lineaments, that he might find
What ever beauty else he had not mind
As yet in his fair corse. But that full right
And vast prerogative did so unbind
His straited sprights, that with tyrannick might
He forct his feeble beast, and straight flèd out of sight.

43

Then I and *Psittaco* were left alone;
And which was strange, he deeply silent was:
Whether some inward grief he from that fone
Conceiv'd, and deemed it no small disgrace,
That that bold youngster should so little passe
His learned speech; or whether nought to sayn
He had then left; or whether a wild chase
Of flitting inconsistent thoughts he than
Pursu'd, which turn'd and toy'd in his confused brain:

44

Or whether he was woxen so discreet,
As not to speak till fit occasion.
(To judge the best, that Charity counts meet)
Therefore that Senior sad I gan anon
Thus to bespeak, Good Sr, I crave pardon
If so I chance to break that golden twist
You spin, by rude interpellation,
That twist of choisest thoughts. No whit I miss'd
The mark I aimed at; to speak he had great list.

45

So then his spirits gan to come again,
And to enact his corps and impart might
Unto his languid tongue, and every vein
Received heat, when due conceived right
I did to him; and weend he plainly see't
That I was toucht with admiration
Of his deep learning, and quick shifting sight,
Then I gan quire of the wide *Behiron*.
Behiron, quoth that sage, that hight *Anthropion*.

46

Anthropion we call't; but th' holy tongue
(His learning lay in words) that *Behiron*,
Which we *Anthropion*, calls, as I among
The Rabbins read; but sooth to say no tone,
Nor tongue, or speech, so sweet as is our own,
Or so significant. For mark the sense:
From ἄνω ὀ'ϑεῖν is *Anthropion*;
And we are all of an upright presence;
Nor I'll be drawn from this conceit by no pretence.

47

I prais'd his steddy faith and confidence,
That stood as fast as trunk or rock of stone;
Yet natheleſſe, said I, the excellence
Of stedfastnesse is not to yield to none,
But stiff to stand till mov'd by right reason;
And then by yielding, part of victory
To gain. What fitnesse in *Anthropion?*
Baboons and Apes, as well as th' *Anthropi*
Do go upright, and beasts grown mad do view the sk

48

Then marken well what great affinity
There is twixt Ape, mad Beast, and Satyrs wild,
And the inhabitants of *Anthropie*,
When they are destitute of manners mild;
And th' inward man with brutishnesse defil'd
Hath life and love and lust and cogitation
Fixt in foul sense, or moving in false guiles;
That holy tongue the better nomination,
So farre I know, may give: 'Tis ghesse not full perswasion.

49

Therefore, O learned Sr, aread aright,
What may this word *Beiron* signifie?
He wond'rous glad to shew his grammer might,
This same word *Behiron* doth signifie
The brutish nature, or brutality,
Said he: and with his voyce lift up his front.
Then I his skill did gayly magnifie,
And blest me, I an idiot should light on't
So happily, that never was a scholar count;

50

And said, then holy tongue is on my side;
And holy tongue is better then profane.
He angry at his courtesie, reply'd
That learned men ought for to entertain
Discourse of learned tongues, and country Swain
Of country fairs. But for to answer thee,
This I dare warrant surely to maintain,
If to contrair the holy tongue should be
Absurd, I find enough such contrariety.

51

Then I in simple sort him answered thus,
I ken not the strange guize of learned schools,
But if Gods thoughts be contrair unto us,
Let not deep wonderment possesse our souls,
If he call fools wisemen, and wisemen fools.
If rich he poore men term, if poore men rich,
If craftie States-men silly country gulls,
Beasts men, men beasts, with many other such:
God seeth not as man seeth, God speaks not in mans speech.

Straight

52

Straight he to higher pearch, like bird in cage,
Did skip, and sang of etern destiny,
Of sight and foresight he with count'nance sage
Did speak, and did unfold Gods secresie,
And left untoucht no hidden mystery.
I lowly louting held my cap in hand:
He askt what mont that so sudden coursie.
I pardon crave, said I, for manners fond;
You are heavens privie counsellour I understand,

53

Which I wist not before: so deep insight
Into the hidden things of God who can
Attain unto without that quickning spright
Of the true God? who knows the mind of man
But that same spright that in his breast doth won?
Therefore the key of Gods hid secresie
Is his own spright, that's proper to his Son,
And those of that second nativitie,
Which holy Temples are of the divinity.

54

Therefore as th' sacred seat o'th' Deity,
I unto you seemly behaviour make,
If you be such as you may seem to be
(It is mans nature easily to mistake)
My words his mind did quite asunder break:
For he full forward was all to assume
That might him gild with glory, and partake
With God; and joyed greatly in vain fume,
And prided much himself in his purloined plume.

55

So that full loth he was for to undo
My fairly winded up conclusion;
Yet inwardly did not assent unto
My premises: for foul presumption
He thought, if that a private idiot man
By his new birth should either equalize,
Or else outstrip the bookish nation.
Perhaps some foul deformities disguise
Their life: pshah! that to knowledge is no prejudic

56

But he nould say so: for why? he was bent
To keep the credit which he then had got,
As he conceiv'd: for it had been yblent;
It might have hazarded half of his lot,
To wit his godlike hew withouten spot,
If so be such deep knowledge could consist
With wicked life: but he nould lose one jot
Of his so high esteem, nor me resist.
I escap'd the souse of his contracted fist.

57

By this we came into a way that did
Divide it self into three parts: the one
To *Leontopolis*; that in the mid
Did lead straight forth out of wide *Beiron*,
That was the way that I mote take alone;
The third way led unto *Onopolis*:
And thitherward *Don Psittaco* put on.
With both these towns, *Alopecopolis*
in firm league, and golden *Myrmecopolis*.

58

For nothing they attempt without the aid
Of these two Cities. They'll not wagen war,
Nor peace conclude, nor permit any trade,
Nor make decrees, nor slake the civil jar,
Nor take up private wrongs, nor plead at bar,
Nor Temples consecrate, nor Mattins say;
They nought begin divine or secular,
But they advisen with those cities tway.
potent citizens that bear so great a sway!

59

No truth of justice in *Beirah* lond:
No sincere faith void of sly subtlety,
That alwayes seeks it self, is to be found:
But law-delusion and false policy,
False policy that into tyranny
Would quickly wend, did not stern fear restrain
And keep in aw. Th' *Onites* democracie
is nought but a large hungry tyrant-train:
pression *from the* poore is an all-sweeping rain,

60

A ſweeping torrent that beats down the corn,
And waſts the oxens labour, headlong throws
The talleſt trees up by the root ytorn,
Its ranging force in all the land it ſhows;
Wood rent from hence its rowling rage beſtows
In other places that were bare before,
With muddied arms of trees the earth it ſtrows:
The liſt'ning ſhepherd is amazed ſore,
While it with ſwift deſcent ſo hideouſly doth rore.

61

Such is the outrage of Democracy,
When fearleſſe it doth rule in *Beirah*:
And little better is falſe Monarchy,
When it in this ſame country bears the ſway.
(Is't not a part of *Antæſtheſia*?)
So to an inward ſucking whirlpools cloſe
They change this ſwelling torrents ſurquedry
Much treaſure it draws in, and doth incloſe
In'ts winding mouth, but whether then, there's no mā k

62

O falſeſt *Beirowites*, what gars you plain
One of another, and vainly accuſe
Of foul offence? when you all entertain
Tyrannick thoughts. You all alike do muſe
Of your own private good, though with abuſe
Of thoſe you can tread down with ſafety,
No way to wealth or honour you refuſe.
Falſe *Onop'e* doth grudge, and grone, and cry,
Becauſe ſhe is denied a greater tyranny.

63

Two of that City whilom on the way,
With languid lugs, and count'nance gravely ſad,
Did deeply ſigh, and rudely rough did bray
Gainſt *Leontopolis*. The equall pad
Of juſtice now, alas! is ſeldome trad,
Said they; The Lions might is law and right.
Where's love or mercy now? with that out ſtrad
A little dog, his dames onely delight,
And ran near to their tails, and bark'd with all his m

64

'he sourly irefull *Omopolitan*
Vithout all mercy kickt with iron heel
'he little bawling curre, that at him ran;
t made his feeble corse to th' earth to reel,
'hat was so pierc'd with the imprinted steel,
'hat it might grieve an heart of flinty stone:
No herbs, no salves the breach could ever heal;
'he good old wife did then keep house alone.
e hearted carles, is this your great compassion?

65

'here's no society in *Behirah*,
ut beastlike grazing in one pasture ground:
No love but of the animated clay
Vith beauties fading flowers trimly crownd,
Or from strong sympathies heart-striking stound:
So order but what riches strength and wit
rescribe. So bad the good eas'ly confound.
s honesty in such unruly fit
t it's held in no rank? they 'steem it not a whit.

66

ut I am weary of this uncouth place;
'any man their bad condition
nd brutish manners listeth for to trace,
'e may them reade in the creation
f this wide sensible: where every passion
f birds and beasts distinctly do display,
o but an ord'nary imagination
he life and soul of them in *Behirah*:
Beirah that hight the greater *Adamah*.

67

he swelling hatefull Toad, industrious Ant,
iscivious Goat, Parrot, or prating Pye,
he kingly Lion, docil Elephant,
l-imitating Ape, gay Butterflie,
ne crafty Fox famous for subtilty,
ajestick Horse, the Beast that twixt two trees
, fit resemblance of full gluttony)
hen he hath fill'd his gorge, himself doth squeeze
ed afresh, Court Spaniels, and politick Bees;

With

68

With many more which I list not repeat;
Some foul, some fair: to th' fair the name they giv
Of holy virtues; but 'tis but deceit,
None in *Beiron* virtuously do live;
None in that land so much as ever strive
For truth of virtue, though sometimes they wont,
As swine do swine, their own blood to relieve.
Beiron's all bruits, the true manhood they want,
If outward form you pierce with phansie fulminant.

69

So having got experience enough
Of this ill land, for nothing there was new,
My purpose I held on, and rode quite through
That middle way, and did th' extremes eschew.
When I came near the end there was in view
No passage: for the wall was very high,
But there no doore to me it self did shew:
Looking about at length I did espy,
A lively youth, to whom I presently gan cry.

70

More willing he's to come then I to call:
Simon he hight, who also's call'd a Rock:
Simon is that obedientiall
Nature, who boysterous seas and winds doth mo
No tempest can him move with fiercest shock;
The house that's thereon built doth surely stand:
Nor blustring storm, nor rapid torrents stroke
Can make it fall; it easily doth withstand
The gates of death and hell, and all the Stygian ba

71

When I gan call, forthwith in seemly sort
He me approch'd in decent russet clad,
More fit for labour then the flaunting Court:
When he came near, in chearfull wise he bad
Tell what I would: Then I unto the lad
Gan thus reply, alas! too long astray
Here have I trampled foul *Behirons* pad:
Out of this land I thought this the next way,
But I no gate can find, so vain is mine assay.

72

Then the wise youth, Good Sr, you look too high:
The wall aloft is raised; but that same dore
Where you must passe in deep descent doth lie:
But he bad follow, he would go before.
Hard by there was a place, all covered o're
With stinging nettles and such weedery,
The pricking thistle the hard'st legs would gore,
Under the wall a strait dore we descry:
he wall hight *Self-conceit*; the doore *Humility*.

73

When we came at the doore fast lockt it was,
And *Simon* had the key, but he nould grant
That I into that other land should passe,
Without I made him my concomitant.
It pleas'd me well, I mus'd not much upon't,
But straight accord: for why? a jolly Swain
Methought he was; meek, cheerfull and pleasant.
When he saw this, he thus to me again,
Sr, See you that sad couple? Then I, I see those twain.

74

A sorry couple certainly they be.
The man a bloody knife holds at his heart
With cheerlesse countenance, as sad is she.
Or eld, or else intolerable smart,
Which she cannot decline by any Art,
Doth thus distort and writhe her wrinkled face;
A leaden quadrate swayes hard on that part
That's fit for burdens; foulnesse doth deface
Her aged looks; with a straight staff her steps she stayes.

75

Right well you say, then said that lusty Swain:
Yet this poore couple be my Parents dear:
Nor I can hence depart without these twain:
These twain give life to me, though void of chear
They be themselves. Then let's all go yfere.
The young mans speech caus'd sad perplexity
Within my breast, but yet I did forbear,
And fairly ask'd their names. He answered me,
Autaparnes hight; but she *Hypomene*.

76

I *Simon* am the sonne of this sad pair,
Who though full harsh they seem to outward sight;
Yet when to *Dizoie* men forth do fare,
No company in all the land so meet
They find as these; their pace full well I weet
Is very slow, and so to youthfull haste
Displeasing, and their counsells nothing sweet
To any *Beironite*: but sweetest taste
Doth bitterst choler breed, and haste doth makes waste.

77

Nor let that breast impierc'd with dropping wound,
An uncouth spectacle, disturb your mind.
His blood's my food: If he his life effund
To utmost death, the high God hath design'd
That we both live. He in my heart shall find
A seat for his transfused soul to dwell:
And when that's done, this death doth eke unbind
That heavie weight that doth *Hypom'ne* quell,
Then I *Anautæsthetus* hight, which seems me well.

78

So both their lives do vanish into mine,
And mine into *Hattubus* life doth melt:
Which fading flux of time doth not define,
Nor is by any *Autæsthesian* felt.
This life to *On* the good *Hattubus* delt:
In it's all joy, truth, knowledge, love and force;
Such force no wight created can repel't.
All strength and livelyhood is from this sourse,
All lives to this first spring have circular recourse.

79

A lecture strange he seemd to reade to me;
And though I did not rightly understand
His meaning, yet I deemed it to be
Some goodly thing, and weary of that land
Where then I stood, I did not him withstand
In his request, although full loth I were
Slow-footed eld the journey should command;
Yet we were guided by that sory pair,
And so to *Dizoie* full softly we do fare.

'HE ARGUMENT OF PSYCHOZOIA.

Lib. 3.

Strange ſtate of Dizoie Mnemons skill
Here wiſely doth explain,
Ida's ſtrong charms, and Eloim-hill,
With the drad dale of Ain.

1

)Ut now new Stories I 'gin to relate,
) Which aged *Mnemon* unto us did tell,
'hiles we on graſſie bed did lie proſtrate
ıder a ſhady beach, which did repell
he fiery skorching ſhafts which Uriel
'om Southern quarter darted with ſtrong hand.
lo other help we had; for Gabriel
is wholeſome cooling blaſts then quite reſtrain'd.
Lions flaming breath with heat parcht all the land.

2

ere ſeemly ſitting down thus gan that Sage,
aſt time we were together here ymet,
eirab wall, that was the utmoſt ſtage
)f our diſcourſe, if I do not forget:
/hen we departed thence the Sun was ſet,
et natheleſſe we paſt that lofty wall
'hat very evening. The nights nimble net
'hat doth encompaſſe every opake ball,
: ſwims in liquid aire, did *Simon* nought apall.

3

/hen we that ſtately wall had undercrept,
/e ſtraightway found our ſelves in *Dizoie*:
'he melting clouds chill drizzeling tears then wept;
'he miſty aire ſwet for deep agony,
wet a cold ſweat, and looſe frigidity
ill'd all with a white ſmoke; pale Cynthia
)id foul her ſilver limbs with filthy die,
'hiles wading on ſhe meaſured out her way,
'cit the muddy heavens defil'd with whitiſh clay.

4

No light to guide but the Moons pallid ray,
And that even loſt in miſty troubled aire:
No tract to take, there was no beaten way;
No chearing ſtrength, but that which might appear
From *Dians* face: her face then ſhin'd not clear,
And when it ſhineth cleareſt, little might
She yieldeth, yet the Goddeſſe is ſevere.
Hence wrathfull dogs do bark at her dead light:
Chriſt help the man thus clos'd and priſon'd in drad night

5

O'rewhelm'd with irkſome toil of ſtrange annoyes,
In ſtony ſtound like ſenſeleſſe ſtake I ſtood,
Till the vaſt thumps of maſſie hammers noiſe,
That on the groning ſteel laid on ſuch load,
Empierc'd mine ears in that ſad ſtupid mood.
I weening then ſome harbour to be nie,
In ſory pace thitherward ſlowly yode,
By eare directed more then by mine eye,
But there, alas! I found ſmall hoſpitality.

6

Foure griſly black-ſmiths ſtoutly did their task
Upon an anvile form'd in conick wiſe:
They neither minded who, nor what I ask,
But with ſtern grimy look do ſtill aviſe
Upon their works; but I my firſt empriſe
Would not forſake, and therefore venture in.
Or none hath lift to ſpeak, or none eſpies,
Or hears: the heavie hammers never lin;
And but a blew faint light in this black ſhop did ſhine.

7

There I into a darkſome corner creep,
And lay my weary limbs on duſty flore,
Expecting ſtill when ſoft down-ſliding ſleep
Should ſeize mine eyes, and ſtrength to me reſtore:
But when with hovering wings ſhe proch'd, e'rmore
The mighty ſouſes thoſe foul knaves laid on,
And thoſe huge bellows that aloud did rore,
Chac'd her away that ſhe was ever gone
Before ſhe came, on pitchy plumes, for fear, yſtone.

8

The first of those rude rascalls *Lypon* hight,
A foul great stooping slouch with heavie eyes,
And hanging lip: the second ugly sight
Pale *Phoben*, with his hedgehog-haires disguise:
Melpon is the third, he the false skies
No longer trusts: The fourth of furious fashion
Phrenition hight, fraught with impatiencies,
The bellows be ycleep'd deep *Suspiration*:
Ah knave these bellows blow in mutuall circulation.

9

There is a number of these lonesome forges
In *Bacha* vale (this was in *Bacha* vale)
There be no Innes but these, and these but scourges;
In stead of ease they work much deadly bale
To those that in this lowly trench do trale
Their feeble loins. Ah me! who here would fare?
Sad ghosts oft crosse the way with visage pale,
Sharp thorns and thistles wound their feeten bare:
O happy is the man that here doth bear a share.

10

When I in this sad vale no little time
Had measured, and oft had taken Inne,
And by long penance paid for mine ill crime
Methought the Sun it self began to shine,
And that I had past *Dians* discipline.
But day was not yet come, 'twas perfect night:
Phœbus head from *Ida* hill had seen;
For *Ida* hill doth give to men the sight,
Phœbus form, before *Aurora's* silver light.

11

But *Phœbus* form from that high hill's not cleat
Nor figure perfect. It's inveloped
In purple cloudy veil; and if't appear
Ill-ounder shape with skouling dreary head
A glowing face it shows, ne rayes doth shed
Of lights serenity, yet duller eyes
With gazing on this irefull sight be fed
Best to their pleasing, small things they will prize,
Nat never better saw, nor better can devise.

12

On *Ida* hill their ſtands a Caſtle ſtrong,
They that it built call it *Pantheothen*.
Hither reſort a rascall rabble throng
Of miſcreant wights: but if that wiſer men
May name that fort, *Pandæmoniothen*
They would it cleep. It is the ſtrong'ſt deluſion
That ever *Dæmon* wrought; the ſafeſt pen
That e're held ſilly ſheep for their confuſion.
Ill life and want of love, hence ſprings each falſe concl

13

That rabble rout that in this Caſtle won,
Is *Irefull-ignorance, Unſeemly-zeal,*
Strong-ſelf-conceit, Rotten-religion,
Contentious-reproch-'gainſt-Michael-
If-he-of-Moſes-body-ought-reveal-
Which-their-dull-ſkanſes-cannot ear'ly-reach,
Love-of-the-carkas, An inept-appeal-
T' uncertain papyrs, A-falſe-formall-fetch-
Of-feigned-ſighes, Contempt-of poore-and-ſinfull-wret

14

A deep ſelf-love, want of true ſympathy-
with all mankind, Th' admiring their own beard,
Fond pride, A ſanctimonious crueltie-
'Gainſt thoſe, by whom their wrathfull minds be ſtir
By ſtrangling reaſon, and are ſo afeard-
To loſe their credit with the vulgar ſort;
Opinion and long ſpeech 'fore life preferr'd,
Leſſe reverence of God then of the Court,
Fear and *Deſpair, Evil-ſurmiſes, Falſe report.*

15

Oppreſſion-of-the-poore, Fell-rigourouſneſſe,
Contempt-of-Government, Fiercenes, Fleſhly luſt,
The-meaſuring-of-all-true righteouſneſſe
By-their own-model, Cleaving unto-duſt,
Raſh-cenſure, and deſpiſing-of-the-juſt-
That-are-not-of-their-ſect, Falſe-reaſoning-
Concerning-God, Vain-hope, Needleſſe miſtruſt,
Strutting-in knowledge, Egre ſlavering-
after bid-ſkill, with every inward fulſome thing,

16

These and such like be that rude regiment,
That from the glitering sword of *Michael* fly:
They fly his outstretch'd arm, else were they shent
If they unto this Castle did not hie,
Strongly within its walls to fortifie
Themselves. Great *Dæmon* hath no stronger hold
Then this high Tower. When the good Majesty
Shines forth in love and light; a vapour cold
And a black hellish smoke from hence doth all infold.

17

And all that love and light and offer'd might
Is thus chok'd up in that foul Stygian steem:
If hells dark jawes should open in despight,
And breathe its inmost breath which foul'st I deem;
Yet this more deadly foul I do esteem,
And more contagious, which this charmed tower
Ever spues forth, like that fell Dragons steem
Which he from poyson'd mouth in rage did poure
At her, whose first-born child his chaps might not devour.

18

But left the rasher wit my Muse should blame,
As if she did those faults appropriate
(Which I even now in that black list did name)
Unto *Pantheothen*; The self same state
I dare avouch you'll find, where ever hate
Backd with rough zeal, and bold through want of skill,
All sects besides its own doth execrate.
This peevish spright with wo the world doth fill,
While each man all would bind to his fierce furious will.

19

O Hate! the fulsome daughter of fell Pride,
Sister to surly Superstition,
That clean out-shining truth cannot abide,
That lovés it self and large Dominion,
And in false show of a fair Union
Would all encroch to 't self, would purchase all
At a cheap rate, for slight Opinion.
Thus cram they their wide-gaping Crumenall:
But now to *Ida* hill me lists my feet recall.

20

No ſuch inchantment in all *Dizoie*
As on this hill; nor ſadder ſight was ſeen
Then you may in this rufull place eſpy.
'Twixt two huge walls on ſolitary green,
Of funerall Cypreſſe many groves there been,
And eke of Ewe, Eben, and Poppy trees:
And in their gloomy ſhade foul griſly fiend
Uſe to reſort, and buſily to ſeize
The darker phanſied ſouls that live in ill diſeaſe.

21

Hence you may ſee, if that you dare to mind,
Upon the ſide of this accurſed hill,
Many a dreadfull corſe ytoſt in wind,
Which with hard halter their loathd life did ſpil.
There lies another which himſelf did kill
With ruſty knife, all roll'd in his own bloud,
And ever and anon a dolefull knill
Comes from the fatall Owl, that in ſad mood (woo
With drery ſound doth pierce through the death-ſhadow

22

Who can expreſſe with pen the irkſome ſtate
Of thoſe that be in this ſtrong Caſtle thrall?
Yet hard it is this Fort to ruinate,
It is ſo ſtrongly fenc'd with double wall.
The fierceſt but of Ram no'te make them fall:
The firſt *Inevitable Deſtiny*
Of Gods Decree; the other we do call
Invincible fleſhly infirmity:
But Keeper of the Tower, *Unfelt Hypocriſie*.

23

What Poets phanſies fain'd to be in hell
Are truly here. A vultur *Tityus* heart
Still gnaws, yet death doth never *Tityus* quell:
Sad *Siſyphus* a ſtone with toylſome ſmart
Doth roul up hill, but it tranſcends his art,
To get it to the top, where it may lye
On ſteddy plain, and never backward ſtart:
His courſe is ſtopt by ſtrong *Infirmity*:
His roul comes to this wall, but then back it doth fly.

24

re fifty Sisters in a sieve do draw
rough-sipping water: *Tantalus* is here,
o though the glory of the Lord oreflow
e earth, and doth incompasse him so near,
waters he in waters doth requere.
op *Tantalus* and take those waters in.
at strength of witchcraft thus blinds all yfere
rixt these two massie walls, this hold of sinne?
e! who shall this Fort so strongly fenced win!

25

are the clattering of an armed troup:
ears do ring with the strong pransers heels.
y soul get up out of thy drousie droop,
d look unto the everlasting hills)
e hollow ground, ah! how my sense it fills
th sound of solid horses hoofs. A wonder
s to think how cold my spirit thrills
th strange amaze. Who can this strength dissunder?
how the warlik steeds do neigh their necks do thunder

26

milkwhite steeds in trappings goodly gay,
which in golden letters be ywrit
ese words (even he that runs it readen may)
e righteousnesse unto the Lord of might.
omely spectacle! O glorious sight!
would easily ravish the beholders eye
see such beasts, so fair, so full of spright,
in due ranks to pranse so gallantly,
g their riders arm'd with perfect panoply.

27

perfect silver glistring panoply
ey ride, the army of the highest God:
n thousands of his Saints approchen nie
judge the world, and rule it with his rod:
ey leave all plain where ever they have trod.
h rider on his shield doth bear the Sun
th golden shining beam dispread abroad,
e Sun of righteousnesse at high day noon,
is same strength, I wene, this Fort is easly wonne.

28

They that but heare thereof shall straight obey;
But the strange children shall false semblance make,
But all hypocrisie shall soon decay,
All wickednesse into that deadly lake,
All darknesse thither shall it self betake:
That false brood shall in their close places fade.
The glory of the Lord shall ne're forsake
The earth again, nor shall deaths dreadfull shade
Return again. Him praise that this great day hath made

29

This is the mighty warlick *Michaels* hoste,
That easily shall wade through that foul spue
Which the false Dragon casts in every coste,
That the moon-trampling woman much doth rue
His deadly spaul; but no hurt doth accrew
To this strong army from this filthy steam:
Nor horse nor man doth fear its lurid hew,
They safely both can swim in this foul stream:
This stream the earth sups up cleft ope by *Michaels* beam

30

But whiles it beareth sway, this poysons might
Is to make sterill or prolong the birth,
To cause cold palsies, and to dull the sight
By sleepy sloth; the melancholick earth
It doth increase that hinders all good mirth.
Yet this dead liquor dull *Pantheothen*
Before the nectar of the Gods preferr'th:
But it so weakens and disables men,
That they of manhood give no goodly specimen.

31

Here one of us began to interpeal
Old Mnemon. *Tharrhon* that young ladkin hight,
He prayed this aged Sire for to reveal
What way this Dragons poysonous despight,
And strong *Pantheothens* inwalling might,
We may escape. Then *Mnemon* thus gan say,
Some strange devise, I know each youthfull wight
Would here expect, or lofty brave assay:
But I'll the simple truth, in simple wise convay.

32

ood Conſcience, kept with all the ſtrength and might
hat God already unto us hath given;
preſſe purſuit of that foregoing light
hat egs us on 'cording to what we have liven,
nd helps us on 'cording to what we have ſtriven,
o ſhaken off the bonds of prejudice,
or dote to much of that we have firſt conceiven;
hearty prayer to beg the ſweet delice
Gods all-loving ſpright: ſuch things I you adviſe.

34

an pity move the heart of parents dear,
'hen that their hapleſſe child in heavy plight
oth grieve and moan? whiles pinching tortures tear
is fainting life, and doth not that ſad ſight
f Gods own Sonne empaſſion his good ſpright
'ith deeper ſorrow? The tender babe lies torn
us by cruell wounds from hoſtile might:
Gods own life of God himſelf forlorn?
was he to continuall pain of God yborn?

34

r will you ſay if this be Gods own Sonne,
et him deſcend the croſſe: for well we ween
'hat he'll not ſuffer him to be fordonne
y wicked hand, if Gods own Sonne he been.
ut you have not thoſe ſacred miſteries ſeen,
'rue-crucifying Jews! the weaker thing
held in great contempt in worldly eyen:
ut time may come when deep impierced ſting
l prick your heart, and it ſhall melt with ſorrowing.

35

'hen you ſhall view him whom with cruell ſpear
ou had transfix'd, true crucified Sonne
f the true God, unto his Father dear,
nd dear to you, nought dearer under ſun.
'hrough this ſtrong love and deep compaſſion,
low vaſtly God his kingdome would enlarge
ou'll eaſly ſee, and how with ſtrong iron
e'll quite ſubdue the utmoſt earthly verge.
olish *men! the heavens* why do you fondly charge?

Sub-

36

Subtimidus, when *Tharrhon* sped so well,
Took courage to himelf, and thus 'gan say
To *Mnemon*, Pray you Sr. vouchsafe to tell
What *Autaparnes* and *Hypomene*
And *Simon* do this while in *Dizoe*.
With that his face shone like the rosy morn
With maiden blush from inward modesty,
Which wicked wights do holden in such scorn,
Sweet harmles modesty a rose withouten thorn.

37

Old *Mnemon* lov'd the Lad even from his face,
Which blamelesse blush with sanguin light had dyed
His harmlesse lucid spright with flouring grace
His outward form so seemly beautifyed.
So the old man him highly magnified
For his so fit enquiry of those three;
And to his question thus anon replyed,
There's small recourse (till that Fort passed be)
To *Simon Autaparnes* or *Hypomene*.

38

For all that space from *Behirons* high wall
Unto *Pantheothen*, none dares arise
From his base dunghill warmth; such magicall
Attraction his flagging soul down ties
To his foul flesh: 'mongst which, alas! there lyes
A litle spark of Gods vitality,
But smoreing filth so close it doth comprize
That it cannot flame out nor get on high:
This province hence is hight earth-groveling *Aptery*.

39

But yet fair semblances these *Apterites*
Do make of good, and sighen very sore,
That God no stronger is. False hypocrites!
You make no use of that great plenteous store
Of Gods good strength which he doth on you pour
But you fast friends of foul carnality,
And false to God, his tender sonne do gore,
And plaud your selves, if't be not mortally;
Nor let you him live in ease, nor let you him fairly di

40

Like faithlesse wife that by her frampard guize,
Peevish demeanour, sullen sad disdain
Doth inly deep the spright melancholize
Of her aggrieved husband, and long pain
At last to some sharpe sicknesse doth constrain
His weakned nature to yield victory:
His skorching torture then count death a gain.
But when death comes, in womanish phrensy
That froward femal wretch doth shreek and loudly cry.

41

So through her moody importunity
From downright death she rescues the poore man:
Self-favouring sense; not that due loyalty
Doth wring from her this false compassion,
Compassion that no cruelty can
Well equalize. Her husband lies agast;
Death on his horrid face so pale and wan
Doth creep with ashy wings. He thus embrac'd
Perforce too many dayes in deadly woe doth wast.

42

This is the love that's found in *Aptery*
To Gods dear life. If they his sonne present
Halfe live, halfe dead, handled despightfully,
Or sunk in sicknesse or with deep wound rent,
So be he's not quite dead they 'r well content.
And hope sure favour of his sire to have.
They have the signes how can they then be shent?
The God of love for his dear life us save
From such conceits, which men to sinne do thus inslave.

43

But when from *Aptery* we were ygone,
And past *Pantheothens* inthralling power;
Then from the east chearfull *Eous* shone,
And drave away the nights dead lumpish stour:
He took by th'hand *Aurora's* vernall houre;
These freshly tripp'd it on the silver'd hills,
And thorow all the fields sweet life did shower:
Then gan the joyfull birds to try their skills;
They skipt, they chirpt amain, they pip'd they danc'd their (fills.

This

44

This other Province of *Dizoia*
Hight *Pteroessa*; on the flowry side
Of a green bank, as I went on my way
Strong youthfull *Gabriel* I there espide,
Courting a nymph all in her maiden pride,
Not for himself: His strife was her to win
To *Michael* in wedlock to be tide.
He promised she should be Michaels Queen,
And greater things then eare hath heard or eye hath see

45

This lovely maid to *Gabriel* thus replide,
Thanks, Sr, for your good news; but may I know
Who *Michael* is that would have me his bride.
Its *Michael*, said he, that works such wo
To all that fry of hell; and on his foe
Those fiends of darknesse such great triumphs hath;
The powers of sinne and death he down doth mow.
In this strong arm of God have thou but faith,
That in great *Dæmons* troups doth work so wondrous

46

The simple girl believed every word,
Nor did by subtle querks elude the might
And profer'd strength of the soul-loving Lord;
But answered thus, Good Sr, but reade arighe
When shall I then appear in *Michaels* sight?
When *Gabriel* had won her full assent,
And well observ'd how he had flam'd her sprighs,
He answered, After the complishment
Of his behests, and so her told what hests he ment.

47

She willingly took the condition,
And pliable she promised to be:
And *Gabriel* sware he would wait upon
Her virginship, whiles in simplicity
His masters will with all good industry
She would fulfill. So here the simple maid
Strove for her self in all fidelity,
Nor took her self for nothing; but she plaid
Her part, she thought, as if indentures had been made

48

For she did not with her own self ginthink
So curiously, that it is God alone
That gives both strengths when ever we do swink:
Graces and natures might be both from one,
Who is our lifes strong sustentation.
Impossible it is therefore to merit,
When we poore men have nothing of our own:
Certes by him alone she stands upright;
Id surely falls without his help in per'lous fight.

49

But we went on in *Pterossa* lond.
The fresh bright morning was no small repast
After the toil in *Aptery* we found,
So that with merry chear we went full-fast:
But I observed well that in this haste
Simon wax'd faint, and feeble, and decay'd
In strength and life before we far had past:
And by how much his youthfull flower did fade,
much more vigour to his parents was repay'd.

50

For that old crumpled wight gan go upstraight,
And *Autaparnes* face recovered blood;
But *Simon* looked pale withouten might,
Withouten chear, or joy, or livelyhood:
Cause of all this at last I underflood.
For *Autaparn* that knife had from him cast,
And almost clos'd the passage of that flood.
That flood, that blood, was that which *Simons* taste
One could fit: if that were gone the lad did waste.

51

And his old mother, call'd *Hypomene*,
Did ease her back from that down-swaying weight,
That leaden quadrate, which did miserably
Annoy her crazy corse; but that more light
She might fare on, she in her husbands sight
Threw down her load, where he threw down his blade,
And from that time began the pitious plight
Of sickly *Simon*: so we them perswade
k to retreat, and do their dying son some aid.

Though

52

Though loth, yet at the length they do assent:
So we return unto the place where lay
The heavy quadrate, and that instrument
Of bleeding smart: it would a man dismay
To think how that square lead her back did sway;
And how the halfeclos'd wound was open tore
With that sharpe-pointed knife: and sooth to say
Simon himself was inly grieved sore,
Seeing the deadly smart that his dear parents bore.

53

So we remeasure the way we had gone,
Still faring on toward *Theoprepy*.
Great strength and comfort 'twas to think upon
Our good escape from listlesse *Aptery*,
And from the thraldome of *Infirmity*.
Now nought perplex'd our stronger plumed spright,
But what may be the blamelesse verity:
Oft we conceiv'd things were peracted right;
And oft we found ourselves guld with strong passions might

54

But now more feeble farre we find their force
Then erst it was, when as in *Aptery*
To strong *Pantheothen* they had recourse:
For then a plain impossibility
It was to overcome their cruelty.
But here encouraged by *Gabriel*
We strongly trust to have the victory.
And if by chance they do our forces quell;
It's not by strength of armes but by some misty spell.

55

So bravely we went on withouten dread,
Till at the last we came whereas a hill
With steep ascent highly lift up his head:
To th' aged foot it worken would much ill
To climb this cliffe; with weary ache 'twould fill
His drier bones. But yet it's smooth and plain
Upon the top. It passeth farre my skill
The springs, the bowers, the walks, the goodly train
Of fair chaste nymphes that haunt that place for to explain

56

ſaw three ſiſters there in ſeemly wiſe
ogether walking on the flowry green,
clad in ſnowy ſtoles of fair agguize.
he gliſtring ſtreams of ſilver waving ſhine,
:illfully interwove with ſilken line,
variouſly did play in that fair veſt,
at much it did delight my wondring eyne:
heir face with love and vigour was ydreſt,
modeſty and joy, their tongue with juſt beheſt.

57

heir locks hung looſe. A triple coronet,
flaming gold and ſtar-like twinkling ſtone
highest price, was on their temples ſet:
e Amethyſt, the radiant Diamond,
e Jaſper, enemy to ſpirits wonne,
ith many other glorious for to ſee.
heſe three enameld rimmes of that fair crown
theſe: the firſt hight *Diceoſyne*,
ſophy the next, the laſt ſtiff *Apathy*.

58

az'd, and muſ'd, and was well nigh diſtraught
ith admiration of thoſe three maids,
d could no further get, ne further ſaught;
wn on the hill my weary limbes I laid,
d fed my feeble eyes, which me betray'd
to loves bondage: *Simon* lik'd it not
ſee me ſo bewitchd, and thus aſſay'd
wiſeſt ſpeech to looſe this magick knot:
pity things ſo fair ſhould have ſo foul a ſpot.

59

at ſpot, ſaid I, can in theſe fair be found?
th ſpot in thoſe white veſts, and eke a flaw
thoſe bright gems wherewith theſe maids be crown'd,
ou 'll but liſt to ſee I'll eaſly ſhow.
en I, both Love of man and holy law
actly 's kept upon this ſacred hill;
e Fortitude that trueſt foes doth awe,
ice and Abſtinence from ſweeteſt ill,
Wiſdome like the ſun doth all with light o'reſpill.

Thanks

60

Thanks be to God we are so well ariv'd
To the long-sought for land, *Theoprepy*.
Nay soft good Sr, said *Simon*, you'r deceiv'd,
You are not yet past through *Autæsthesy*:
With that the spot and flaw he bad me see
Which he descry'd in that goodly array.
The spot and flaw self-sens'd *Autopathy*
Was hight, the eldest nymph *Pythagorissa*,
Next *Platonissa* hight, the last hight *Stoicissa*.

61

But this high mount where these three sisters wonne
Said *Simon*, cleeped is, *Har-Eloim*.
To these its said, Do worship to my Sonne:
Its right, that all the Gods do worship him,
There's none exempt: those that the highest climbe
Are but his Ministers, their turns they take
To serve as well as those of lower slime.
What so is not of Christ but doth partake
Of th' *Autæsthesian* soil, is life *Dæmoniake*.

62

His words did strangely work upon my spright,
And wean'd my mind from that I dearly lov'd;
So I nould dwell on this so pleasing sight,
But down descended, as it me behov'd,
And as my trusty guide me friendly mov'd.
So when we down had come, and thence did passe
On the low plain, *Simon* more clearly prov'd,
That though much beauty there and goodnesse was
Yet that in *Theoprepia* did far surpasse.

63

So forward on we fare, and leave that hill,
And presse still further; the further we go,
Simon more strength, more life and godly will,
More vigour he and livelyhood did show;
But *Autaparnes* wox more wan and wo:
He faints, he sinks, ready to give up ghost,
And ag'd *Hypomne* trod with footing slow,
And staggerd with her load; so ill dispos'd
Their fading spirits were, that life was well nigh lost

53

is in ſight of that black wall we came,
ll by ſtone-artificer not made:
t is nought but ſmoke from duskiſh flame,
h in that low deep valleys pitchy ſhade
fiercely th' *Autopathian* life invade,
glowing heat, and eateth out that ſpot.
dreadfull triall many hath diſmaid:
Autaparnes ſaw this was his lot,
l his ſenſe benumme, he wox like earthly clot.

54

emn ſilency this vapour roſe
this dread dale, and hid the eaſtern sky
its deep darkneſſe, and the evening cloſe
tall'd with Stygian obſcurity,
as't not thick, nor thin, nor moiſt, nor dry;
ſtank it ill, nor yet gave fragrant ſmell,
did't take in through pellucidity
penetrating light, nor did't repell
h groſſe opacity the beams of Michael.

55

errible it is to *Pſyche's* brood,
ſtill retain the life *Dæmoniake*;
training fear calls in their vitall flood,
the drad Magus once doth mention make
e deep dark abyſſe; for fear they quake
at ſtrong-awing word: But they that die
ſelf-feeling life, naught ſhall them ſhake:
ear proceeds from weak *Autopathy*.
le hight *Ain*, the fumes hight *Anautæſthe,ſy*.

56

this diſmall dale we all deſcend:
Autaparnes and *Hypomene*
r languid life with that dark vapour blend.
perifhed fading vitality,
ought did fade of lifes reality.
these two old ones their laſt gaſp had fet,
is drad valley their dead corps did lie;
hat could well be ſav'd to *Simon* flet.
mon first became ſpotleſſe *Anautæſthet*.

68

When we had waded quite through this deep shade
We then appeard in bright *Theoprepy*:
Here *Phœbus* ray in straighteſt line was laid,
That earſt lay broke in groſſe conſiſtency
Of cloudy ſubſtance. For ſtrong ſympathy
Of the divided natures magick band
Was burnt to duſt in *Anautæſtheſie*:
Now there's no fear of deaths dart-holding hand
Faſt love, fixt life, firm peace in *Theoprepia* land.

69

When *Mnemon* hither came, he leaned back
Upon his ſeat, and a long time reſpired.
When I perceiv'd this holy Sage ſo ſlack
To ſpeak (well as I might) I him deſired
Still to hold on, if ſo he were not tired,
And tell what fell in bleſt *Theoprepy*;
But he nould do the thing that I required,
Too hard it is, ſaid he, that kingdomes glee
To ſhow; who liſt to know himſelf muſt come and ſ

70

This ſtory under the cool ſhaddowing beach
Old *Mnemon* told of famous *Dizoie*:
To ſet down all he ſaid paſſeth my reach,
That all would reach even to infinity.
Strange things he ſpake of the biformity
Of the *Dizoians*; what mongrill ſort
Of living wights; how monſtrous ſhap'd they be,
And how that man and beaſt in one conſort;
Goats britch, mans tongue, gooſe head, with monki's

71

Of *Centaures*, *Cynocephals*, walking trees,
Tritons and *Mermaydes*, and ſuch uncouth things
Of weeping Serpents with fair womens eyes,
Mad-making waters, ſex trans-forming ſprings;
Of foul *Circean* ſwine with golden rings,
With many ſuch like falſhoods; but the ſtraight
Will eaſly judge all crooked wandrings.
Suffice it then we have taught that Ruling-right.
The good is uniform, the evil infinite.

ΨΥΧΑΘΑΝΑΣΙΑ
PLATONICA:
OR
A Platonicall Poem of the Immortality of Souls, especially Mans Soul.

By *H. M.* Master of Arts, and Fellow of Christs Colledge in Cambridge.

Φύσις οὐδενός ἐστιν
Ἀλλὰ μόνον μίξις τε διάλλαξίς τε μιγέντων,
Empedocles.

Omnia mutantur, nihil interit,
Ovid.

Πᾶν ἄρα ζῶον ἀθάνατον· πάντων δὲ μᾶλλον ὁ ἄνθρωπος,
ὁ καὶ τοῦ θεοῦ λεκτικὸς, καὶ τῷ θεῷ συνυπαρκτικός,
Trismegist.

CAMBRIDGE
Printed by *Roger Daniel*, Printer to the University. 1642.

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

THe very nerves and ſinews of Religion is hope of immortality. What greater incitement to virtue and juſtice then eternall happineſſe? what greater ter-iculament from wickedneſſe, then a full perſwa-ion of after-judgement and continuall torture of pirit? But my labour is ſuperfluous. Men from heir very childhood are perſwaded of theſe hings. Verily, I fear how they are perſwaded of hem when they become men. Elſe would not hey, vvhom the fear of hell doth not affright, die o unvvillingly, nor vvicked men ſo ſecurely; nor vvould ſo many be vvicked. For even natu-all-providence vvould bid them look forvvard.

Beſide, ſome men of a melancholick temper vvhich commonly diſtruſt and ſuſpicion do ac-ompany) though othervviſe pious, yet out of an xceeding deſire of eternall being, think they can ever have ſecurity enough for this ſo pleaſing ope and expectation, and ſo even vvith anxiety f mind buſie themſelves to prove the truth of hat ſtrongly, vvhich they deſire vehemently to e true. And this body, vvhich diſſolution vvaits pon, helpeth our infidelity exceedingly. For the ul not ſeeing it ſelf, judgeth it ſelf of ſuch a na-

ture, as those things are to which she is nea
united: Falsly saith, but yet ordinarily, I am s
I am weak, I faint, I die; when it is nought
the perishing life of the body that is in
plight, to which she is so close tied in most i
mate love and sympathy. So a tender mothe
she see a knife struck to her childs heart, w
shreek and swound as if her self had been s
whenas if her eye had not beheld that spect
she had not been moved though the thing
surely done. So I do verily think that the n
being taken up in some higher contemplatio
it should please God to keep it in that ecst
the body might be destroyed without any di
bance to the soul. For how can there be or
or pain without animadversion?

But while we have such continuall comm
with this frail body, it is not to be expected,
that we shall be assaulted with the fear of d
and darkness. For alas! how few are there
do not make this visible world, their Ad
their stay and sustentation of life, the pro
their soul, their God? How many Christian
not prone to whisper that of the Heathen P

Soles occidere & redire possunt;
Nobis cùm semel occidit brevis lux
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.

The Sunne may set and rise again;
If once sets our short light,
Deep sleep us binds with iron chain,
Wrapt in eternall Night.

THE ARGUMENT OF PSYCHATHANASIA.

Book 1. Cant. 1.

Struck with strong sense of Gods good will
The immortalitie
Of souls I sing; Praise with my quill
Plato's Philosophie.

1

WHatever man he be that dares to deem
True Poets skill do spring of earthly race,
nust him tell, that he doth misesteem
ıeir strange estate, and eke himself disgrace
his rude ignorance. For there's no place
r forced labour, or slow industry
: flagging wits, in that high fiery chace,
soon as of the Muse they quickned be,
ıce they rise, and lively sing like lark in skie.

2

ke to a meteor, whose materiall
low unwieldy earth, base unctuous slime,
hose inward hidden parts ethereall
/ close upwrapt in that dull sluggish time,
/ fast asleep, till at some fatall time
reat Phœbus lamp has fir'd its inward spright,
ıd then even of it self on high doth climb;
hat earst was dark becomes all eye, all sight,
ıt starre, that to the wise of future things gives light:

3

'en so the weaker mind, that languid lies
ıit up in rags of dirt, dark cold and blind,
ı soon that purer flame of love unties
; clogging chains, and doth its spright unbind,
sores aloft; for it it self doth find
'ell plum'd; so rais'd upon its spreaden wing,
softly playes, and warbles in the wind,
ıd carols out its inward life and spring
ıver-flowing joy, and of pure love doth sing.

4

So fluid chance is set its certain bound,
Although with circling winds it be ytost;
And so the Pilots skill doth quite confound
With unexpected storms, and men have lost
Their time, their labour, and their precious cost.
Yet there's a Neptune Sovereigne of this Sea,
Which those that in themselv's put not their trust
To rude mischance did never yet betray:
Its He, whom both the winds and stormy seas obay.

5

Now sith my wandring Bark so far is gone,
And flitten forth upon the Ocean main,
I thee beseech that just dominion
Hast of the Sea, and art true Sovereigne
Of working phansie when it floats amain
With full impregned billows and strong rage
Enforceth way upon the boyling plain,
That thou wouldst steer my ship with wisdome sa
That I with happy course may run my watery stage.

6

My mind is mov'd dark Parables to sing
Of *Psyche's* progeny that from her came,
When she was married to that great King,
Great *Æon*, who just title well may claim
Of every soul, and brand them with his name.
Its He that made us, and not our own might:
But who, alas! this work can well proclaim?
We silly sheep cannot bleat out aright
The manner how: but that that giveth light is light.

7

Then let us borrow from the glorious Sun
A little light to illustrate this act,
Such as he is in his solstitiall noon,
When in the welkin there's no cloudy tract
For to make grosse his beams, and light refract.
Then sweep by all those globes that by reflection
His long small shafts do rudely beaten back,
[illegible]nd let his rayes have undenied projection,
[illegible] we will pursue this mysteries retection.

8

Now think upon that gay discoloured bow:
That part that is remotest from the light
Doth duskish hew to the beholder show;
The nearer parts have colours far more bright,
And next the brightest is the subtle light;
Then colours seem but a distinct degree
Of light now failing, such let be the sight
Of his far spreaden beams that shines on high:
Let vast discoloured orbs close his extremity.

9

The last extreme, the fardest off from light,
That's natures deadly shadow, *Hyle's* cell.
O horrid cave, and womb of dredded Night!
Mother of witchcraft and the cursed spell,
Which nothing can avail 'gainst *Israel*.
No Magick can him hurt; his portion
Is not divided nature; he doth dwell
In light, in holy love, in union:
Not fast to this or that, but free communion.

10

Dependence of this All hence doth appear,
And severall degrees subordinate.
But phansie's so unfit such things to clear,
That oft it makes them seem more intricate:
And now Gods work it doth disterminate
Too far from his own reach: But he withall
More inward is, and far more intimate
Then things are with themselves. His ideall
And centrall presence is in every atom-ball.

11

Therefore those different hews through all extend
So far as light: Let light be every where:
And every where with light distinctly blend
Those different colours which I nam'd whilere
The extremities of that far shining sphere.
And that far shining sphere, which centre was
Of all those different colours, and bright chear,
You must unfasten; so o'respred it has,
Or rather deeply fill'd, with centrall sand each place.

Now

12

Now ſith that this withouten penetrance
Of bodies may be done: we clearly ſee
(As well as that pendent ſubordinance)
The nearly couching of each realtie,
And the Creatours cloſe propinquitie,
To ev'ry creature. This be underſtood
Of differentiall profundity.
But for the overſpreading latitude;
Why may't not equally be ſtretch'd with Ocean floud?

13

There *Proteus* wonnes and fleet *Idothea*,
Where the low'ſt ſtep of that profunditie
Is pight; Next that is *Pſyche's* out array:
It *Taſis* hight: *Phyſis* is next degree:
There *Pſyche's* feet impart a ſmaller fee
Of gentle warmth. *Phyſis* is the great womb
From whence all things in th' Univerſitie
Yclad in diverſe forms do gaily bloom,
And after fade away, as *Pſyche* gives the doom.

14

Next *Phyſis* is the tender *Arachne*;
There in her ſubtile loom doth *Haphe* ſit:
But the laſt veſt is changing *Semele*:
And next is *Pſyches* ſelf. Theſe garments fit
Her ſacred limbs full well, and are ſo knit
One part to other, that the ſtrongeſt ſway
Of ſharpeſt axe, them no'te aſunder ſmite.
The ſeventh is *Æon* with eternall ray:
The eighth *Hattove*, ſteddy cube, allproppiſg *Adonai*.

15

Upon this univerſall Ogdoas
Is founded every particularment:
From this ſame univerſall Diapaſe
Each harmony is fram'd and ſweet conſent.
But that I ſwerve not farre from my intent,
This Ogdoas let be an unitie
One mighty quickned orb of vaſt extent,
Throughly poſſeſt of lifes community,
And ſo thoſe veſts be ſeats of Gods vitality.

16

ow deem this universall round alone,
id rayes no rayes but a first all-spread light,
id centrick all like one pellucid Sun;
Sun that's free, not bound by natures might,
iat where it lists exerts his rayes outright,
th when it lists, and what, and eke how long,
id then retracts so as it thinketh meet.
ese rayes be that particular creature-throng:
r number none can tell but that all-making tongue.

17

ow blundring Naturalist behold the spring
f thy deep-searching soul, that fain would know
hether a mortall or immortall thing
be, and whence at first it gan to flow;
nd that which chiefest is where it must go.
ome fixt necessity thou fain wouldst find:
it no necessity, where there's no law,
t the good pleasure of an unty'd mind:
efore thy God seek out, and leave nature behind.

18

e kills, He makes alive; the keys of hell
nd death he hath. He can keep souls to wo
hen cruell hands of fate them hence expell:
r He in *Lethe's* lake can drench them so,
hat they no act of life or sense can show.
hey march out at His word, and they retreat;
arch out with joy, retreat with footing slow
gloomy shade, benumm'd with pallid sweat,
with their feeble wings their fainting breasts they beat.

19

ut souls that of his own good life partake
e loves as His own self; dear as His eye
hey are to Him: He'll never them forsake:
hen they shall dye, then God Himself shall dye.
hey live, they live in blest eternity.
he wicked are not so; but like the dirt,
rampled by man and beast, in grave they ly:
ilth and corruption is their rufull sort:
mselves with death and worms in darknesse they disport

20

Their rotten relicks lurk close under ground:
With living wight no sense or sympathy
They have at all; nor hollow thundring sound
Of roring winds, that cold mortality
Can wake, ywrapt in sad fatality.
To horses hoof that beats his grassie dore
He answers not: The Moon in silency,
Doth passe by night, and all bedew him o're
With her cold humid rayes; but he feels not heavens por

21

O dolefull lot of disobedience!
If God should souls thus drench in Lethe lake.
But O unspeakable torture of sense,
When sinfull souls do life and sense partake,
That those damn'd spirits may the anvils make
Of their fell cruelty, that lay such blows
That very ruth doth make my heart to quake
When I consider of the drery woes,
And tearing torment that each soul then undergoes.

22

Hence the souls nature we may plainly see:
A beam it is of th' intellectuall sun,
A ray indeed of that eternity;
But such a ray as when it first out shone,
From a free light its shining date begun.
And that same light when t list can call it in;
Yet that free light hath given a free wonne
To this dependent ray: hence cometh sin;
From sin drad death and hell: these wages doth it win.

23

Each life a severall ray is from that sphere
That sphere doth every life in it contain.
Arachne, *Semel*, and the rest do bear
Their proper virtue, and with one joynt strain
And powerful sway theymake impression plain,
And all their rayes be joyned into one
By *Ahad*: so this womb withouten pain
Doth flocks of souls send out that have their won
Where they list most to graze; as I shall tell anon.

24

ntry where they live *Psychania* hight,
ychany, that hath so mighty bounds,
ls it have at all : so infinite
ignesse, that it me confounds
k to what a vastnesse it amounds ;
n Saturnus, Saturn the earth exceeds
th the Moon; but all, those fixed rounds;
chany those fixed rounds exceeds,
those fix'd rounds excell small mustard-seeds.

25

ighty kingdomes hath this *Psychany*,
e self-feeling *Autæsthesia*;
ner hight god-like *Theoprepy*.
esy's divided into tway :
ovince cleeped is great *Adamah*,
also hight *Beirah* of brutish fashion ;
ner Province is *Dizoia* :
ou may see much mungrill transformation,
strous shapes proceed from Niles foul inundation.

26

Michael ruleth *Theoprepia*,
ity Prince. King of *Autæsthesy*
great Giant who bears mighty sway,
of discord, falshood, tyranny,
ne is *Dæmon*, not from Sciency,
gh he boasteth much in skilfull pride ;
s the fount of foul duality,
rieked witch *Duessa* is his bride :
dividing force this name to him betide.

27

that he himself is quite divided
to the belly; there's some unity :
d and tongue and heart be quite discided ;
eads, two tongues, and eke two hearts there be.
ead doth mischief plot, that head doth see
; fairly to o'reguild. One tongue doth pray,
her curse. The hearts do ne're agree
ly one another do upbray :
doven foot this monster doth upstay.

36

His concave nose, great head, and grave aspect,
Affected tone, words without inward sense,
My inly tickled spright made me detect
By outward laughter; but by best pretence
I pur'gd my self, and gave due reverence.
Then he gan gravely treat of codicils,
And of Book readings passing excellence,
And tri'd his wit in prayfing gooses quills:
O happy age! quoth he, the world *Minerva* fills.

37

I gave the talk to him, which pleas'd him well:
For then he seem'd a learned cleark to been,
When none contrayr'd his uncontrolled spell,
But I alas! though unto him unseen,
Did flow with tears, as if that onyons keen
Had pierc'd mine eyen. Strange virtue of fond joy
They ought to weep that be in heavie teen.
But nought my lightsome heart did then annoy;
So light it lay, it mov'd at every windy toy.

38

As we yode softly on, a youngster gent,
With bever cockt and arm set on one side
(His youthfull fire quickly our pace out-went)
Full fiercely pricked on in madcap pride,
The mettle of his horses heels he tri'd.
He hasted to his country *Pithecuse*.
Most hast worst speed: still on our way we ride,
And him o'retake halting through hapless bruise
We help him up again, our help he nould refuse.

39

Then gan the learn'd and ag'd *Don Psittaco*,
When he another auditour had got,
To spruse his plumes, and wisdome sage to show,
And with his sacred lore to wash the spot
Of youthfull blemishes; but frequent jot
Of his hard setting jade did so confound
The words that he by papyr-stealth had got,
That their lost sense the youngster could not sound
Though he with mimicall attention did abound.

40

Yet ſome of thoſe faint-winged words came near,
Of God, of Adam, and the ſhape divine,
Which Adams children have; (theſe pierc'd his ear)
And how that man is Lord of every kind
Of beaſts, of birds, and of each hidden mine
Of natures treaſures. He to Adams ſonne
The wide world for his kingdome doth deſigne:
And ever naming God, he look'd aboven:
thecus ſtraight plac'd God a thought above the Moon.

41

Pithecus, ſo they call this gentile wight,
The docible young man eas'ly could trace
His maſters ſteps, moſt quick and expedite,
When *Pſittaco* look'd up to holy place,
Pithecus ſtraight with ſanctimonious grace
Caſt up his eyes; and when the ſhape divine,
Which *Adam* had from God, he gan to praiſe,
Pithecus drawes himſelf ſtraight from that line,
nd phanſies his ſweet face with heavenly hew to ſhine.

42

He pinch't his hat, and from his horſes ſide
Stretcht forth his ruſſet legs, himſelf inclin'd
Now here, now there, and moſt exactly eyed
His comely lineaments, that he might find
What ever beauty elſe he had not mind
As yet in his fair corſe. But that full right
And vaſt prerogative did ſo unbind
His ſtraited ſprights, that with tyrannick might
le forct his feeble beaſt, and ſtraight fled out of ſight.

43

Then I and *Pſittaco* were left alone;
And which was ſtrange, he deeply ſilent was:
Whether ſome inward grief he from that ſone
Conceiv'd, and deemed it no ſmall diſgrace,
That that bold youngſter ſhould ſo little paſſe
His learned ſpeech; or whether nought to ſayn
He had then left; or whether a wild chaſe
Of flitting inconſiſtent thoughts he than
urſu'd, *which turn'd and* toy'd in his confuſed brain:

44

Or whether he was woxen so discreet,
As not to speak till fit occasion.
(To judge the best, that Charity counts meet)
Therefore that Senior sad I gan anon
Thus to bespeak, Good Sr, I crave pardon
If so I chance to break that golden twist
You spin, by rude interpellation,
That twist of choiseſt thoughts. No whit I miss'd
The mark I aimed at; to speak he had great list.

45

So then his spirits gan to come again,
And to enact his corps and impart might
Unto his languid tongue, and every vein
Received heat, when due conceived right
I did to him; and weend he plainly see't
That I was toucht with admiration
Of his deep learning, and quick shifting sight.
Then I gan quire of the wide *Behiron*.
Behiron, quoth that sage, that hight *Anthropion*.

46

Anthropion we call't; but th' holy tongue
(His learning lay in words) that *Behiron*,
Which we *Anthropion*, calls, as I among
The Rabbins read; but sooth to say no tone,
Nor tongue, or speech, so sweet as is our own,
Or so significant. For mark the sense:
From ἄνω ὄψιν is *Anthropion*;
And we are all of an upright presence;
Nor I'll be drawn from this conceit by no pretence.

47

I prais'd his steddy faith and confidence,
That stood as fast as trunk or rock of stone;
Yet natheleſſe, said I, the excellence
Of stedfastneſſe is not to yield to none,
But stiff to stand till mov'd by right reason;
And then by yielding, part of victory
To gain. What fitneſſe in *Anthropion?*
Baboons and Apes, as well as th' *Anthropi*
Do go upright, and beasts grown mad do view the sky

48

Then marken well what great affinity
There is twixt Ape, mad Beast, and Satyrs wild,
And the inhabitants of *Anthropie*,
When they are destitute of manners mild;
And th' inward man with brutishnesse defil'd
Hath life and love and lust and cogitation
Fixt in foul sense, or moving in false guiles;
That holy tongue the better nomination,
So farre I know, may give: 'Tis ghesse not full perswasion.

49

Therefore, O learned Sr, aread aright,
What may this word *Beiron* signifie?
He wond'rous glad to shew his grammer might,
This same word *Behiron* doth signifie
The brutish nature, or brutality,
Said he: and with his voyce lift up his front.
Then I his skill did gayly magnifie,
And blest me, I an idiot should light on't
So happily, that never was a scholar counts;

50

And said, then holy tongue is on my side;
And holy tongue is better then profane.
He angry at his courtesie, reply'd
That learned men ought for to entertain
Discourse of learned tongues, and country Swain
Of country fairs. But for to answer thee,
This I dare warrant surely to maintain,
If to contrair the holy tongue should be
Absurd, I find enough such contrariety.

51

Then I in simple sort him answered thus,
I ken not the strange guize of learned schools;
But if Gods thoughts be contrair unto us,
Let not deep wonderment possesse our souls,
If he call fools wisemen, and wisemen fools.
If rich he poore men term, if poore men rich,
If craftie States-men silly country gulls,
Beasts men, men beasts, with many other such:
God *seeth not as man seeth*, God speaks not in mans speech.

Straight

52

Straight he to higher pearch, like bird in cage,
Did skip, and sang of etern destiny,
Of sight and foresight he with count'nance sage
Did speak, and did unfold Gods secresie,
And left untoucht no hidden mystery.
I lowly louting held my cap in hand:
He askt what mont that so sudden coursie.
I pardon crave, said I, for manners fond;
You are heavens privie counsellour I understand,

53

Which I wist not before: so deep insight
Into the hidden things of God who can
Attain unto without that quickning spright
Of the true God? who knows the mind of man
But that same spright that in his breast doth won?
Therefore the key of Gods hid secresie
Is his own spright, that's proper to his Son,
And those of that second nativitie,
Which holy Temples are of the divinity.

54

Therefore as th' sacred seat o'th' Deity,
I unto you seemly behaviour make,
If you be such as you may seem to be
(It is mans nature easily to mistake)
My words his mind did quite asunder break:
For he full forward was all to assume
That might him gild with glory, and partake
With God; and joyed greatly in vain fume,
And prided much himself in his purloined plume.

55

So that full loth he was for to undo
My fairly winded up conclusion;
Yet inwardly did not assent unto
My premises: for foul presumption
He thought, if that a private idiot man
By his new birth should either equalize,
Or else outstrip the bookish nation.
Perhaps some foul deformities disguise
Their life: pshah! that to knowledge is no prejudice

56

But he nould say so: for why? he was bent
To keep the credit which he then had got,
As he conceiv'd: for it had been yblent;
It might have hazarded half of his lot,
To wit his godlike hew withouten spot,
If so be such deep knowledge could consist
With wicked life: but he nould lose one jot
Of his so high esteem, nor me resist.
So I escap'd the souse of his contracted fist.

57

By this we came into a way that did
Divide it self into three parts: the one
To *Leontopolis*; that in the mid
Did lead straight forth out of wide *Beiron*,
That was the way that I mote take alone;
The third way led unto *Onopolis*:
And thitherward *Don Psittaco* put on.
With both these towns, *Alopecopolis*
Is in firm league, and golden *Myrmecopolis*.

58

For nothing they attempt without the aid
Of these two Cities. They'll not wagen war,
Nor peace conclude, nor permit any trade,
Nor make decrees, nor slake the civil jar,
Nor take up private wrongs, nor plead at bar,
Nor Temples consecrate, nor Mattins say;
They nought begin divine or secular,
But they advisen with those cities tway.
O potent citizens that bear so great a sway!

59

No truth of justice in *Beirah* lond:
No sincere faith void of sly subtlety,
That alwayes seeks it self, is to be found:
But law-delusion and false policy,
False policy that into tyranny
Would quickly wend, did not stern fear restrain
And keep in aw. Th' *Onites* democracie
Is nought but a large hungry tyrant-train:
Oppression from the poore is an all-sweeping rain,

60

A ſweeping torrent that beats down the corn,
And waſts the oxens labour, headlong throws
The talleſt trees up by the root ytorn,
Its ranging force in all the land it ſhows;
Wood rent from hence its rowling rage beſtows
In other places that were bare before,
With muddied arms of trees the earth it ſtrows:
The liſt'ning ſhepherd is amazed ſore,
While it with ſwift deſcent ſo hideouſly doth rore.

61

Such is the outrage of Democracy,
When fearleſſe it doth rule in *Beirah*:
And little better is falſe Monarchy,
When it in this ſame country bears the ſway.
(Is't not a part of *Antæſthesia*?)
So to an inward ſucking whirlpools cloſe
They change this ſwelling torrents ſurquedry
Much treaſure it draws in, and doth incloſe
In'ts winding mouth, but whether then, there's no mãh

62

O falſeſt *Beirawites*, what gars you plain
One of another, and vainly accuſe
Of foul offence? when you all entertain
Tyrannick thoughts. You all alike do muſe
Of your own private good, though with abuſe
Of thoſe you can tread down with ſafety,
No way to wealth or honour you refuſe.
Falſe *Onop'e* doth grudge, and grone, and cry,
Becauſe ſhe is denied a greater tyranny.

63

Two of that City whilom on the way,
With languid lugs, and count'nance gravely ſad,
Did deeply ſigh, and rudely rough did bray
Gainſt *Leontopolis*. The equall pad
Of juſtice now, alas! is ſeldome trad,
Said they; The Lions might is law and right.
Where's love or mercy now? with that out ſtrad
A little dog, his dames onely delight,
And ran near to their tails, and bark'd with all his m

64

The sourly irefull *Onopolitan*
Without all mercy kickt with iron heel
The little bawling curre, that at him ran;
It made his feeble corse to th' earth to reel,
That was so pierc'd with the imprinted steel,
That it might grieve an heart of flinty stone:
No herbs, no salves the breach could ever heal;
The good old wife did then keep house alone.
False hearted carles, is this your great compassion?

65

There's no society in *Behirah*,
But beastlike grazing in one pasture ground:
No love but of the animated clay
With beauties fading flowers trimly crownd,
Or from strong sympathies heart-striking stound:
No order but what riches strength and wit
Prescribe. So bad the good eas'ly confound.
Is honesty in such unruly fit
That it's held in no rank? they 'steem it not a whit.

66

But I am weary of this uncouth place;
If any man their bad condition
And brutish manners listeth for to trace,
We may them reade in the creation
Of this wide sensible: where every passion
Of birds and beasts distinctly do display,
To but an ord'nary imagination
The life and soul of them in *Behirah*:
This *Beirah* that hight the greater *Adamah*.

67

The swelling hatefull Toad, industrious Ant,
Lascivious Goat, Parrot, or prating Pye,
The kingly Lion, docil Elephant,
All-imitating Ape, gay Butterflie,
The crafty Fox famous for subtilty,
Majestick Horse, the Beast that twixt two trees
(A fit resemblance of full gluttony)
When he hath fill'd *his* gorge, himself doth squeeze
Tofeed afresh, Court Spaniels, and politick Bees;

With

68

With many more which I list not repeat;
Some foul, some fair: to th' fair the name they give
Of holy virtues; but 'tis but deceit,
None in *Beiron* virtuously do live;
None in that land so much as ever strive
For truth of virtue, though sometimes they wont,
As swine do swine, their own blood to relieve.
Beiron's all bruits, the true manhood they want,
If outward form you pierce with phansie fulminant.

69

So having got experience enough
Of this ill land, for nothing there was new,
My purpose I held on, and rode quite through
That middle way, and did th' extremes eschew.
When I came near the end there was in view
No passage: for the wall was very high,
But there no doore to me it self did shew:
Looking about at length I did espy
A lively youth, to whom I presently gan cry.

70

More willing he's to come then I to call:
Simon he hight, who also's call'd a Rock:
Simon is that obedientiall
Nature, who boysterous seas and winds doth mock;
No tempest can him move with fiercest shock;
The house that's thereon built doth surely stand:
Nor blustring storm, nor rapid torrents stroke
Can make it fall; it easily doth withstand
The gates of death and hell, and all the Stygian band.

71

When I gan call, forthwith in seemly sort
He me approch'd in decent russet clad,
More fit for labour then the flaunting Court:
When he came near, in chearfull wise he bad
Tell what I would: Then I unto the lad
Gan thus reply, alas! too long astray
Here have I trampled foul *Behirons* pad:
Out of this land I thought this the next way,
But I no gate can find, so vain is mine assay.

72

the wise youth, Good Sr, you look too high:
wall aloft is raised; but that same dore
e you must passe in deep descent doth lie:
e bad follow, he would go before.
by there was a place, all covered o're
stinging nettles and such weedery,
pricking thistle the hard'st legs would gore,
r the wall a strait dore we descry:
ll hight *Self-conceit*; the doore *Humility*.

73

we came at the doore fast lockt it was,
Simon had the key, but he nould grant
I into that other land should passe,
out I made him my concomitant.
as'd me well, I mus'd not much upon't,
traight accord: for why? a jolly Swain
ought he was; meek, cheerfull and pleasant.
he saw this, he thus to me again,
ou that sad couple? Then I, I see those twain.

74

ry couple certainly they be.
man a bloody knife holds at his heart
cheerlesse countenance, as sad is she.
d, or else intolerable smart,
h she cannot decline by any Art,
thus distort and writhe her wrinkled face;
den quadrate swayes hard on that part
's fit for burdens; foulnesse doth deface
d looks; with a straight staff her steps she stayes.

75

: well you say, then said that lusty Swain:
his poore couple be my Parents dear:
I can hence depart without these twain:
: twain give life to me, though void of chear
' be themselves. Then let's all go yfere.
young mans speech caus'd sad perplexity
in my breast, but yet I did forbear,
fairly ask'd their names. He answered me,
parnes hight; but she *Hypomene*.

76

I *Simon* am the sonne of this sad pair,
Who though full harsh they seem to outward sight;
Yet when to *Dizoie* men forth do fare,
No company in all the land so meet
They find as these; their pace full well I weet
Is very slow, and so to youthfull haste
Displeasing, and their counsells nothing sweet
To any *Beironite*: but sweetest taste
Doth bitterst choler breed, and haste doth makeu wast.

77

Nor let that breast impierc'd with dropping wound
An uncouth spectacle, disturb your mind.
His blood's my food: If he his life effund
To utmost death, the high God hath design'd
That we both live. He in my heart shall find
A seat for his transfused soul to dwell:
And when that's done, this death doth eke unbind
That heavie weight that doth *Hypom'ne* quell,
Then I *Anautæsthetus* hight, which seems me well.

78

So both their lives do vanish into mine,
And mine into *Hattubus* life doth melt:
Which fading flux of time doth not define,
Nor is by any *Autæsthesian* felt.
This life to *On* the good *Hattubus* delt:
In it's all joy, truth, knowledge, love and force;
Such force no wight created can repel't.
All strength and livelyhood is from this sourse,
All lives to this first spring have circular recourse.

79

A lecture strange he seemd to reade to me;
And though I did not rightly understand
His meaning, yet I deemed it to be
Some goodly thing, and weary of that land
Where then I stood, I did not him withstand
In his request, although full loth I were
Slow-footed eld the journey should command;
Yet we were guided by that sory pair,
And so to Dizoie full softly we do fare.

THE ARGUMENT OF PSYCHOZOIA.

Lib. 3.

Strange state of Dizoie Mnemons skill
Here wisely doth explain,
Ida's strong charms, and Eloim-hill,
With the drad dale of Ain.

1

But now new Stories I 'gin to relate,
Which aged *Mnemon* unto us did tell,
Whiles we on grassie bed did lie prostrate
Under a shady beach, which did repell
The fiery skorching shafts which Uriel
From Southern quarter darted with strong hand.
No other help we had; for Gabriel
His wholesome cooling blasts then quite restrain'd.
The Lions flaming breath with heat parcht all the land.

2

Here seemly sitting down thus gan that Sage,
Last time we were together here ymet,
Beirah wall, that was the utmost stage
Of our discourse, if I do not forget:
When we departed thence the Sun was set,
Yet natheless we past that lofty wall
That very evening. The nights nimble net
That doth encompasse every opake ball,
That swims in liquid aire, did *Simon* nought apall.

3

When we that stately wall had undercrept,
We straightway found our selves in *Dizoie*:
The melting clouds chill drizzeling tears then wept;
The misty aire swet for deep agony,
Swet a cold sweat, and loose frigidity
Fill'd all with a white smoke; pale Cynthia
Did foul her silver limbs with filthy die,
Whiles *wading on* she measured out her way,
And cut the muddy heavens defil'd with whitish clay.

4

No light to guide but the Moons pallid ray,
And that even loſt in miſty troubled aire:
No tract to take, there was no beaten way;
No chearing ſtrength, but that which might appear
From *Dians* face: her face then ſhin'd not clear,
And when it ſhineth cleareſt, little might
She yieldeth, yet the Goddeſſe is ſevere.
Hence wrathfull dogs do bark at her dead light:
Chriſt help the man thus clos'd and priſon'd in drad nigh

5

O'rewhelm'd with irkſome toil of ſtrange annoyes,
In ſtony ſtound like ſenſeleſſe ſtake I ſtood,
Till the vaſt thumps of maſſie hammers noiſe,
That on the groning ſteel laid on ſuch load,
Empierc'd mine ears in that ſad ſtupid mood.
I weening then ſome harbour to be nie,
In ſory pace thitherward ſlowly yode,
By eare directed more then by mine eye,
But there, alas! I found ſmall hoſpitality.

6

Foure griſly black-ſmiths ſtoutly did their task
Upon an anvile form'd in conick wiſe:
They neither minded who, nor what I ask,
But with ſtern grimy look do ſtill aviſe
Upon their works; but I my firſt empriſe
Would not forſake, and therefore venture in.
Or none hath liſt to ſpeak, or none eſpies,
Or hears: the heavie hammers never lin;
And but a blew faint light in this black ſhop did ſhine.

7

There I into a darkſome corner creep,
And lay my weary limbs on duſty flore,
Expecting ſtill when ſoft down-ſliding ſleep
Should ſeize mine eyes, and ſtrength to me reſtore:
But when with hovering wings ſhe proch'd, e'rmore
The mighty ſouſes thoſe foul knaves laid on,
And thoſe huge bellows that aloud did rore,
Chac'd her away that ſhe was ever gone
Before ſhe came, on pitchy plumes, for fear, yſtone.

16

These and such like be that rude regiment,
That from the glitering sword of *Michael* fly:
They fly his outstretch'd arm, else were they shent
If they unto this Castle did not hie,
Strongly within its wals to fortifie
Themselves. Great *Dæmon* hath no stronger hold
Then this high Tower. When the good Majesty
Shines forth in love and light; a vapour cold
And a black hellish smoke from hence doth all infold.

17

And all that love and light and offer'd might
Is thus chok'd up in that foul Stygian steem:
If hells dark jawes should open in despight,
And breathe its inmost breath which foul'st I deem;
Yet this more deadly foul I do esteem,
And more contagious, which this charmed tower
Ever spues forth, like that fell Dragons steem
Which he from poyson'd mouth in rage did poure
At her, whose first-born child his chaps might not devour.

18

But lest the rather wit my Muse should blame,
As if she did those faults appropriate
(Which I even now in that black list did name)
Unto *Pantheothen*; The self same state
I dare avouch you'll find, where ever hate
Backd with rough zeal, and bold through want of skill,
All sects besides its own doth execrate.
This peevish spright with wo the world doth fill,
While each man all would bind to his fierce furious will.

19

O Hate! the fulsome daughter of fell Pride,
Sister to surly Superstition,
That clean out-shining truth cannot abide,
That lovés it self and large Dominion,
And in false show of a fair Union
Would all encroch to 't self, would purchase all
At a cheap rate, for slight Opinion.
Thus cram they their wide-gaping Crumenall:
But now to *Ida hill me lists* my feet recall.

20

No ſuch inchantment in all *Dizoie*
As on this hill; nor ſadder ſight was ſeen
Then you may in this ruſull place eſpy.
'Twixt two huge walls on ſolitary green,
Of funerall Cypreſſe many groves there been,
And eke of Ewe, Eben, and Poppy trees:
And in their gloomy ſhade foul griſly fiend
Uſe to reſort, and buſily to ſeize
The darker phanſied ſouls that live in ill diſeaſe.

21

Hence you may ſee, if that you dare to mind,
Upon the ſide of this accurſed hill,
Many a dreadfull corſe ytoſt in wind,
Which with hard halter their loathd life did ſpil.
There lies another which himſelf did kill
With ruſty knife, all roll'd in his own bloud,
And ever and anon a dolefull knill
Comes from the fatall Owl, that in ſad mood
With drery ſound doth pierce through the death-ſhad

22

Who can expreſſe with pen the irkſome ſtate
Of thoſe that bain this ſtrong Caſtle thrall?
Yet hard it is this Fort to ruinate,
It is ſo ſtrongly fenc'd with double wall.
The fierceſt but of Ram no'te make them fall:
The firſt *Inevitable Deſtiny*
Of Gods Decree; the other we do call
Invincible fleſhly infirmity:
But Keeper of the Tower, *Unfelt Hypocriſie*.

23

What Poets phanſies fain'd to be in hell
Are truly here. A vultur *Tityus* heart
Still gnaws, yet death doth never *Tityus* quell:
Sad *Siſyphus* a ſtone with toylſome ſmart
Doth roul up hill, but it tranſcends his art,
To get it to the top, where it may lye
On ſteddy plain, and never backward ſtart:
His courſe is ſtopt by ſtrong Infirmity:
His roul comes to this wall, but then back it doth fly.

24

ere fifty Sisters in a sieve do draw
hrough-sipping water: *Tantalus* is here,
ho though the glory of the Lord oreflow
he earth, and doth incompasse him so near,
:t waters he in waters doth requere.
oop *Tantalus* and take those waters in.
hat strength of witchcraft thus blinds all yfere
wixt these two massie walls, this hold of sinne ?
me ! who shall this Fort so strongly fenced win !

25

ieare the clattering of an armed troup :
y ears do ring with the strong pransers heels.
Ay soul get up out of thy drousie droop,
nd look unto the everlasting hills)
he hollow ground, ah ! how my sense it fills
ith sound of solid horses hoofs. A wonder
is to think how cold my spirit thrills
'ith strange amaze. Who can this strength dissunder?
t how the warlik steeds do neigh their necks do thunder

26

ll milkwhite steeds in trappings goodly gay,
n which in golden letters be ywrit
'hese words (even he that runs it readen may)
rue righteousnesse unto the Lord of might.
) comely spectacle ! O glorious sight !
I would easily ravish the beholders eye
'o see such beasts, so fair, so full of spright,
ll in due ranks to pranse so gallantly,
ting their riders arm'd with perfect panoply.

27

n perfect silver glistring panoply
'hey ride, the army of the highest God :
'en thousands of his Saints approchen nie
'o judge the world, and rule it with his rod :
'hey leave all plain where ever they have trod.
ach rider on his shield doth bear the Sun
'ith golden shining beam dispread abroad,
'he Sun of righteousnesse at high day noon,
his same strength, I wene, this Fort is easly wonne.

28

They that but heare thereof ſhall ſtraight obey ;
But the ſtrange children ſhall falſe ſemblance make,
But all hypocriſie ſhall ſoon decay,
All wickedneſſe into that deadly lake,
All darkneſſe thither ſhall it ſelf betake :
That falſe brood ſhall in their cloſe places fade.
The glory of the Lord ſhall ne're forſake
The earth again, nor ſhall deaths dreadfull ſhade
Return again. Him praiſe that this great day hath made

29

This is the mighty warlick *Michaels* hoſte,
That eaſily ſhall wade through that foul ſpue
Which the falſe Dragon caſts in every coſte,
That the moon-trampling woman much doth rue
His deadly ſpaul ; but no hurt doth accrew
To this ſtrong army from this filthy ſteam :
Nor horſe nor man doth fear its lurid hew,
They ſafely both can ſwim in this foul ſtream :
This ſtream the earth ſups up cleft ope by *Michaels* beat

30

But whiles it beareth ſway, this poyſons might
Is to make ſterill or prolong the birth,
To cauſe cold palſies, and to dull the ſight
By ſleepy ſloth ; the melancholick earth
It doth increaſe that hinders all good mirth.
Yet this dead liquor dull *Pantheothen*
Before the nectar of the Gods preferr'th :
But it ſo weakens and diſables men,
That they of manhood give no goodly ſpecimen.

31

Here one of us began to interpeal
Old Mnemon. *Tharrhon* that young ladkin hight,
He prayed this aged Sire for to reveal
What way this Dragons poyſonous deſpight,
And ſtrong *Pantheothens* inwalling might,
We may eſcape. Then *Mnemon* thus gan ſay,
Some ſtrange deviſe, I know each youthfull wight
Would here expect, or lofty brave aſſay :
But I'll the ſimple truth, in ſimple wiſe convay.

32

ood Conscience, kept with all the strength and might
hat God already unto us hath given;
presse pursuit of that foregoing light
hat egs us on 'cording to what we have liven,
nd helps us on 'cording to what we have striven,
o shaken off the bonds of prejudice,
Nor dote to much of that we have first conceiven;
y hearty prayer to beg the sweet delice
Gods all-loving spright: such things I you advise.

34

an pity move the heart of parents dear,
Vhen that their hapleſſe child in heavy plight
oth grieve and moan? whiles pinching tortures tear
is fainting life, and doth not that sad sight
Of Gods own Sonne empassion his good spright
Vith deeper sorrow? The tender babe lies torn
n us by cruell wounds from hostile might:
s Gods own life of God himself forlorn?
was he to continuall pain of God yborn?

34

Or will you say if this be Gods own Sonne,
Let him descend the crosse: for well we ween
That he'll not suffer him to be fordonne
By wicked hand, if Gods own Sonne he been.
But you have not those sacred misteries seen,
True-crucifying Jews! the weaker thing
Is held in great contempt in worldly eyen:
But time may come when deep impierced sting
ll prick your heart, and it shall melt with sorrowing.

35

Then you shall view him whom with cruell spear
You had transfix'd, true crucified Sonne
Of the true God, unto his Father dear,
And dear to you, nought dearer under sun.
Through this strong love and deep compassion,
How vastly God his kingdome would enlarge
You'll easly see, and how with strong iron
He'll quite subdue the utmost earthly verge.
Foolish men! the heavens why do you fondly charge?

Sub-

36

Subtimidus, when *Thærrhon* sped so well,
Took courage to himself, and thus 'gan say
To *Mnemon*, Pray you Sr. vouchsafe to tell
What *Autaparnes* and *Hypomene*
And *Simon* do this while in *Dizoe*.
With that his face shone like the rosy morn
With maiden blush from inward modesty,
Which wicked wights do holden in such scorn,
Sweet harmles modesty a rose withouten thorn.

37

Old *Mnemon* lov'd the Lad even from his face,
Which blamelesse blush with sanguin light had dyed;
His harmlesse lucid spright with flouring grace
His outward form so seemly beautifyed.
So the old man him highly magnified
For his so fit enquiry of those three;
And to his question thus anon replyed,
There's small recourse (till that Fort passed be)
To *Simon Autaparnes* or *Hypomene*.

38

For all that space from *Behirons* high wall
Unto *Pantheothen*, none dares arise
From his base dunghill warmth; such magicall
Attraction his flagging soul down ties
To his foul flesh: 'mongst which, alas! there lyes
A litle spark of Gods vitality,
But smoreing filth so close it doth comprize
That it cannot flame out nor get on high:
This province hence is hight earth-groveling *Aptery*.

39

But yet fair semblances these *Apterites*
Do make of good, and sighen very sore,
That God no stronger is. False hypocrites!
You make no use of that great plenteous store
Of Gods good strength which he doth on you poure:
But you fast friends of foul carnality,
And false to God, his tender sonne do gore,
And plaud your selves, if't be not mortally;
Nor let you him live in ease, nor let you him fairly die.

40

ſſe wife that by her frampard guize,
ieanour, ſullen ſad diſdain
eep the ſpright melancholize
ieved husband, and long pain
ome ſharpe ſickneſſe doth conſtrain
d nature to yield victory:
ng torture then count death a gain.
eath comes, in womaniſh phrenſy
femal wretch doth ſhreek and loudly cry.

41

her moody importunity
right death ſhe reſcues the poore man:
ng ſenſe; not that due loyalty
from her this falſe compaſſion,
i that no cruelty can
ze. Her husband lies agaſt;
s horrid face ſo pale and wan
with aſhy wings. He thus embrac'd
nany dayes in deadly woe doth waſt.

42

love that's found in *Aptery*
ear life. If they his ſonne preſent
halfe dead, handled deſpightfully,
ſickneſſe or with deep wound rent,
ot quite dead they 'r well content.
ire favour of his ſire to have.
the ſignes how can they then be ſhent?
f love for his dear life us ſave
ceits, which men to ſinne do thus inſlave.

43

rom *Aptery* we were ygone,
antheothens inthralling power;
the eaſt chearfull *Eous* ſhone,
away the nights dead lumpiſh ſtour:
th' hand *Aurora's* vernall houre;
ly tripp'd it on the ſilver'd hills,
v all the fields ſweet life did ſhower:
he joyfull birds to try their skills;
y chirpt amain, they pip'd they danc'd their (fills.

This

44

This other Province of *Dizoia*
Hight *Pteroessa*; on the flowry side
Of a green bank, as I went on my way
Strong youthfull *Gabriel* I there espide,
Courting a nymph all in her maiden pride,
Not for himself: His strife was her to win
To *Michael* in wedlock to be tide.
He promised she should be Michaels Queen,
And greater things then eare hath heard or eye hath seen:

45

This lovely maid to *Gabriel* thus replide,
Thanks, Sr, for your good news; but may I know
Who *Michael* is that would have me his bride.
Its *Michael*, said he, that works such wo
To all that fry of hell; and on his foe
Those fiends of darknesse such great triumphs hath:
The powers of sinne and death he down doth mow.
In this strong arm of God have thou but faith,
That in great *Dæmons* troups doth work so wondrous scat

46

The simple girl believed every word,
Nor did by subtle querks elude the might
And profer'd strength of the soul-loving Lord;
But answered thus, Good Sr, but reade aright
When shall I then appear in *Michaels* sight?
When *Gabriel* had won her full assent,
And well observ'd how he had flam'd her spright,
He answered, After the complishment
Of his behests, and so her told what hests he ment.

47

She willingly took the condition,
And pliable she promised to be:
And *Gabriel* sware he would wait upon
Her virginship, whiles in simplicity
His masters will with all good industry
She would fulfill. So here the simple maid
Strove for her self in all fidelity,
Nor took her self for nothing; but she plaid
Her part, she thought, as if indentures had been made.

48

For ſhe did not with her own ſelf ginthink
So curiouſly, that it is God alone
That gives both ſtrengths when ever we do ſwink:
Graces and natures might be both from one,
Who is our lifes ſtrong ſuſtentation.
Impoſſible it is therefore to merit,
When we poore men have nothing of our own:
Certes by him alone ſhe ſtands upright;
And ſurely falls without his help in per'lous fight.

49

But we went on in *Pteroeſſa* lond.
The freſh bright morning was no ſmall repaſt
After the toil in *Aptery* we found,
So that with merry chear we went full-faſt:
But I obſerved well that in this haſte
Simon wax'd faint, and feeble, and decay'd
In ſtrength and life before we far had paſt:
And by how much his youthfull flower did fade,
So much more vigour to his parents was repay'd.

50

For that old crumpled wight gan go upſtraight,
And *Autaparnes* face recovered blood;
But *Simon* looked pale withouten might,
Withouten chear, or joy, or livelyhood:
Cauſe of all this at laſt I underſtood.
For *Autaparn* that knife had from him caſt,
And almoſt clos'd the paſſage of that flood.
That flood, that blood, was that which *Simons* taſte
Alone could fit: if that were gone the lad did waſte.

51

And his old mother, call'd *Hypomene*,
Did eaſe her back from that down-ſwaying weight,
That leaden quadrate, which did miſerably
Annoy her crazy corſe; but that more light
She might fare on, ſhe in her husbands ſight
Threw down her load, where he threw down his blade,
And from that time began the pitious plight
Of ſickly *Simon*: ſo we them perſwade
Back to retreat, and do their dying ſon ſome aid.

Though

52

Though loth, yet at the length they do assent:
So we return unto the place where lay
The heavy quadrate, and that instrument
Of bleeding smart: it would a man dismay
To think how that square lead her back did sway;
And how the halfeclos'd wound was open tore
With that sharpe-pointed knife: and sooth to say
Simon himself was inly grieved sore,
Seeing the deadly smart that his dear parents bore.

53

So we remeasure the way we had gone,
Still faring on toward *Theoprepy*.
Great strength and comfort 'twas to think upon
Our good escape from listlesse *Aptery*,
And from the thraldome of *Infirmity*.
Now nought perplex'd our stronger plumed spright,
But what may be the blamelesse verity:
Oft we conceiv'd things were peracted right;
And oft we found ourselves guld with strong passions might

54

But now more feeble farre we find their force
Then erst it was, when as in *Aptery*
To strong *Pantheothen* they had recourse:
For then a plain impossibility
It was to overcome their cruelty.
But here encouraged by *Gabriel*
We strongly trust to have the victory.
And if by chance they do our forces quell;
It's not by strength of armes but by some misty spell.

55

So bravely we went on withouten dread,
Till at the last we came whereas a hill
With steep ascent highly lift up his head:
To th' aged foot it worken would much ill
To climb this cliffe; with weary ache 'twould fill
His drier bones. But yet it's smooth and plain
Upon the top. It passeth farre my skill
The springs, the bowers, the walks, the goodly train
Of fair chaste nymphes that haunt that place for to expla

THE ARGUMENT OF PSYCHATHANASIA.

Book 1. Cant. 4.

That Hyle or first matter's nought
But potentialitie;
That God's the never-fading root
Of all Vitalitie.

1

VHat I was wisely taught in that still Night,
That *Hyle* is the Potentialitie
f Gods dear Creatures, I embrace as right,
nd them nigh blame of deep idolatrie
hat give so much to that slight nullitie,
hat they shonld make it root substantiall
f nimble life, and that quick entitie
hat doth so strongly move things naturall,
t life from hence should spring, that hither life should (fall.

2

'hat all that springs from hence should be resolv'd
nto this mirksome sourse, *first matter* hight,
'his muddie myst'rie they no'te well unfold.
f it be onely a bare passive might
Vith Gods and Natures goodly dowries dight,
ringing hid Noughts into existencie,
Or sleeping Somethings into wide day-light,
'hen *Hyle's* plainly potentialitie,
ich doth not straight inferre certain mortalitie.

3

or the immortall Angels do consist
Of outgone act and possibilitie;
Nor any other creature doth exist,
teleast from dreary deaths necessitie,
f it potentialnesse so certainly
Insuen must. If substance actuall
'hey will avouch this first matter to be,
ountain of forms, and prop fiduciall
all those lives and beings cleeped Naturall;

Ther

60

Thanks be to God we are so well ariv'd
To the long-sought for land, *Theoprepy*.
Nay soft good Sr, said *Simon*, you'r deceiv'd,
You are not yet past through *Autæsthesy*:
With that the spot and flaw he bad me see
Which he descry'd in that goodly array.
The spot and flaw self-sens'd *Autopathy*
Was hight, the eldest nymph *Pythagorissa*,
Next *Platonissa* hight, the last hight *Stoicissa*.

61

But this high mount where these three sisters wonne,
Said *Simon*, cleeped is, *Har-Eloim*.
To these its said, Do worship to my Sonne:
Its right, that all the Gods do worship him,
There's none exempt: those that the highest climbe
Are but his Ministers, their turns they take
To serve as well as those of lower slime.
What so is not of Christ but doth partake
Of th' *Autæsthesian* soil, is life *Dæmoniake*.

62

His words did strangely work upon my spright,
And wean'd my mind from that I dearly lov'd;
So I nould dwell on this so pleasing sight,
But down descended, as it me behov'd,
And as my trusty guide me friendly mov'd.
So when we down had come, and thence did passe
On the low plain, *Simon* more clearly prov'd,
That though much beauty there and goodnesse was,
Yet that in *Theoprepia* did far surpasse.

63

So forward on we fare, and leave that hill,
And presse still further; the further we go,
Simon more strength, more life and godly will,
More vigour he and livelyhood did show;
But *Autaparnes* wox more wan and wo:
He faints, he sinks, ready to give up ghost,
And ag'd *Hypomne* trod with footing slow,
And staggerd with her load; so ill dispos'd
Their fading spirits were, that life was well nigh lost.

53

By this in ſight of that black wall we came,
A wall by ſtone-artificer not made:
For it is nought but ſmoke from duskiſh flame,
Which in that low deep valleys pitchy ſhade
Doth fiercely nb' *Autopathian* life invade,
With glowing heat, and eateth out that ſpot.
This dreadfull triall many hath diſmaid:
When *Autaparnes* ſaw this was his lot,
ar did his ſenſe benumme, he wox like earthly clot.

54

In ſolemn ſilency this vapour roſe
From this dread dale, and hid the eaſtern sky
With its deep darkneſſe, and the evening cloſe
Foreſtall'd with Stygian obſcurity,
Yet was't not thick, nor thin, nor moiſt, nor dry;
Nor ſtank it ill, nor yet gave fragrant ſmell,
Nor did't take in through pellucidity
The penetrating light, nor did't repell
hrough groſſe opacity the beams of Michael.

55

Yet terrible it is to *Pſyche's* brood,
That ſtill retain the life *Dæmoniake*;
Conſtraining fear calls in their vitall flood,
When the drad Magus once doth mention make
Of the deep dark abyſſe; for fear they quake
At that ſtrong-awing word: But they that die
Unto ſelf-feeling life, naught ſhall them ſhake:
Baſe fear proceeds from weak *Autopathy*.
his dale hight *Ain*, the fumes hight *Anautæſthe*ſy.

56

Into this diſmall dale we all deſcend:
Here *Autaparnes* and *Hypomene*
Their languid life with that dark vapour blend.
Thus periſhed fading vitality,
But nought did fade of lifes reality.
When theſe two old ones their laſt gaſp had fet,
In this drad valley their dead corps did lie;
But what could well be ſav'd to *Simon* flet.
re *Simon* firſt became ſpotleſſe *Anautæſthet*.

What

68

When we had waded quite through this deep shade,
We then appeard in bright *Theoprepy*:
Here *Phœbus* ray in straightest line was laid,
That earst lay broke in grosse consistency
Of cloudy substance. For strong sympathy
Of the divided natures magick band
Was burnt to dust in *Anaustæsthesie*:
Now there's no fear of deaths dart-holding hand:
Fast love, fixt life, firm peace in *Theoprepia* land.

69

When *Mnemon* hither came, he leaned back
Upon his seat, and a long time respired.
When I perceiv'd this holy Sage so slack
To speak (well as I might) I him desired
Still to hold on, if so he were not tired,
And tell what fell in blest *Theoprepy*;
But he nould do the thing that I required,
Too hard it is, said he, that kingdomes glee
To show; who list to know himself must come and see.

70

This story under the cool shaddowing beach
Old *Mnemon* told of famous *Dizoie*:
To set down all he said passeth my reach,
That all would reach even to infinity.
Strange things he spake of the biformity
Of the *Dizoians*; what mongrill sort
Of living wights; how monstrous shap'd they be,
And how that man and beast in one consort; (disto
Goats britch, mans tongue, goose head, with monki's mo

71

Of *Centaures*, *Cynocephals*, walking trees,
Tritons and *Mermaydes*, and such uncouth things;
Of weeping Serpents with fair womens eyes,
Mad-making waters, sex trans-forming springs;
Of foul *Circean* swine with golden rings,
With many such like falshoods; but the straight
Will easly judge all crooked wandrings.
Suffice it then we have taught that Ruling-right.
The good is uniform, the evil infinite.

ΨΥΧΑΘΑΝΑΣΙΑ
PLATONICA:
OR

Platonicall Poem of the Immortality of Souls, especially Mans Soul.

By *H. M.* Master of Arts, and Fellow of Christs Colledge in Cambridge.

Φύσις οὐδενός ἐστιν
Ἀλλὰ μόνον μίξις τε διάλλαξίς τε μιγέντων,
Empedocles.

Omnia mutantur, nihil interit,
Ovid.

ἂν ἄρα ζῶον ἀθάνατον· πάντων ᾧ μᾶλλον ὁ ἄνθρωπος
ὁ καὶ τοῦ θεοῦ δεκτικὸς, καὶ τῷ θεῷ συμπαθητικός,
Trismegist.

CAMBRIDGE
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12

Others disdain this so near unitie,
So farre they be from thinking they be born
Of such low parentage, so base degree,
And fleshes foul attraction they do scorn.
They be th' outgoings of the *Eastern morn*,
Alli'd to God and his vitalitie,
And pray to their first spring, that thus forlorn
And left in mud, that he would set them free,
And them again possesse of pristine puritie.

13

But seemeth not my Muse too hastily
To soare aloft, that better by degrees
Unto the vulgar mans capacitie
Mought show the souls so high excellencies,
And softly from all corporeities
It heaven up unto its proper seat,
When we have drove away grosse falsities,
That do assault the weaker mens conceit,
And free the simple mind from phansies foul deceit.

14

The drooping soul so strongly's coloured
With the long commerce of corporealls,
That she from her own selfawide is led,
Knows not herself, but by false name she calls
Her own high being, and what ere befalls
Her grosser bodie, she that miserie
Doth deem her own : for she herself miscalls
Or some thin bodie, or spread qualitie,
Or point of qualitie, or fixt or setten free.

29

But whether thin spread body she doth deem
Her self, dispersed through this grosser frame;
Or doth herself a qualitie esteem,
Or queint complexion, streaming through the same;
Or else some lucid point herself doth name
Of such a qualitie, in chiefest part
Strongly fix'd down; or whether she doth clame
More freedome for that point, in head nor heart
Ist seated; yet, saith she, the bodies brat thou art.

Thence

IE ARGUMENT OF
PSYCHATHANASIA.

Book 1. Cant. 1.

Struck with strong sense of Gods good will
The immortalitie
Of souls I sing; Praise with my quill
Plato's Philosophie.

1

WHatever man he be that dares to deem
True Poets skill do spring of earthly race,
him tell, that he doth misesteem
strange estate, and eke himself disgrace
s rude ignorance. For there's no place
rced labour, or slow industry
gging wits, in that high fiery chace,
n as of the Muse they quickned be,
they rise, and lively sing like lark in skie.

2

:o a meteor, whose materiall
unwieldy earth, base unctuous slime,
e inward hidden parts ethereall
ose upwrapt in that dull sluggish fime,
st asleep, till at some fatall time
:Phœbus lamp has fir'd its inward spright,
then even of it self on high doth climb;
:earst was dark becomes all eye, all sight,
tarre, that to the wise of future things gives light:

3

so the weaker mind, that languid lies
up in rags of dirt, dark cold and blind,
on that purer flame of love unties
ogging chains, and doth its spright unbind,
es aloft; for it it self doth find
olum'd; so rais'd upon its spreaden wing,
y playes, and warbles in the wind,
rols out its inward life and spring
lowing joy, and of pure love doth sing.

4

It sings of purest love, not that base passion
That fouls the soul with filth of lawles lust,
And Circe-like its shape doth all misfashion;
But that bright flame that's proper to the just,
And eats away all drosse and cankred rust
With its refining heat, unites the mind
With Gods own spright, who raiseth from the dust
The slumb'ring soul, and with his usage kind
Makes 't breath after that life that time hath not defin'd.

5

So hath he rais'd my soul, and so possest
My inward spright, with that unfeigned will
He bears to *Psyche's* brood, that I ne're rest
But ruth or ragefull indignation fill
My troubled veins, that I my life near spill
With sorrow and disdain, for that foul lore
That crept from dismall shades of night, and quill
Steep'd in sad Styx, and fed with stinking gore
Suckt from corrupted corse, that God and men abhorre.

6

Such is thy putid muse, Lucretius,
That fain would teach that souls all mortall be:
The dusty Atoms of Democritus
Certes have fall'n into thy feeble eye,
And thee bereft of perspicacity.
Others through the strong steem of their dull bloud,
Without the help of that philosophy,
Have with more ease the truth not understood,
And the same thing conclude in some sad drooping mood.

7

But most of all my soul doth them refuse
That have extinguish'd natures awfull light
By evil custome, and unkind abuse
Of Gods young tender work, that in their spright
He first gins frame. But they with heddy might
Of over-whelming liquour that life drownd,
And reasons eye swell up or put out quite.
Hence horrid darknesse doth their souls confound,
And foul blasphemous belch from their furd mouth resound

Thus

8

le false way they take to large their spirit
cups of Bacchus, they get fire
rue light, and 'cording to demerit
blasts blind confidence inspire:
to uncouth thoughts is their bad hire.
y then dearly hug, and ween their feet
nbe, whither vulgar men dare not aspire.
: fruit of their burnt sootie spright:
they of drad death, and an eternall night.

9

he covert of dame Natures cell
k they'r shrowded, and the mysterie
ep secrets they can wisely spell;
ve that art above true pietie;
religion as a mockerie,
ound out to aw the simpler sort:
, brave sparks, have broke from this dark tie:
: of nature yields more sure comfort.
any souls in this fond thought consort.

10

new made contriv'd into a cave
e saw light, but in that shadowing pit,
outh might them hoodwink hither drave,
h their backs to the dens mouth they sit,
der not all light from the dern pit,
gets in as Optick art counts meet
the forms that hard without do flit.
ned quere each other here they greet:
; substances they deem each shadow slight:

11

vls flie by, and with their swapping wings
nconstant aire, and mournfull noise
with their continuall chastisings
t yielding penitent; the voice
emn sages nought at all accoyes.
non; onely they philosophize,
their brains in the mysterious toyes
motion, warie well advize
d principles the hid *Entelechyes*.

And

12

And whereabout that inward life is ſeated,
That moves the living creature, they eſpie
Paſſing in their dim world. So they'r defeated,
Calling thin ſhadows true realitie,
And deeply doubt if corporalitie,
(For ſo they term thoſe viſibles) were ſtroy'd
Whether that inward firſt vitalitie
Could then ſubſiſt. But they are ill accloy'd
With cloddie earth, and with blind duskiſhneſſe ann

13

If roaring lion or the neighing horſe,
With friſking tail to bruſh off buſie flies,
Approch their den, then haply they diſcourſe
From what part of theſe creatures may ariſe
Thoſe greater ſounds. Together they adviſe,
And gravely do conclude that from the thing
That we would term the tail, thoſe thund'ring n
Do iſſue forth: tail of that ſhadowing
They ſee then moved moſt, while he is whinneyin

14

And ſo the lions huge and hideous roar
They think proceeds from his rugg'd flowing n
Which the fierce winds do toſſe and touſell ſore;
Unleſſe perhaps he ſtirre his buſhie train:
For then the tail will carrie it again.
Thus upon each occaſion their frail wit
Beſtirres it ſelf to find out errours vain
And uſeleſſe theories in this dark pit:
Fond reaſoning they have, ſeldome or never hit.

15

So ſoon new ſhadows enter in the cave,
New *entelechias* they then conceive
Brought forth of nature; when they paſſed have
Their gloomy orb (falſe ſhades eas'ly deceive)
Not onely they that viſible bereave
Of life and being, but the hidden might
And root of motion unliv'd unbeen'd they leav
In their vain thoughts: for they thoſe ſhadows
Do deem ſole prop and ſtay of th' hidden motive

16

This is that awfull cell where Naturalists
Brood deep opinion, as themselves conceit;
This errours den where in a magick mist
Men hatch their own delusion and deceit,
And grasp vain shows. Here their bold brains they beat
And dig full deep, as deep as *Hyle's* hell,
Unbare the root of life (O searching wit!)
But root of life in *Hyles* shade no'te dwell.
For God's the root of all, as I elsewhere shall tell.

17

This is the stupid state of drooping soul,
That loves the bodie and false forms admires;
Slave to base sense, fierce 'gainst reasons controul,
That still it self with lower lust bemires;
That nought believeth and much lesse desires
Things of that unseen world and inward life,
Nor unto height of purer truth aspires:
But cowardly declines the noble strife
'Gainst vice and ignorance; so gets it no relief.

18

From this default, the lustfull Epicure
Democrite, or th' unthankfull Stagirite,
Most men preferre 'fore holy Pythagore,
Divinest Plato, and grave Epictete:
But I am so inflam'd with the sweet sight
And goodly beautie seen on *Eloim-hill*,
That maugre all mens clamours in despight
I'll praise my *Platonissa* with loud quill;
My strong intended voice all the wide world shall fill.

19

O sacred Nymph begot of highest Jove!
Queen of Philosophie and virtuous lear!
That firest the nobler heart with spotlesse love,
And sadder minds with Nectar drops dost chear,
That oft bedrencht with sorrows while we're here
Exil'd from our dear home, that heavenly soil.
Through wandring wayes thou safely dost us bear
Into the land *of truth*, from dirtie soil
Thou keepst our slipping feet oft wearied with long toil.

When

ture, as those things are to which she is nearest united: Falsly saith, but yet ordinarily, I am sick, I am weak, I faint, I die; when it is nought but the perishing life of the body that is in such plight, to which she is so close tied in most intimate love and sympathy. So a tender mother, if she see a knife struck to her childs heart, would shreek and swound as if her self had been smit; whenas if her eye had not beheld that spectacle, she had not been moved though the thing were surely done. So I do verily think that the mind being taken up in some higher contemplation, if it should please God to keep it in that ecstasie, the body might be destroyed without any disturbance to the soul. For how can there be or sense or pain without animadversion?

But while we have such continuall commerce with this frail body, it is not to be expected, but that we shall be assaulted with the fear of death and darknesse. For alas! how few are there that do not make this visible world, their Adonai, their stay and sustentation of life, the prop of their soul, their God? How many Christians are not prone to whisper that of the Heathen Poet,

Soles occidere & redire possunt;
Nobis cùm semel occidit brevis lux
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.

The Sunne may set and rise again;
If once sets our short light,
Deep sleep us binds with iron chain,
Wrapt in eternall Night.

But

t I would not be so injurious, as to make
vorse then they are, that my little work
eem of greater use and worth then it is,
dmit then that men are mostwhat perswa-
f the souls immortality, yet here they
eade reasons to confirm that perswasion,
e put in mind, as they reade, of their end,
iture condition, which cannot be but pro-
: at least.

r the pleasure they'll reap from this Poem,
l be according as their Genius is fitted for
r as Plato speaks in his Io, Ὁ μὲν τῶν ποιη-
ἄλλης Μούσης, ὁ δὲ ἐξ ἄλλης ἐξήρπται, or accor-
:o the more usuall phrase κατέχεται, &c. The
of every Poet is not alike, nor his writings
suteable to all dispositions. As Io, the reci-
f Homers verses, professeth himself to be
it away with an extraordinary fury or ec-
at the repeating of Homers Poesie, but o-
so little to move him that he could even fall
.So that no man is rashly to condemn ano-
nans labour in this kind, because he is not
with it. As wise or wiser then himself may,
it this is a main piece of idolatry and inju-
n the world, that every man would make
private Genius an universall God; and
d devour all mens apprehensions by his
fire, that glowes so hot in him, and (as he
s) shines so clear.

s for this present song of the immortality of
ul, it is not unlikely but that it will prove

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1

WHatever man he be that dares to deem
True Poets skill do spring of earthly race,
I must him tell, that he doth misesteem
Their strange estate, and eke himself disgrace
By his rude ignorance. For there's no place
For forced labour, or slow industry
Of flagging wits, in that high fiery chace,
So soon as of the Muse they quickned be,
t once they rise, and lively sing like lark in skie.

2

Like to a meteor, whose materiall
Is low unwieldy earth, base unctuous slime,
Whose inward hidden parts ethereall
Ly close upwrapt in that dull sluggish fime,
Ly fast asleep, till at some fatall time
Great Phœbus lamp has fir'd its inward spright,
And then even of it self on high doth climb;
That earst was dark becomes all eye, all sight,
ight starre, that to the wise of future things gives light:

3

Even so the weaker mind, that languid lies
Knit up in rags of dirt, dark cold and blind,
So soon that purer flame of love unties
Its clogging chains, and doth its spright unbind,
It sores aloft; for it it self doth find
Well plum'd; so rais'd upon its spreaden wing,
It softly playes, and warbles in the wind,
And carols out its inward life and spring
f over-flowing joy, and of pure love doth sing.

32

But it's more plain in animalitie.
When fierie coursers strike the grassie ground
With swift tempestuous feet, that farre and nigh
They fill mens eares with a broad thundring soun
(From hollow hoof so strongly it doth rebound)
What's that that twitcheth up their legs so fast,
And fiercely jerks them forth, that many wound
They give to their own mothes in their hast?
With eager steps they quickly mete the forrest wast.

34

That outward form is but a neurospast;
The soul it is that on her subtile ray,
That she shoots out, the limbs of moving beast
Doth stretch straight forth, so straightly as she m:
Bones joynts and sinews shap'd of stubborn clay
Cannot so easily lie in one straight line
With her projected might, much lesse obey
Direct retractions of these beames fine:
So straight retreat they must of necessitie decline.

35

But yet they follow in a course oblique,
With angular doublings, as the joints permit:
So go they up together, not unlike
An iron candle-stick the smith hath fit
With many junctures, whom in studious fit
Some scholar set awork: but to return,
Lest what we aim'd at we unwares omit;
If souls of beasts their bodies move and turn,
And wield at phansies beck, as we describ'd beforn

36

Then be the souls of beasts self-moving forms,
Bearing their bodies as themselves think meet,
Invited or provok'd, so they transform
At first themselves within, then straight in sight
Those motions come, which suddenly do light
Upon the bodies visible, which move
According to the will of th' inward spright.
In th' inward spright be anger, hate and love:
Hence claws, horns, hoofs they use the pinching ill c

37

s have I plainly prov'd that souls of beasts
plants do move themselves. That souls of men
ıld be more stupid, and farre lesse releast
n matters bondage, surely there's none can
nit of, though but slightly they do scan
cause. But for to put all out of doubt,
stake again the same way we have ran,
ık down all obstacles that hinder mought
ture course to make all plain all clear throughout.

38

ere be no self-motion in mans soul,
ıt it nor this nor that way can propend
ts owe self, nor can no whit controll
: will of its own self, who can offend?
no mans self (if you do well perpend)
ltie's of ought when nought doth from him flow.
ther do learning, laws, grave speeches tend?
ıks the rude carter to the waggon slow
hreat'ning words, or to the beasts that do it draw?

39

ly unto the beasts that eas'ly go:
there's the principle of motion,
ı principle as can it self foreflow,
forward presse by incitation:
ich though it moves by commination,
tifly strives, yet from it self it strives,
rs it self forth with stout contention,
l ever and anon the whip revives
nward-life, so bravely on the Rustick drives.

40

in, all that sweet labour would be lost
ıt Gods good spirit takes in humane mind,
ıft we courted be so often cross'd:
nor that tender amorous courtship kind
h any place, where we no place can find
a self-yielding love; Or if self-will
ıot in us, how eas'ly were declin'd
crosses? None could happen us untill,
vill I want, and want no crosse passeth my skill.

Besides

41

Besides when reason works with fantasie,
And changeable conceits we do contrive,
Purging and pruning with all industrie,
What's dead or uselesse, lesse demonstrative,
What's dull or flaccid, nought illustrative,
Quenching unfitted phantasmes in our brain,
And for our better choice new flames revive;
The busie soul thus doth her reason strain
To write or speak what envious tongue may never stai

42

Or when quite heedlesse of this earthie world
She lifts her self unto the azure skie,
And with those wheeling gyres around is hurld,
Turns in herself in a due distancie
The erring seven; or a stretch'd line doth tie
O'th' silver-bowed moon from horn to horn;
Or finds out Phœbus vast soliditie
By his diametre, measures the morn,
Girds the swoln earth with linear list, though eard

43

All this is done, though bodie never move:
The soul about it self circumgyrates
Her various forms, and what she most doth love
She oft before her self stabilitates;
She stifly stayes't and wistly contemplates,
Or lets it somewhat slowlier descend
Down to the nether Night; she temperates
Her starrie orb, makes her bright forms to wend
Even as she list: Anon she'll all with darknesse blend.

44

Thus variously she doth herself invest
With rising forms, and reasoneth all the way;
And by right reason doth herself devest
Of falser phancies. Who then can gainsay
But she's self-mov'd when she doth with self-sway
Thus change herself, as inward life doth feel?
If not, then some inspiring sprights bewray
Each reasoning. Yet though to them we deal
First motion, yet our selves ought know what they rev

45

r of our ſelves we moved be
without any invaſion
ng forms that into energie
he ſoul; nor after-motion
s own centre by occaſion
ue forth; then it's not conſcious
t: For ſo 'twill want adverſion.
ing can animadvert for us:
all humane ſouls be ſelf-vivacious.

46

ive I prov'd all ſouls have centrall motion
ng from their own ſelves. But they'll object
h' univerſalneſſe of this clear notion,
hiles ſelf-flowing ſourſe I here detect
ts, in brutes, in men, I ought reject
from wiſhed immortalitie,
: them durance when they are reſect
ganized corporeitie:
es and plants ſhall gain laſting eternitie.

47

ie, a never fading durancie
; to all hid principles of life;
t full graſp of vaſt *Eternitie*
not to beings ſimply vegetive,
t to creatures merely ſenſitive:
alone cannot arrive to it.
ſouls *Deiform* intellective
iat height of happineſſe can get;
rtalitie with other ſouls may ſit.

48

ce of Nature can their ſtrength annoy.
y be ſubtiler then the ſilken aire,
fatall fire from heaven cannot deſtroy.
ſſeneſſe its devouring teeth may ſheare,
eſent ſtate of viſibles empare;
fine curtains of the laſting skie,
h not of love, yet it perforce muſt ſpare.
could burn, each ſpark from flint would trie,
ght broad-ſpread flame to either Pole would hie.

49

But if all souls survive their bulks decay,
Another difficultie will straight arise,
Concerning their estate when they're away
Flit from this grosser world. Shall Paradise
Receive the sprights of beasts? or wants it trees,
That their sweet verdant souls should thither take?
Who shall conduct those stragling colonies?
Or be they straightway drench'd in Lethe lake?
So that cold sleep their shriveld life from work doth slake

50

Or if that all or some of them awake,
What is their miserie? what their delight?
How come they that refined state forsake?
Or had they their first being in our sight?
Whither to serve? what is the usefull might
Of these spirituall trees? doth fearfull hare
Flie the pursuing dog? doth soaring kite
Prey upon silly chickins? is there jarre,
Or be those sprights agreed, none to other contraire?

51

If some contraire; then tell me, how's their fight?
What is the spoil? what the stout victors meed?
No flesh, no bloud whereon to spend their spight,
Or whereupon these hungry souls may feed.
Or doth the stronger suck the aierie weed
Wherewith the other did it self invest?
And so more freshly deck it self at need?
An aierie prey for aierie spright is best;
Or do they want no food, but be still full and rest?

52

Die they again? draw they in any breath?
Or be they sterill? or bring forth their young?
Beat their light feet on the soft aierie heath?
Expresse they joy or sorrow with their tongue?
Enough! who ere thou art that thus dost throng
My tender Muse with rough objections stout,
Give me but leave to tell thee thou art wrong,
If being of a thing thou call'st in doubt
Cause its more hid conditions shine not clearly out.

53

questions but there is a quantitie
hings corporeall, a trinall dimension,
olid bodies? yet to satisfie
loubts that may be made about extension
ld plunge the wisest Clerk. I'll onely mention
quære, of what parts it doth consist,
ther of Atoms; or what strange retention
keepeth so much back, that if God list
d not count the parts of a small linear twist.

54

his division never could exhaust
particles, say they, of quantitie.
ring wit of man that thus doth boast
f, and in pursuit of sciencie
et the reverend laws of pietie.
t thing is hid from that all-seeing light?
t thing not done by his all-potencie?
an discern by his clear-piercing might
se-couch'd number of each bignesse comes in sight:

55

So can count them out even part by part;
amber, measure, weight, he all things made;
unite he dissevers by his Art;
ere this searching reason to evade,
quantum's infinite, straight will be said,
's against sense. If it be infinite
arts, then tell me, be those parts out-spread?
ot extent? if extended outright
e in summer even is higher then Heavens hight.

56

extended, then that quantum's nought.
be extended, others not extent
ady (answers a vain shifting thought)
hose potentiall parts, how be they meint
those that now be actually distent?
thus you grant, that those that actuall be
ainly finite, against your intent,
it me but that, and we shall well agree.
Sleight Atoms be sole parts of quantitie.

57

But if't consist of points: then a Scalene
I'll prove all one with an Isosceles:
With as much ease I'll evince clear and clean
That the crosse lines of a Rhomboides
That from their meeting to all angles presse
Be of one length, though one from earth to heav
Would reach, and that the other were much lesse
Then a small digit of the lowest of seven
So as she 'pears to us, yet I could prove them even.

58

And that the moon (though her circumference
Be farre more straight then is the earthie ball)
Sometime the earth illumineth at once
And with her grasping rayes enlights it all;
And that the Sunnes great bodie sphericall
Greater then th' earth, farre greater then the mo
Even at midday illumines not at all
This earthie globe in his Apogeon;
So that we in deep darknesse sit, though at high n

59

Of will, of motion, of divine foresight,
Here might I treat with like perplexitie.
But it's already clear that 'tis not right
To reason down the firm subsistencie
Of things from ignorance of their propertie.
Therefore not requisite for to determ
The hid conditions of vitalitie
Or shrunk or sever'd; onely I'll affirm
It is, which my next song shall further yet confirm.

THE ARGUMENT OF PSYCHATHANASIA.

Book 1. Cant. 3.

Ore whelm'd with grief and pitious wo
For fading lifes decayes;
How no souls die, from Lunar bow,
A nymph to me displayes.

1

N silent night, when mortalls be at rest,
And bathe their molten limbs in slothfull sleep,
y troubled ghost strange cares did straight molest,
nd plung'd my heavie soul in sorrow deep:
urge floods of tears my moistned checks did steep,
y heart was wounded with compassionate love
f all the creatures: sadly out I creep
om mens close mansions, the more to improve
nournfull plight, so softly on I forward move.

2

ye me! said I, within my wearied breast,
d sighed sad, wherefore did God erect
his stage of misery? thrice, fourtimes blest
'hom churlish Nature never did eject
om her dark womb, and cruelly object
r sense and life unto such balefull smart;
very slight entrance into joy is checkt
that foure step-dames threats, and visage tart:
pleasure of our pain is not the thousandth part.

3

hus vex'd I was 'cause of mortality:
er curst remembrance cast me in this plight,
hat I grew sick of the worlds vanity.
e ought recomfort could my sunken spright,
hat so I hate may do me no delight.
w things (alas) I hate, the more my wo,
he things I love by mine own sad foresight
ake me the greater torments undergo,
ise I know at last they're gone like idle show.

Each

4

Each goodly sight my sense doth captivate
When vernall flowers their silken leaves display,
And ope their fragrant bosomes, I that state
Would not have changed but indure for aye;
Nor care to mind that that fatall decay
Is still recured by faithfull succession.
But why should ought that's good thus fade away?
Should steddy Spring exclude Summers accession?
Or Summer spoil the Spring with furious hot oppression.

5

You chearfull chaunters of the flowring woods,
That feed your careleſſe souls with pleasant layes,
O silly birds! cease from your merry moods:
Ill suits such mirth when dreary deaths assayes
So closely presse your sory carkases:
To mournfull note turn your light verilayes,
Death be your song, and Winters hoary sprayes,
Spend your vain sprights in sighing Elegies:
I'll help you to lament your wofull miseryes.

6

When we lay cover'd in the shady Night
Of senseleſſe matter, we were well content
With that estate, nought pierc'd our anxious sprigh,
No harm we suffered, no harm we ment;
Our rest not with light dream of ill was blent:
But when rough Nature, with her iron hond,
Pull'd us from our soft ease, and hither hent,
Disturbing fear and pinching pain we found,
Full many a bitter blast, full many a dreadfull stound.

7

Yet lifes strong love doth so intoxicate
Our misty minds, that we do fear to dy.
What did dame Nature brood all things of hate?
And onely give them life for misery?
Sense for an undeserved penalty?
And show that if she list, that she could make
Them happy? but with spightfull cruelty
Doth force their groaning ghosts this house forsake?
And to their ancient nought their empty selves betake!

T

8

is in deep sorrow and restlesse disdain
inst the cankered doom of envious fate,
ove my very heart with riving pain,
ile I in sullen rage did ruminate
Creatures vanity and wofull state;
night that ought to yield us timely rest,
swelling griefs did much more aggravate:
sighs and groans of weary sleeping beast
l as if sleep it self their spirits did molest:

9

as constrain'd perforce that boon to wrest
n envious Nature. All things did augment
heavy plight, that fouly I blam'd the best
tubborn destiny cause of this wayment.
n sleep that's for our restauration ment,
xecrable thing I did abhorre,
se ugly death to th' life it did depeint:
it good came to my mind I did deplore,
e it perish must and not live evermore.

10

is wrapt in rufull thought through the waste field
ggred on, and scattered my woe,
ew'd the grasse with tears mine eyes did yield,
ast I am ariv'd with footing slow
ir a black pitchy wood, that strongest throw
starry beam no'te easly penetrate:
the North side I walked to and fro
olitary shade. The Moons sly gate
oss'd the middle line: It was at least so late.

11

n th' other part of night in painfull grief
almost spent, out of that solemn grove
e issued forth for my timely relief,
fairest wight that ever sight did prove,
tir a wight as might command the love
est of mortall race; her count'nance sheen
pensive shade gently before her drove,
ilde sweet light shone from her lovely eyne:
m'd no earthly branch but sprung of stock divine.

20

This bow, whose breaking struck thy troubled heart,
Of causelesse grief, I hope, shall thee recure,
When I have well explain'd with skilfull Art
By its resemblance what things must indure,
What things decay and cannot standen sure.
The higher causes of that coloured Ark,
What e're becomes of it, do sit secure.
That so (the body failing) lifes fair spark
Is safe, I'll clearly show if you but list to mark.

21

There be six Orders 'fore you do descend
To this gay painted bow: Sols centrall spright
To the first place, to th' next we must commend
His hid spread form, then his inherent light,
The fourth his rayes wherewith he is bedight,
The fifth that glistring circle of the Moon,
That goodly round full face all silver bright,
The sixth be beams that from her visage shone;
The seventh that gawdy bow that was so quickly gone.

22

The fluid matter was that dewy cloud,
That faild as faithlesse Hyle wont to fail:
New guest being come, the old she out doth croud;
But see how little Hyle did prevail,
Or sad destruction in this deemed bale!
Sols spright, hid form, fair light and out-gone rayes,
The Moons round silver face withouten veil
Do still remain, her beams she still displayes,
The cloud but melt, not lost, the bow onely decayes.

23

This number suits well with the *Universe*:
The number's eight of the Orbs generall,
From whence things flow or wherein they converse,
The first we name *Nature Monadicall*,
The second hight *Life Intellectuall*,
Third *Psychicall*, the fourth *Imaginative*,
Fifth *Sensitive*, the sixth *Spermaticall*,
The seventh be fading forms *Quantitative*,
The eighth *Hyle* or *Ananke* perverse, coactive.

24

That last is nought but potentiality,
Which in the lower creature causeth strife,
Destruction by incompossibility
In some, as in the forms *Quantitative.*
All here depend on the Orb *Unitive,*
Which also hight Nature *Monadicall*;
As all those lights and colours did derive
Themselves from lively Phœbus life centrall.
Nought therefore but vain sensibles we see caducall.

25

And that the first *Every-where-Unitie*
Is the true root of all the living creatures,
As they descend in each distinct degree,
That God's the sustentacle of all Natures;
And though those outward forms and gawdy features
May quail like rainbowes in the roscid sky,
Or glistring Parelies or other meteors;
Yet the clear light doth not to nothing fly:
Se six degrees of life stand sure, and never dy.

26

Now we plainly see that the dark matter
Not that needfull prop to hold up life;
And though deaths engines this grosse bulk do shatter,
We have not lost our Orb conservative,
Of which we are a ray derivative.
The body sensible so garnished
With outward forms these inward do relieve,
Keep up in fashion and fresh lively-hed;
This grosse bulk those inward lives stands in no sted.

27

Nor can one inward form another slay,
Though they may quell their present energy,
And make them close contract their yielding ray
And hide themselves in their *centreity*
Till some friendly appulse doth set them free,
And call them out again into broad day.
Since lives gush not in superfluity
To this world, but their due time do stay,
Yeb *their strong* centrall essence never can decay.

28

In Earth, in Aire, in the vast flowing Plain,
In that high Region hight Æthereall,
In every place these Atom-lives remain,
Even those that cleeped are forms *seminall*.
But souls of men by force *imaginall*,
Easly supply their place, when so they list
Appear in thickned Aire with shape externall
Display their light and form in cloudy mist,
That much it doth amaze the musing Naturalist.

29

Wherefore sith life so strongly sealed is,
Purge out fond thoughts out of thy weary mind,
Aud rather strive that thou do nought amisse,
Then God to blame and Nature as unkind
When nought in them we blamable can find.
When groaning ghosts of beasts or men depart,
Their tender mother doth but them unbind
From grosser fetters, and more toilsome smart.
Bless'd is the man that hath true knowledge of her Art.

30

And more for to confirm this mystery,
She vanish'd in my presence into Aire,
She spread her self with the thin liquid sky;
But I thereat fell not into despair
Of her return, nor wail'd her visage fair,
That so was gone. For I was woxen strong
In this belief, That nothing can empair
The inward life, or its hid essence wrong.
O the prevailing might of a sweet learned tongue!

31

By this the Suns bright waggon gan ascend
The Eastern hill, and draw on chearfull day;
So I full fraught with joy do homeward wend,
And fed my self with that that Nymph did say,
And did so cunningly to me convey,
Resolving for to teach all willing men
Lifes mystery, and quite to chase away
Mind-mudding mist sprung from low fulsome fen:
Praise my good will, but pardon my weak faultring pen.

THE

IE ARGUMENT OF PSYCHATHANASIA.

Book 1. Cant. 4.

'hat Hyle or first matter's nought
But potentialitie;
'hat God's the never-fading root
Of all Vitalitie.

1

Hat I was wisely taught in that still Night,
That *Hyle* is the Potentialitie
ds dear Creatures, I embrace as right,
iem nigh blame of deep idolatrie
;ive so much to that slight nullitie,
hey shonld make it root substantiall
nble life, and that quick entitie
loth so strongly move things naturall,
: from hence should spring, that hither life should (fall.

2

all that springs from hence should be resolv'd
iis mirksome sourse, *first matter* hight,
nuddie myst'rie they no'te well unfold.
: onely a bare passive might
Gods and Natures goodly dowries dight,
ing hid Noughts into existencie,
eping Somethings into wide day-light,
Hyle's plainly potentialitie,
ɔth not straight inferre certain mortalitie.

3

e immortall Angels do consist
:gone act and possibilitie;
ny other creature doth exist,
:t from dreary deaths necessitie,
ɔtentialnesse so certainly
ı must. If substance actuall
will avouch this first matter to be,
ain of forms, and prop fiduciall
ose lives and beings cleeped Naturall;

Then

4

Then may it prove the sphere *spermaticall*,
Or *sensitive* (if they would yield it life)
Or that is next, the orb *Imaginall*,
Or rather all these orbs; withouten strife
So mought we all conclude that their relief
And first existence from this sphere they drew:
And so our adversaries, loath or lief,
Must needs confesse that all the lore was true
Concerning life, that that fair Nymph so clearly shie

5

And that particular lives that be yborn
Into this world, when their act doth dispear,
Do cease to be no more then the snails horn,
That she shrinks in because she cannot bear
The wanton boys rude touch, or heavy chear
Of stormie winds. The secundarie light
As surely shineth in the heavens clear,
As do the first fair beams of Phœbus bright,
Lasting they are as they, though not of so great migl

6

So be the effluxes of those six orders,
Unfading lives from fount of livelihood:
Onely what next to strifefull *Hyle* borders,
Particular visibles deaths drearyhood
Can seize upon. They passe like sliding flood.
For when to this worlds dregs lives downward h
They stroy one th' other in fell rankred mood,
Beat back their rayes by strong antipathie,
Or some more broad-spread cause do choke their ene

7

But to go on to that common conceit
Of the first matter: What can substance do,
Poore, naked substance, megre, drie, dull, slight,
Inert, unactive, that no might can show
Of good or ill to either friend or foe,
All livelesse, all formlesse? She doth sustain.
And hath no strength that task to undergo?
Besides that work is needlesse all in vain:
Each centrall form its rayes with ease can well up-st

27

But robb'd of her first clothing by hard fate,
If she fall short of this, wo's me! what pains
She undergoes? when this lost former state
So kindled hath lifes thirst, that still remains.
Thus her eternitie her nothing gains
But hungry flames, raging voracitie
Feeding on its own self. The heavens she stains
With execrations and foul blasphemie.
Thus in foul discontent and smoth'ring fire they frie.

28

Vain man that striv'st to have all things at will!
What wilt thou do in this sterilitie?
Whom canst thou then command? or what shall fill
Thy gaping soul? O depth of miserie!
Prepare thy self by deep humilitie:
Destroy that fretting fire while thou art here,
Forsake this worlds bewitching vanitie,
Nor death nor hell then shalt thou need to fear.
Kill and cast down thy self, to heaven God shall thee rear.

29

This middle *centrall essence* of the soul
Is that which still survives asleep or waking:
The life she shed in this grosse earthly moul
Is quite shrunk up, lost in the bodies breaking,
Now with slight phantasms of her own fond making
She's clad (so is her life drie and jejune)
But all slit souls be not in the same taking:
That state this lifes proportion doth tune,
So as thou livest here; such measure must ensuen.

30

But they whose souls *deiform* summitie
Is waken'd in this life, and so to God
Are nearly joynd in a firm Unitie
(This outward bodie is but earthie clod
Digested, having life transfus'd abroad,
The worlds life and our lower vitalitie
Unite in one) their souls have their aboad
In Christs own body, are eternally
One with our God, by true and strong communitie.

When

THE ARGUMENT OF PSYCHATHANASIA.

Book 2. Cant. 1.

Mans soul with beasts and plants I here
Compare; Tell my chief end
His immortality's to clear;
Show whence grosse errours wend.

1

But hitherto I have with fluttering wings
But lightly hover'd in the generall,
And taught the lasting durance of all springs
Of hidden life. That life hight *seminall*
Doth issue forth from its deep root centrall,
One onely form entire, and no'te advert
What steals from it. Beasts life *Phantastical*
Lets out more forms, and eke themselves convert
To view the various frie from their dark wombs exert.

2

But mans vast soul, the image of its Maker,
Like God that made it, with its mighty sway
And inward *Fiat* (if he nould forsake her)
Can turn sad darknesse into lightsome day,
And the whole creature 'fore it self display:
Bid them come forth and stand before its sight,
They straight flush out and her drad voice obey:
Each shape each life doth leapen out full light,
And at her beck return into their usuall *Night*.

3

Of God himself here listeth to appear,
Though not perforce yet of his own frank will
Sheds his sweet life, dispreads his beauty clear,
And like the Sunne this lesser world doth fill,
And like the Sunne doth the foul *Python* kill
With his bright darts, but cheareth each good spright.
This is the soul that I with presser quill
Must now pursue and fall upon down-right,
Not to destroy but prove it of immortall might.

4

Nor let blind Momus dare my Muse backbite,
As wanton or superfluously wise
For what is past. She is but justly quit
With Lucrece, who all souls doth mortalize:
Wherefore she did them all immortalize.
Besides in beasts and men th' affinitie
Doth seem so great, that without prejudice
To many proofs for th' immortalitie
f humane Souls, the same to beasts we no'te denie.

5

But I herein no longer list contend.
The two first kinds of souls I'll quite omit,
And 'cording as at first I did intend
Bestirre me stifly, force my feeble wit
To rescue humane souls from deaths deep pit;
Which I shall do with reasons as subtile
As I can find: slight proofs cannot well fit
In so great cause, nor phansies florid wile;
'll win no mans assent by a false specious guile.

6

I onely wish that arguments exile
May not seem nought unto the duller eye;
Nor that the fatter phansie my lean style
Do blame: it's fittest for philosophie.
And give me leave from any energie
That springs from humane soul my cause to prove,
And in that order as they list to flie
Of their own selves, so let them freely rove.
That naturally doth come doth oft the stronger move.

7

Self-motion and centrall stabilitie
I have already urg'd in generall;
Als did right presly to our soul applie
Those properties, who list it to recall
Unto their minds; but now we'll let it fall
As needlesse. Onely that vitalitie,
That doth extend this great Universall,
And move th' inert Materialitie
Of great and little worlds, that keep in memorie.

And

8

And how the mixture of their rayes may breed
Th' opinion of uncertain qualitie,
When they from certain roots of life do ſpreed;
But their pure beams muſt needs ychanged be
When that thoſe rayes or not be ſetten free
Thinly diſpers'd, or elſe be cloſely meint
With other beams of plain diverſitie,
That cauſeth oft a ſtrong impediment:
So doth this bodies life to the ſouls high intent.

9

The lower man is nought but a fair plant,
Whoſe groſſer matter is from the baſe ground;
The Plaſtick might thus finely did him paint,
And fill'd him with the life that doth abound
In all the places of the world around.
This ſpirit of life is in each ſhapen'd thing,
Suck'd in and changed and ſtrangely confound,
As we conceive: This is the nouriſhing
Of all; but *ſpermall* form, the certain ſhapening.

10

This is that ſtrange-form'd ſtatue magicall,
That hovering ſouls unto it can allure
When it's right fitted; down thoſe ſpirits fall
Like Eagle to her prey, and ſo endure
While that low life be in good temperature.
That a dead bodie without vitall ſpright
And friendly temper ſhould a gueſt procure
Of ſo great worth, without the dear delight
Of joyous ſympathie, no man can reckon right.

11

But here unlucky Souls do waxen ſick
Of an ill ſurfeit from the poiſon'd bait
Of this ſweet tree, yet here perforce they ſtick
In weak condition, in a languid ſtate.
Many through ignorance do fondly hate
To be releas'd from this impriſonment,
And grieve the walls be ſo nigh ruinate.
They be bewitch'd ſo with the blandiſhment
Of that freſh ſtrumpet, when in love they firſt were me

12

Others disdain this so near unitie,
So farre they be from thinking they be born
Of such low parentage, so base degree,
And fleshes foul attraction they do scorn.
They be th' outgoings of the *Eastern morn*,
Alli'd to God and his vitalitie,
And pray to their first spring, that thus forlorn
And left in mud, that he would set them free,
And them again possesse of pristine puritie.

13

But seemeth not my Muse too hastily
To soare aloft, that better by degrees
Into the vulgar mans capacitie
Mought show the souls so high excellencies,
And softly from all corporeities
To heaven up unto its proper seat,
When we have drove away grosse falsities,
That do assault the weaker mens conceit,
And free the simple mind from phansies foul deceit.

14

The drooping soul so strongly's coloured
With the long commerce of corporealls,
That she from her own self awide is led,
Knows not herself, but by false name she calls
Her own high being, and what ere befalls
Her grosser bodie, she that miserie
Doth deem her own: for she herself miscalls
Or some thin bodie, or spread qualitie,
Or point of qualitie, or fixt or setten free.

29

But whether thin spread body she doth deem
Her self, dispersed through this grosser frame;
Or doth herself a qualitie esteem,
Or queint complexion, streaming through the same;
Or else some lucid point herself doth name
Of such a qualitie, in chiefest part
Strongly fix'd down; or whether she doth clame
More freedome for that point, in head nor heart
Ast seated; *yet, saith she*, the bodies brat thou art.

Thence

16

Thence thou arose, thence thou canst not depart:
There die thou must, when thy dear nurse decayes:
But these false phansies I with reason smart
Shall eas'ly chace away, and the mind raise
To higher pitch. O listen to my layes,
And when you have seen fast seald eternitie
Of humane souls, then your great Maker praise
For his never fading benignitie,
And feed your selves with thought of immortalitie.

THE ARGUMENT OF PSYCHATHANASIA.

Book 2: Cant. 2.

Sense no good judge of truth: What's spri
What body we descrie:
Prove from the souls inferiour might
Her incorp'reitie.

1

WHile I do purpose with my self to sing
The souls incorporeitie, I fear
That it a worse perplexitie may bring
Unto the weaker mind and duller eare;
For she may deem herself 'stroyd quite and clear
While all corporealls from her we expell:
For she has yet not mark'd that higher sphere
Where her own essence doth in safetie dwell,
But views her lower shade, like boy at brink of well;

2

Dotes upon sense, and its base energie,
Busied about vain forms corporeall;
Contemnes as nought unseen exilities,
Objects of virtue *Intellectuall*,
Though these of Substances be principall.
But I to better hope would fainly lead
The sunken mind, and cunningly recall
Again to life that long hath liggen dead.
Awake ye drooping souls! shake off that drousihead!

3

Why do you thus confide in sleepy sense,
Ill judge of her own objects? who'll believe
The eye contracting Phœbus Orb immense
Into the compasse of a common sieve?
If solid reason did not us relieve,
The host of heaven alwayes would idle stand
In our conceit, nor could the Sun revive
The nether world, nor do his Lords command.
iings near seem further off; farst off, the nearst at hand.

4

The touch acknowledgeth no gustables;
The tast no fragrant smell or stinking sens;
The smell doth not once dream of audibles;
The hearing never knew the verdant peint
Of springs gay mantle, nor light from heaven sent
That doth discover all that goodly pride:
So that the senses would with zeal fervent
Condemne each other, and their voyce deride
Mutually they heard such things they never try'd.

5

But reason, that above the sense doth sit,
Doth comprehend all their impressions,
And tells the touch its no fanatick fit
That makes the sight of illustrations
So stifly talk upon occasions,
But judgeth all their voyces to be true
Concerning their straight operations,
And doth by nimble consequences shew
To her own self what those wise five yet never knew.

6

They never knew ought but corporealls:
But see how reason doth their verdict rude
Confute, by loosening materialls
Into their principles, as latitude
Profundity of bodies to conclude.
The term of latitude is breadthlesse line;
A point the line doth manfully retrude
From infinite processe; site doth confine
his *point; take site* away its straight a spark divine.

28

But O! how oft when she her self doth cut
From nearer commerce with the low delight
Of things corporeall, and her eyes doth shut
To those false fading lights, she feels her spright
Fill'd with excessive pleasure, such a plight
She finds that it doth fully satisfie
Her thirsty life. Then reason shines out bright,
And holy love with mild serenity
Doth hug her harmlesse self in this her purity.

29

What grave monitions and sure prophesie
Have men in sicknesse left? a true testation
Of the souls utter independency
On this poore crasie corse. May that narration
Of Aristotles move easie persuasion
Of his Eudemus, to whom sick at Phere
While sleep his senses bound, this revelation
A gentle youth did bring with goodly cheer,
And jolly blith deportment, chacing needlesse fear.

30

Told him that sicknesse would not mortall prove
He should grow well e'r long, but deaths drad pc
On that towns tyrant should be shortly drove,
Swift vengeance on his cursed head should show
Both proved true. I could in plenty poure
Such like examples, as of Pherecyde,
Calanus, him of Rhodes, and others more;
But it is needlesse, 'tis a truth well tried,
The higher works the soul the more it is untied.

31

Then quite set loose from this bulks heavy chain
She is in happiest plight, so far she is
From being nought or perishing. Again,
We find such utter contrarieties
Betwixt the bodies and her energies,
That we can no wayes think she pends at all
Of that with which she has such repugnancies.
What thing doth fight with its Originall?
The spring and stream be alwayes homogeneall.

11

This is a substance truly spiritall,
That reason by her glistring lamp hath shown:
No such the sense in things corporeall
Can ere find out. May this perswasion,
O sunken souls, slaves of sensation,
Rear up your heads and chase away all fear
How (when by strong argumentation
I shall you strip of what so doth appear
orporeall) that you to nought should vanish clear.

12

The naked essence of the body's this
Matter extent in three dimensions
(Hardnesse or softnesse be but qualities)
Withouten *self reduplications*
Or *outspreid circling propagations*
Of its own presence. This being's corporall,
And what with this in such extension
Singly's stretch'd out, is form materiall.
hether our soul be such we'll now bring unto triall.

13

If souls be bodies, or inanimate
They be, or else endowed with life. If they
Be liveless, give they life? if animate,
Then tell me what doth life to them convey?
Some other body? Here can be no stay.
Straight we must ask whether that liveless be
Or living. Then, what 'lives it. Thus we'll play
Till we have forc'd you to infinity;
nd make your cheeks wax red at your Philosophy.

14

Again, pray tell me, is this body grosse
Or fluid, and thin you deem the soul to be?
If grosse, then either strongly it is cross'd
From entring some parts of th' outward body,
And so they want their due vitality;
Or if it penetrate this bulk throughout,
It breaks and teans and puts to penalty
This sory careas. If't thin and fluid be thought
w pulls it up those limbs and again jerks them out?

15

Besides, if stretchen corporeity
Longs to the soul, then Augmentation
Must likewise thereto appertain. But see
Th' absurdities that this opinion
Will drag on with it: for effluxion
Of parts will spoil the steddy memory,
And wash away all intellection,
Deface the beauty of that imagery
That once was fairly graven in her phantasie.

16

But oft when the weak bodie's worn and wasted
And far shrunk in, the nimble phantasie
(So far shee's from being withered & blasted)
More largely worketh, and more glitterandly
Displayes her spreaden forms, and chearfully
Pursues her sports. Again, the greater corse
Would most be fill'd with magnanimity:
But oft we see the lesse hath greater force,
To fight, or talk; the greater oft we see the worse.

17

All which if weighed well, must ill agree
With bodyes natures, which merely consist
In a dull, silent, stupid quantity,
Stretching forth mirksome matter, in what list
Or precincts no man knows. No Naturalist
Can it define, unlesse they adde a form
That easly curbs the thing that no'te resist,
And after its own will can it inform.
It still and stupid stands and thinks nor good nor harm

18

The man is mad, that will at all agree
That this is soul: Or if forme bodily
Non-replicate, extent, not setten free,
But straight stretch'd out in corporeity.
(Betwixt these two there's that affinity)
As little wit that man will seem to have.
Which I shall plainly prove by th' energie
Of sense, though that same force seem not so brave,
Yet for the present I'll not climbe to higher stave.

19

If souls be substances corporeall,
Be they as big just as the body is?
Or shoot they out to th' height Æthereall?
(Of such extent are the sights energies)
If they shoot out, be they equally transmisse
Around this body? or onely upward start?
If round the body, Nature did amis
To lose her paines in half of the soules part,
That part can finden nought that through the earth doth (dart.

20

Or will you say she is an hemisphere?
But a ridiculous experiment
Will soon confute it: lift you but to rear
Your agill heels towards the firmament,
And stand upon your head; that part is bent
Down through the earth, that earst did threat the skie;
So that your soul now upward is extent
No higher then your heels, yet with your eye
The heavens great vastnesse as before you now discry.

21

You'll say, this souls thin spread exility
Turns not at all. How doth it then depend
Upon this body? It has no unity
Therewith, but onely doth ofcur'sy lend
It life, as doth the worlds great lamp down send
Both light and warmth unto each living wight;
And if they chance to fail and make an end,
Its nought to him, he shineth yet as bright
As ere he did. This showes the soul immortall quite.

22

But if the soul be justly coextent
With this straight body, nought can bigger be
Then is our body, that she doth present;
'Cording to laws of Corporeity
So must she represent each realty.
Thus tallest Gyants would be oft defyed
By groveling Pygmees: for they could not see
The difference, nor mete his manly stride,
Or ween what matchlesse strength did in his armes reside.

23

For they must judge him just as their own selves
Of the same stature, of the self-same might:
All men would seem to them their fellow Elves;
Nor little curs would tremble at the sight
Of greater dogs; nor hawks would put to flight
The lesser birds. Th' impression of a seal
Can be no larger then the wax; or right
As big, or lesse it is. Therefore repeal,
This grosse conceit, and hold as reason doth reveal.

24

Again, if souls corporeall you ween;
Do the light images of things appear
Upon the surface, slick, bright, smooth and sheen
As in a lookingglasse? Or whether dare
They passe the outside and venture so farre
As into the depth of the souls substance?
If this; then they together blended are
That nought we see with right discriminance:
If that; the object gone, away those forms do glance.

25

Thus should we be devoid of memory,
And be all darknesse, till the good presence
Of outward objects put in energie
Our sleeping soul. But this experience
Plainly confutes For even in their absence
We do retain their true similitude:
So lovers wont to maken dalliance
With the fair shade their minds do still include,
And wistly view the grace wherewith she is endude.

26

But now new reasons I will set on foot,
Drawn from the common sense, that's not extense
But like a centre that around doth shoot
Its rayes; those rayes should be the outward sense
As some resemble them. But by no pretence
Would I the outward senses should be thought
To act so in a spread circumference
That the seat of their forms should be distrought,
Or that by reach of quantities dead arms they wrought

27

For ſee how little ſhare hath quantitie
In act of ſeeing, when we comprehend
The heavens vaſt compaſſe in our ſtraitend eye;
Nor may the ox with the Eagle contend,
Becauſe a larger circle doth extend
His ſlower lights. So that if outward ſenſe
In its low acts doth not at all depend
On quantity, how ſhall the common-ſenſe,
hat's farre more ſpiritall, have thence his dependence?

28

But ſtill more preſly this point to purſue;
By th' ſmelling, odours; voyces by the eare;
By th' eye we apprehend the coloured hew
Of bodies viſible. But what ſhall ſteer
The erring ſenſes? where ſhall they compear
In controverſie? what the difference
Of all their objects can with judgement clear
Diſtinguiſh and diſcern? One common-ſenſe:
r one alone muſt have this great preeminence.

29

And all this one muſt know, though ſtill but one;
Elſe't could not judge of all. But make it two;
Then tell me, doth the ſoul by this alone
Apprend this object that the ſenſe doth ſhow,
And that by that; or doth it by both know
Both objects? ſuppoſe this colour and that ſound.
If both knew both, then nature did beſtow
In vain one faculty, it doth redound:
t if this that, that this, what ſhall them both compound,

30

And by compariſon judge of them both?
Therefore that judge is one. But whether one
Without diviſion, let's now try that troth.
If it be any wiſe extent, you're gone
By the ſame reaſon that afore was ſhown.
Suppoſe't a line the leaſt of quantity.
Or ſound is here, there colour, or each one
Of the lines parts receive them both. If we
ınt that, again we find a ſuperfluity.

31

If this part this, and that part that receive,
We are at the same losse we were afore,
For one to judge them both, or we bereave
Our souls of judgement. For who can judge m
Than what he knowes? It is above his power,
Therefore it's plain the common sense is one,
One individed faculty. But store
Of parts would breed infinite confusion,
When every part mought claim proper sensation.

32

If not, nor all could exercise the Act
Of any sense. For could a power of sense
Arise from stupid parts that plainly lack'd
That might themselves. Thus with great confi
We may conclude that th' humane souls essene
Is indivisible, yet every where
In this her body. Cause th' intelligence
She hath of whatsoever happens here:
The aking foot the eye doth view, the hand doth c

34

What tells the hand or head the toes great grie
When it alone is pinch'd with galling shooes?
Do other parts not hurt call for relief
For their own fellow? Ill messenger of woes
That grieveth not himself. Can they disclose
That misery without impression
Upon themselves? Therefore one spirit goes
Through all this bulk, not by extension
But by a totall *self-reduplication*.

35

Which neither body, nor dispersed form,
Nor point of form dispersed e'r could do:
And bodies life or spright for to transform
Into our soul, though that might this undo,
But yet so rash conceit to yield unto
Cannot be safe: for if it propagate
It's self and 'ts passions, yet they free may go
Unmark'd, if sense would not them contempla
So doth the *mundane* spright not heeded circulate

35

Besides, if from that spirit naturall
The nurse of plants, you should dare to affert
That lively inward *Animadversall*
To springen out, it would surely invert
The order of the orbs from whence do sterr
All severall beings and of them depend.
Therefore the orb *Phantastick* must exert
All life *phantastical*; *sensitive* send
The life of sense; so of the rest unto each end.

36

There's nought from its own self can senden forth
Ought better then it self. So nought gives sense
That hath not sense it self, nor greater worth
Then sense, nor sense, nor better springs from thence.
Nor that which higher is can have essence
Lesse active, lesse *reduplicate*, lesse free,
Lesse spiritall, then that's amov'd from hence,
And is an orb of a more low degree.
Wherefore that centrall life hath more activitie,

37

And present is in each part totally
Of this her body. Nor we ought diffide,
Although some creatures have vitalitie,
And stirre and move when we have them divide
And cut in twain. Thus worms in sturdie pride
Do wrigge and wreft their parts divorc'd by knife;
But we must know that Natures womb doth hide
Innumerable treasures of all life;
And how to breaken out upon each hint they strive.

38

So when the present actuall centrall life
Of sense and motion is gone with one part
To manage it, straight for the due relief
Of th' other particle there up doth start
Another centrall life, and tries its art:
But it cannot raigne long, nor yet recure
That deadly wound. The plantall lifes depart,
And flitten or shrunk spright, that did procure
Her company, being lost, make her she'll not endure.

And

39

And so at last is gone, from whence she came,
For soon did fade that sweet allurement,
The plantall life, which for a while did flame
With sympathetick fire, but that being spent
Straight she is flowne. Or may you this content?
That some impression of that very soul
That's gone, if gone, with plantall spirit meint
The broken corse thus busily may roll.
Long 'tis till water boild doth stranger heat controul.

40

Thus have we prov'd 'cording to our insight
That humane souls be not corporeall
(With reasons drawn from the sensitive might)
Nor bodies, nor spread forms materiall,
Whether you substances list them to call
Or qualities, or point of these. I'll bring
Hereafter proofs from power rationall
In humane souls, to prove the self same-thing.
Mount up aloft, my Muse, and now more shrilly sing.

THE ARGUMENT OF PSYCHATHANASIA.

Book 2. Cant. 3.

The souls incorporeitie
From powers rationall
We prove; Discern true pietie
From bitternesse and gall.

1

Like Carpenter entred into a wood
To cut down timber for some edifice
Of stately structure, whiles he casts abroad
His curious eye, he much perplexed is
(There stand in view so many goodly trees)
Where to make choice to enter his rugg'd saw:
My Muse is plung'd in like perplexities,
So many arguments themselves do show,
That where to pitch my wavering mind doth yet scarce know

2

One taller then the reſt my circling eye
Hath hit upon, which if't be ſound at heart
Will prove a goodly piece to raiſe on high
The heavenly ſtructure of that deemed part
Of man, his ſoul, and by unerring art
Set his foundation 'bove the bodies frame
On its own wheels, that it may thence depart
Intire, unhurt. So doth the Scythian ſwain
rive his light moving houſe on the waſte verdant plain.

3

I'll ſing of pietie, that now I mean
That Triſmegiſt thus wiſely doth define,
Knowledge of God. That's pietie I ween,
The higheſt of virtues, a bright beam divine
Which to the purer ſoul doth ſweetly ſhine.
But what's this beam? and how doth it enlight?
What doth it teach? It teacheth to decline
Self-love, and frampard wayes the hypocrite
Doth trample in, accloy'd with dirt and diſmall night.

4

Not rage, nor miſchief, nor love of a ſect,
Nor eating irefulneſſe, harſh crueltie
Contracting Gods good will, nor conſcience checkt
Or chok'd continually with impietie,
Fauſter'd and fed with hid hypocriſie;
Nor tyranny againſt perplexed minds,
Nor forc'd conceit, nor man-idolatrie,
All which the eye of ſearching reaſon blinds,
And the ſouls heavenly flame in dungeon darkneſſe binds.

5

Can warres and jarres and fierce contention,
Swoln hatred, and conſuming envy ſpring
From pietie? No. 'Tis opinion
That makes the riven heavens with trumpets ring,
And thundring engine murd'rous balls out-ſling,
And ſend mens groning ghoſts to lower ſhade
Of horrid hell. This the wide world doth bring
To devaſtation, makes mankind to fade:
Such direfull things doth falſe religion perſwade.

6

But true religion sprong from God above
Is like its fountain full of charity,
Embracing all things with a tender love,
Full of good will and meek expectancy,
Full of true justice and sure verity,
In heart and voice; free, large, even infinite,
Not wedg'd in straight particularity,
But grasping all in its vast, active spright,
Bright lamp of God! that men would joy in thy p

7

Can souls that be thus universalis'd,
Begot into the life of God e're die?
(His light is like the sunne that doth arise
Upon the just and unjust) can they fly
Into a nothing? and hath God an eye
To see himself thus wasted and decay
In his true members? can mortality
Seize upon that that doth it self display
Above the laws of matter, or the bodies sway?

8

For both the bodie and the bodies spright
Doth things unto particulars confine,
Teaching them partiall friendship and fell spigh
But those pure souls full of the life divine
Look upon all things with mild friendly eyne
Ready to do them good. Thus is their will
Sweetly spread out, and ever doth incline
The bent of the first *Goodnesse* to fulfill.
Ay me! that dreary death such lovely life should spi

9

Besides this largenesse in the will of man
And winged freenesse, now let's think upon
His understanding, and how it doth scan
Gods being, unto whom religion
Is consecrate. Imagination
That takes its rise from sense so high ascent
Can never reach, yet intellection
Or higher gets, or at least hath some sent
Of God, *vatic inates*, or is *parturient*.

10

For ask it whether God be this or that,
A body infinite, or some mighty spright,
Yet not almighty, it condemnes such chat;
Whether all present, or in some place pight,
Whether part here part there, or every whit
In every point, it likes that latter well:
So that its plain that some kind of insight
Of Gods own being in the soul doth dwell,
Tough what God is we cannot yet so plainly tell.

11

As when a name lodg'd in the memory;
But yet through time almost obliterate,
Confusely hovers near the phantasie:
The man that's thus affected bids relate
A catologue of names. It is not that,
Saith he, nor that; that's something like to it,
That nothing like, that's lik'st of all I woe,
This last you nam'd is not like that a whit;
that's the very name, now we have rightly hit.

12

Thus if't be lawfull least things to compare
With greatest, so our selves affected be
Concerning Gods high essence: for we are
Not ignorant quite of this mystery,
Nor clearly apprehend the Deity,
But in mid state, I call't *parturient*,
And should bring forth that live Divinity
Within our selves, if once God would consent
To shew his specious form and nature eminent:

13

For here it lies like colours in the night
Unseen and unregarded, but the sunne
Displayes the beauty and the gladsome plight
Of the adorned earth, while he doth runne
His upper stage. But this high prize is wonne
By curbing sense and the self-seeking life
(True Christian mortification).
Thus God will his own self in us revive,
If we to mortifie our straightned selves do strive.

14

But can ought bodily Gods form receive?
Or have it in its self potentially?
Or can ought sprung of this base body heve
It self so high as to the Deitie
To clamber? strive to reach infinitie?
Can ought born of this carcase be so free
As to grasp all things in large sympathie?
Can lives corporeall quite loosened be
From their own selves, casheering their *centreitie?*

15

These all ill suit with corporeitie:
But do we not amisse with stroke so strong
All to dispatch at once? needed we flie
So high at first? we might have chose among
The many arguments that close do throng
And tender their own selves this cause to prove,
Some of a meaner rank, and then along
Fairly and softly by degrees to move.
My Muse kens no such pomp, she must with freedome

16

And now as chance her guides, compendiously
The heads of many proofs she will repeat,
Which she lifts not pursue so curiously,
But leaves the reader his own brains to beat,
To find their fuller strength. As the souls meat,
Of which she feeds, if that she feed at all;
She is immortall if she need not eat;
But if her food prove to be spiritall,
Then can we deem herself to be corporeall?

17

The souls most proper food is veritie
Got and digest by Contemplation:
Hence strength, enlargement, and activitie
She finds, as doth this bulk by infusion
Of grosser meats and drinks (concoction
Well perfected) the body is strong by these;
The soul by reasons right perswasion:
But that truth's spiritall we may with ease
Find out: For truth the soul from bodies doth rele

18

There ought to be certain proportion
Betwixt the object and the outward sense.
Rash man that dost inferre negation
From thy dead eare, or non-experience.
Then let them dance and sing, raise influence
From lively motion, that preserves their spright
From foul corruption: motion's the best sense
To keep off filth in children of cold *Night*,
Whose life is in dull matter; but the sunne's all Light.

19

Therefore full safely he may steddy stond,
Unmov'd, at least not remov'd out of place.
I'll not deny but that he may turn round
On his own centre. So the steps we'll trace
Of *Essence*, Plato's *On*, which steddy stayes
And moves at once, that same *Iao* high t
In that old Clarian Oracle, that sayes
It is the sunne. This answer will aright
To *Jehova* or first essence, as Plato school descry't.

20

That same first *Being*, *Beauty*, *Intellect*,
Turns to his father (of whom he was born)
In a brief instant. But who can detect
Such hidden mysteries? back mine eyes I'll turn,
Left in this light like fluttering moth I burn.
Enough is shown of correspondency
Twixt this worlds sunne and *centre of hid Morn*,
The radiant light of the deep Deity.
Thus have I fairly prov'd the sunnes stability.

21

Then must the earth turn round, or we want day,
Or never be in night. Now I'll descend
Cloth'd with this truth. As wrathfull dogs do bay
At spectres solemn Cynthia doth send;
So now I backward to the senses wend:
They'll bark at th' shape of my disguised mind,
As stranger wights, they wrathfully will rend
This uncouth habit. They no such thing find
Longst their domestick forms, to whom they are more kind.

And

22

That both be unſufficient I prove.
A point cannot diſcern looſe unity
Freed from all ſite. That latitude muſt move
On all the body that it doth deſcry.
So muſt it be upſtretch'd unto the skie
And rubbe againſt the ſtarres, ſurround the ſunne
And her own parts to every part apply,
Then ſwiftly fridge about the pallid moon:
Thus both their quantities the mind hath ſtrangely won

23

Adde unto theſe, that the ſoul would take paine
For its deſtruction while it doth aſpire
To reach at things (that were her wofull gains)
That be not corporall, but ſeated higher
Above the bodyes ſphere. Thus ſhould ſhe tire
Her ſelf to 'ſtroy her ſelf. Again, the mind
Receives contrary fortus. The feveriſh fire
Makes her cool brooks and ſhadowing groves to find
Within her thoughts, thus hot and cold in one ſhe binds

24

Nor is ſhe chang'd by the ſuſception
Of any forms: For thus her ſelf contraire
Would be unto her ſelf. But Union
She then poſſeſſeth, when heat and cold are
Together met: They meet withouten jarre,
Within our ſouls. Such forms they be not true
You'll ſay. But of their truth left you deſpair,
Each form in purer minds more perfect hew
Obtains, then thoſe in matter we do daily view.

25

For there, they're mixt, ſoild and contaminate,
But truth doth clear, unweave, and ſimplifie,
Search, ſever, pierce, open, and diſgregate
All aſcititious cloggings; then doth eye
The naked eſſence and its property.
Or you muſt grant the ſoul cannot define
Ought right in things; or you muſt not deny
Theſe forms be true that in her ſelf do ſhine:
Theſe be her rule of truth, theſe her unerring line.

26

:se and like phansies do so strongly tye
: slower mind to ancient Ptolemee,
it shamefull madnesse 't were for to deny
plain a truth as they deem this to be.
yet, alas! if they could standen free
n prejudice, and heavie swaying sense
:t dims our reason that it cannot see.
it's the pure truth, enough in just defense
:hagore we find though with small diligence.

27

: single truth concerning unity
prights and bodies, how one spirit may
t a various Corporeity,
p't up together and its might display
ough all the bulk, make't constantly obey
powerfull dictates of that *centrall* spright,
ich being one can variously play:
s lore if we but once had learnd aright,
at was brought against us would vanish at first sight.

28

that Magnetick might doth so combine
h, Water, Aire, into one Animate,
ose soul or life so sweetly 't doth incline,
arely, easly, as none can relate
he that's exercis'd in every state
noving life. What? Can the *plastick* spright
ariously it and its bulk dilate,
nward to hell upward to heaven bright,
rangely figur'd leaves and flowers send into sight?

29

one poore single *Centre* do all this
base weed that suddenly decayes?
shall not the earths life that is transmisse
ough sea and aire, and with its potent rayes
rms all this (all this on that life stayes)
l't not obtain the like variety
nward ruling motion? Your minds raise,
aggish men! single *centrality*
ind shall do, what ere's admit by phantasy.

30

Or that she loves with trampling insultations
To domineere in easie victory.
But let not men dare cast such accusations
Against the blameleſſe. For no maſtery,
Nor fruitleſſe pomp, nor any verity
Of that opinion that she here deſtroyes
Made her so large. No, 'tis her jealouſie
'Gainst witching falſhood that weak souls annoyes
And oft doth choke those chearing hopes of lasting joy

THE ARGUMENT OF PSYCHATHANASIA.

Book 3. Cant. 1.

The souls free independency;
Its drery dreadfull state
In hell; Its tricentreity:
What brings to heavens gate.

1

WEll said that man, whatever man that was,
That said, What things we would we straigh
Upon each slight report to have come to passe:
But better he, that said, Slow faith we give
To things we long for most. Hope and fear rive
Distracted minds, as when nigh equall weights
Cast on the trembling scales, each tug and strive
To pull the other up. But the same sleights
By turns do urge them both in their descents and height

2

Thus waves the mind in things of greatest weight;
For things we value most are companied
With fear as well as hope: these stifly fight.
The stronger hope, the stronger fear is fed;
One mother both and the like livelyhead,
One object both, from whence they both do spring,
The greater she, the greater these she bred,
The greater these, the greater wavering
And longer time to end their sturdy struggeling.

3

re any thing of more import
souls immortality? Hence fear
: we striving feel with strong effort
ach other; That nor reason clear
d Oracles can straight down bear
dy rascall, with black phantasies
d clouded with drad dismall chear;
iew mists he casts before our eyes,
rides our prov'd incorporeities,

4

ning saith, That labour's all in vain.
h the soul were incorporeall,
istence to this bulk restrain,
o nearly link'd, that if one fall
: fails. The eare nor hears our call
ng age, nor eye can see ought clear;
ng palsies shake the bodies wall,
nath lost its strength and cannot steer
se, but staggering on reels here and there.

5

t is (that though the soul's a spright,
rall) that it must needs depend
body, and must perish quite
foundation falls. But now attend
hat false conceits vain fears do send.
I cannot write without a quill,
without an horse. If chance that rend
ke blunt, o're-labouring this kill,
walk not ride, not write but think my fill.

6

is but the souls instrument;
i it fails, onely these actions cease
ce depend. But if new eyes were sent
iged man with as much ease
:ateness, as when his youth did please
ton lasse, he now could all things see.
; but this fading bulks disease:
rom death and sickness standeth free:
ails, not I; my pen, not sciencie.

7

But as I ſaid, of things we do deſire
So vehemently we never can be ſure
Enough. Therefore, my Muſe, thou muſt aſpire
To higher pitch, and fearfull hearts ſecure
Not with ſlight phanſie but with reaſon pure,
Evincing the ſouls independency
Upon this body that doth her immure,
That when from this dark priſon ſhe ſhall fly
All men may judge her reſt in immortality.

8

Therefore I'll ſing the *tricentreity*
Of humane ſouls, and how they wake from ſleep,
In which ywrapt of old they long do ly
Contract with cold, and drench'd in Lethe deep,
Hugging their plantall point. It makes me weep
Now I ſo clearly view the ſolemn Spring
Of ſilent Night, whoſe Magick dew doth ſteep
Theſe drouſie ſouls of men, whoſe dropping wing
Keeps off the light of life, and blunts each fiery ſting.

9

Three centres hath the ſoul; One plantall hight;
Our parents this revive in nuptiall bed.
This is the principle that hates on Night,
Subjects the mind unto dull drowſiehead:
If we this follow, thus we ſhall be led
To that dark ſtraitneſſe that did bind before
Our ſluggiſh life: when that is ſhrivelled
Into its ſunken centre, we no more
Are conſcious of life: what can us then reſtore?

10

Unleſſe with fiery whips fell Nemeſis
Do laſh our ſprights, and cruelly do gore
Our groning ghoſts; this is the way, I wiſſe,
The onely way to keep 's from Morpheus power.
Both theſe ſo diſmall are that I do ſhowr
Unceſſant tears from my compaſſionate eyes:
Alas! ye ſouls! why ſhould or ſleep devour
Sweet functions of life? or helliſh cries
To tender heart reſound your juſt calamities?

42

To you we ſing that live in purer light,
Eſcap'd the thraldome of down-drooping ſenſe,
Whoſe nimble ſpirit and clear piercing ſight
Can eaſly judge of every conference
Withouten prejudice, with patience
Can weigh the moments of each reaſon brought
While others in tempeſtuous vehemence
Blow all away with bitter blaſts. Untought
In ſubtilties, they ſhew themſelves in jangling ſtout.

43

I have the barking of bold ſenſe confuted,
Its clamorous tongue thus being conſopite,
With reaſons eaſie ſhall I be well ſuited,
To ſhow that Pythagore's poſition's right.
Copernicks, or whoſoever dogma't hight.
The firſt is that that's wiſely ſignifi'd
By Moſes Maymons ſon, a learned wight,
Who ſaith each good Aſtronomer is ty'd
To leſſen the heavens motions vainly multiply'd,

44

And the foul botches of falſe feigned Orbs:
Whoſe uſeleſſe number reaſon muſt reſtrain,
That oft the looſe luxuriant phanſie curbs,
And in juſt bounds doth warily contain:
To uſe more means then needs is all in vain.
Why then, O buſie ſonnes of Ptolemee!
Do you that vaſt ſtar-bearing ſphere conſtrain
To hurl about with ſuch celerity,
When th' earth may move without ſuch ſtrange velocity?

45

What needleſſe phanſy's this that that huge ſphere
In one ſhort moment muſt thus whirl around,
That it muſt fly ſix hundred thouſand ſheere
Of Germane miles. If that will not confound,
For pomp adde fourty thouſand more, that 'bound;
Three thouſand more, if it were requiſite,
You might annex, and more, if they have found
The meaſure right; when as the earth's ſlow flight
that time, of a mile goes but the ſixteenth bit.

15

But low'ſt gins firſt to work, the ſoul doth frame
This bodies fabrick, imploy'd in one long thought
So wholy taken up, that ſhe the ſame
Obſerveth not, till ſhe it quite hath wrought.
So men aſleep ſome work to end have brought
Not knowing of it, yet have found it done:
Or we may ſay the matter that ſhe raught
And ſuck'd unto her ſelf to work upon
Is of one warmth with her own ſpright, and feels as one

16

And thus the body being the ſouls work
From her own centre ſo entirely made,
Seated i'th' heart, for there this ſpright doth lurk,
It is no wonder 'tis ſo eaſly ſway'd
At its command. But when this work ſhall fade,
The ſoul diſmiſſeth it as an old thought.
'Tis but one form; but many be diſplay'd
Amid her higher rayes, diſmiſt, and brought
Back as ſhe liſt, and many come that ne're were ſought.

17

The ſoul by making this ſtrange edifice
Makes way unto it ſelf to exerciſe
Functions of life, and ſtill more waked is
The more ſhe has perfected her fine deviſe,
Hath wrought her ſelf into ſure ſympathies
With this great world. Her ears like hollow caves
Reſound to her own ſpright the energies
Of the worlds ſpright. If it ought ſuffered have,
Then *preſentifick circles* to her ſtraight notice gave.

18

We know this world, becauſe our ſoul hath made
Our body of this ſenſible worlds ſpright
And body. Therefore in the glaſſie ſhade
Of our own eyes (they having the ſame might
That glaſſe or water hath) we have the ſight
Of what the *Mundane* ſpirit ſuffereth
By colours, figures, or inherent light:
Sun, ſtars, and all on earth it hurrieth
To each point of it ſelf ſo far as't circuleth.

19

here it lighteth on advantages,
:ulings grow ſenſible. So hills
ollow be do audible voices
id. The ſoul doth imitate that skill
ning of the eare, that ſounds may ſwell
t concavitie. The cryſtall ſprings
: the light of heaven, if they be ſtill
ear; the ſoul doth imitate and bring
:o ſuch a temper in her ſhapening.

20

s and eares be not mere perforations,
lue temper of the *Mundane* ſpright
ırs together; elſe the *circulations*
nds would be well known by outward ſight,
' eare would colours know, figures and light,
: it's plain that when this bodie's gone,
rorld to us is clos'd in darkneſſe quite,
l to us is in dead ſilence drown.
ne point of time is this worlds glory flowne.

21

: be ſo, how doth *Pſyche* heare or ſee
ath nor eyes nor eares? She ſees more clear
we that ſee but ſecundarily.
at diſtance by a *circular*
on of that ſpright of this great ſphere
Univerſe: Her ſight is tactuall.
nne and all the ſtarres that do appear
ls them in herſelf, can diſtance all,
at each one purely preſentiall.

22

what doth *diffuſion circular*,
ır pure ſhadowed eyes, bright, cryſtalline,
;oroufly our ſpright particular
while things in it ſo clearly ſhine?
done continually in the heavens ſheen.
nne, the moon, the earth, blew-glimmering hell,
d Ætna's bowels, each bulk you can divine
in Nature, every dern cell
eyed dragons, or what elſe therein doth dwell:

23

These be all parts of the wide worlds excesse,
They be all seated in the *Mundane* spright,
And shew just as they are in their bignesse
To her. But *circulation* shews not right
The magnitude of things: for distant site
Makes a deficience in these *circulings*.
But all things lie ope-right unto the sight
Of heavens great eye; their thin shot shadowings
And lightned sides. All this we find in Natures springs.

24

The worlds great soul knows by *Protopathie*
All what befalls this lower spright; but we
Can onely know't by *Deuteropathie*,
At least in sight and hearing. She doth see
In our own eyes, by the close unitie
Of ours and the worlds life, our passion,
Plainly perceives our *Idiopathie*,
As we do hers, by the same union;
But we cannot see hers in that perfection.

25

Fresh varnish'd groves, tall hills, and gilded clouds
Arching an eielid for the gloring morn,
Fair clustred buildings which our sight so crouds
At distance, with high spires to heaven yborn,
Vast plains with lowly cottages forlorn
Rounded about with the low wavering skie,
Cragg'd vapours, like to ragged rocks ytorn,
She views those prospects in our distant eye:
These and such like be the first *centres* mysterie.

26

Or if you will the first low energie
Of that one centre, which the soul is hight,
Which knows this world by the close unitie
Concorporation with the *Mundane* spright,
Unloos'd from this she wants a certain light,
Unlesse by true regeneration
She be incorporate with God, unite
With his own spright; so a new mansion
Sh'has got, oft sook with deepest suspiration.

27

But robb'd of her first clothing by hard fate,
If she fall short of this, wo's me! what pains
She undergoes? when this lost former state
So kindled hath lifes thirst, that still remains.
Thus her eternitie her nothing gains
But hungry flames, raging voracitie
Feeding on its own self. The heavens she stains
With execrations and foul blasphemie.
Thus in foul discontent and smoth'ring fire they frie.

28

Vain man that striv'st to have all things at will!
What wilt thou do in this sterilitie?
Whom canst thou then command? or what shall fill
Thy gaping soul? O depth of miserie!
Prepare thy self by deep humilitie:
Destroy that fretting fire while thou art here,
Forsake this worlds bewitching vanitie,
Nor death nor hell then shalt thou need to fear.
Still and cast down thy self, to heaven God shall thee rear.

29

This middle *centrall essence* of the soul
Is that which still survives asleep or waking:
The life she shed in this grosse earthly moul
Is quite shrunk up, lost in the bodies breaking,
Now with slight phantasms of her own fond making
She's clad (so is her life drie and jejune)
But all slit souls be not in the same taking:
That state this lifes proportion doth tune,
As thou livest here, such measure must ensuen.

30

But they whose souls *deiform* summitie
Is waken'd in this life, and so to God
Are nearly joynd in a firm Unitie
(This outward bodie is but earthie clod
Digested, having life transfus'd abroad,
The worlds life and our lower vitalitie
Unite in one) their souls have their aboad
In Christs own body, are eternally
One with our God, by true and strong communitie.

When

31

When we are clothed with this outward world,
Feel the soft aire, behold the glorious Sunne,
All this we have from meat that's daily hurld
Into these mouthes. But first of all we wunne
This priviledge by our first union
With this worlds body and diffused spright.
I'th' higher world there's such communion:
Christ is the sunne that by his chearing might
Awakes our higher rayes to joyn with his pure light.

32

And when he hath that life elicited,
He gives his own dear body and his bloud
To drink and eat. Thus dayly we are fed
Unto eternall life. Thus do we bud,
True heavenly plants, suck in our lasting food
From the first spring of life, incorporate
Into the higher world (as erst I show'd
Our lower rayes the soul to subjugate
To this low world) we fearlesse sit above all fate,

33

Safely that kingdomes glory contemplate,
O'reflow with joy by a full sympathie
With that worlds spright, and blesse our own estate,
Praising the fount of all felicitie,
The lovely light of the blest Deitie.
Vain mortalls think on this, and raise your mind
Above the bodies life; strike through the skie
With piercing throbs and sighs, that you may find
His face. Base fleshly fumes your drowsie eyes thus blind.

34

So hath my Muse according to her skill
Discovered the soul in all her rayes,
The lowest may occasionate much ill,
But is indifferent. Who may dispraise
Dame Natures work? But yet you ought to raise
Your selves to higher state. Eternitie
Is the souls rest, and everlasting dayes:
Aspire to this, and hope for victorie.
I further yet shall prove her immortalitie.

HE ARGUMENT OF PSYCHATHANASIA.

Book 3. Cant. 2.

From many arguments we show
The independencie
Of humane souls: That all lives flow
From a free Deitie.

1

ree apprehensions do my mind divide
oncerning the souls preexistencie,
ore into this outward world she glide,
hath my Muse with much uncertaintie
orest herself, so as her phantasie
ongly inacted guides her easie pen;
ought obtrude with sowr anxietie,
freely offer hints to wiser men.
ise from rash assent in darksome things abstein.

2

souls be well awake but hovering,
t fixt to ought, but by a Magick might
wable here and there, and so their wing
ick with the steem of this low *Mundane* spright
r lower flag and take its stooping flight
o some plantall man, new edified
ts own plastick point. Or else (deep Night
wn on by drooping phansie) it doth slide
his world, and by its self that skill is tried;

3

ies to it self this fleshly habitation;
this worlds spirit hath provok'd these rayes:
n drown in sleep it works that efformation
ts own body, all its parts displayes,
doth the senseleſſe plant. The two next wayes
these: A reall *tricentreitie.*
t centre ever wakes, unmoved stayes,
ht *Intellect.* The next in sleep doth lie
e *last centre burst into* this open skie.

And

3

And you who boldly all Gods providence
Confine to this ſmall ball, that *Tellus* hight;
And dream not of a mutuall influence,
And how that ſhe may ſhine with beamsbri
At a farre diſtance clad with Sols lent light
As Venus and the Moon; O you that mak
This earth Gods onely darling dear delight
All th' other orbs merely for this orbs ſake
So ſwiftly for to runne with labour never ſlack

4

To dance attendance on their Princeſſe *Ea*
In their quick circuits, and with anger keen
Would bite him, that or ſerious or in mirth
Doubts the prerogative of your great Queen
Beſt uſe of that your Theory, I ween,
In this, that as your ſelves monopolize
All the whole world, ſo your ſelves back ag
You wholy give to God. Who can deviſe
A better way? Mans ſoul to God this cloſely t

5

But if the earth doth thankfully reflect
Both light and influence to other ſtarres,
As well as they to it, where's the defect?
That ſweet ſubordination it mars;
Gods love to us then not ſo plain appears:
For then the ſtarres be mutually made
One for another: Each all the good then b
Of the Univerſe, for 'ts ſingle labour paid
With the joint pains of all that in the heavens

6

Rare reaſon! why! then God would be to
What judgeth ſo but envy, and vain pride,
And baſe contract ſelf-love? which that fre
Of bounty hath ſo confidently tied
Unto it ſelf alone. Large hearts deride
This pent hypocriſie. Is he good to me?
That grace I would not ere ſhould be deny
Unto my fellow: My felicity
Is multiply'd, when others I like happy ſee.

7

But if the rolling ſtarres with mutuall rayes
Serve one another; ſweet fraternity
And humble love, with ſuch like lore we'll raiſe,
While we do ſee Gods great benignity
Thus mutually reflected in the skie,
And theſe round-moving worlds communicate
One with another by ſpread ſympathie:
This all things friendly will concatenate;
It let more hardy wits that truth determinate.

8

It me behoves t' hold forward on my way,
Leaving this uncouth ſtrange Philoſophy,
In which my lightſome pen too long did play,
As rigid men in ſad ſeverity
May deem; but we right careleſſe leave that free
Unto their cenſure. Now more weighty thought
Doth ſway our mind, thinking how all doth flee
Whatever we have painfully ytaught.
Slittle fruit remains of all my skill hath wraught.

9

O th' emptineſſe of vain Philoſophy!
When thin-ſpunne reaſon and exile diſcourſe
Make the ſoul creep through a ſtrait Theory,
Whither the blunter mind can never force
It ſelf; yet oft, alas! the caſe is worſe
Of this ſo ſubtile wight, when dangers deep
Approch his life, then his who learnings ſourſe
Did never drink of, nere his lips did ſteep
Plato's ſprings, nor with low gown the duſt did ſweep.

10

Certes ſuch knowledge is a vanity,
And hath no ſtrength t' abide a ſtormy ſtoure;
Such thin ſlight clothing will not keep us dry,
When the grim heavens, all black and ſadly ſoure
With rage and tempeſt, plenteouſly dovvn ſhovver
Great floods of rain. Diſpread exility
Of ſlyer reaſons fails: Some greater povver
Found in a lively vigorous Unity
With God, muſt free the ſoul from this perplexity.

12

But can ſhe higher riſe then her own head?
Therefore her ſpring is God: thence doth ſhe pend,
Thence did ſhe flow, thither again ſhe's fled.
When ſhe this life hath loſt, and made an end
Of this low earthly courſe, ſhe doth aſcend;
Unto her circles ancient *Apogie*
Lifted aloft, not again to deſcend,
Nor ſtoups nor ſets that ſunne, but ſtandeth free
On never ſhaken pillars of Æternity.

13

But ſtill this truth more clearly to evince,
Remember how all things are from one light,
It ſhall thy reaſon forceably convince
That nought but God deſtroyes a *centrall* ſpright.
If he ſucks in his beams, eternall night
Seiſeth upon that life, that it no'te flow
In energie, and hath no being quite
But Gods own power. He lets his breath out go,
The ſelf-ſame things again ſo eas'ly doth he ſhow.

14

Let be noon day, the welkin clear, the moon
I'th' nether world, reflecting the ſunnes rayes
To cheer the irkſome night. Well! That being done,
Call out ſome wondrous might, that liſtleſſe ſtayes
In flower phanſies. Bid't break all delayes;
Surround with ſolid dark opacity
The utmoſt beams that Phœbus light diſplayes,
Softly ſteal on with equall diſtancy,
Till they have cloſe clapt up all his explendency.

15

All's now in darkneſſe: tell me, what's become
Of that infinity of rayes that ſhone?
Were ſecond centres from whence out did come
Other faint beams? what be they all quite flone?
All periſh'd quite? You ſtiflers now be gone.
Let fall that ſmoring mantle. Do not ſtraight
All things return? The nether world the moon,
The ſunne enlightens us. The ſelfſame light
Now ſhines, that ſhone before this deep and diſmall nigl

16

ɔt the ſame. Then like to flowing ſtream
deem the light that paſſeth ſtill away,
v parts ever ſucceeding. The ſunne-beam
h no reflection then, if it decay
aſt as it comes forth: Nor were there days;
it would vaniſh 'fore it could arrive
ıs. But in a moment Sol doth ray.
: end of his long ſhafts then we conceive
:e both touch himſelf and down to us do dive.

17

de, this aire is not the ſuſtentation
ſpreaden light; for then as it did move
: light would move. And ſturdy conflictation
ſtruggling winds, when they have fiercely ſtrove,
:bus fair golden locks would rudely move
of their place; and eaſtern winds at morn
ıld make more glorious dayes, while light is drove
n that bright quarter: ſouthern blaſts do burn
nidday ſun, but yet northwinds like light have born.

18

ıt then muſt be the channell of this river,
e'll have light to flow as paſſing ſtream?
lain it is that Nature doth diſſever
light and th' aire, that thoſe bright ſunny beams
ot upheld by it, as the warm gleems
ıeat that lodgeth there. From this firm might
ıght leaning on the aire, well may we't deem
e ſubtile body, or ſome groſſer ſpright
ling of fair Phœbus, of no other wight.]

19

when theſe rayes were forced to retire
their fountain, they were not ſo gone
ſhat the ſame ſprong out from their firſt fire.
ne ſpunne glittering ſilk crumpled in one
ngeth not its individuation
ı what it was, when it was gaily ſpread
uttering winds to th' admiration
ıe beholder. Thus is nought ſo dead
d can it reſtore to its old livelyhead.

For

20

For all the creature's but the out gone-rayes
Of a free sunne, and what I meaned most
Of him alone depend. Hee deads their blaze
By calling in his breath. Though things be tost
And strangely chang'd, yet nought at all is lost
Unlesse he list. Nor then so lost but he
Can them return. In every thing compost
Each part of th' essence its *centreity*
Keeps to it self, it shrinks not to a nullity.

21

When that compounded nature is dissolv'd,
Each *centre's* safe, as safe as second light
Or drove into the sunne, or thence out-rol'd.
So all depend on th' Universall spright
From hight to depth, as they are ranked right
In their due orders. Lifes full pregnancy
Breaks out when friendly sympathy doth smite.
The higher rank the higher enegie,
From natures lowly lap to Gods sublimity.

22

But well may man be call'd the epitome
Of all things. Therefore no low life him made.
The highest holds all in his capacity.
Therefore mans soul from Gods own life outray'd,
His outgone *Centre's* on that centre staid.
What disadvantage then can the decay
Of this poore carcase do, when it doth fade?
The soul no more depends on this frail clay,
Then on our eye depends bright Phœbus glist'ring ra

23

But in this argument we'll no longer stay,
Consider now the souls conversion
Into it self. Nought divisible may
Close with it self by revolution.
For then or part in this reflexion
Is drove into a part, or part to th' whole,
Or whole to part, or near compression
The whole into the whole doth closely roll.
But easly all these wayes right reason will controll.

24

:turn into part, part into whole,
: into part, the thing doth not convert
: selfs the thing it self is all
art oft selfs if all to all revert,
part then into each part is insert.
ll me then how is their quantity
ry part with each part is refert?
swallowed up, they'll have no distance;
estroy suppos'd divisibilitie.

25

:fore that thing is individuous
ever can into it self reflect,
:s the soul as hath been prov'd by us
:, and further now we do detect
foure wheels: The first hight Intellect,
:with she drives into her Nature deep
nds it out; next Will, this doth affect
lf found out. Her self then out doth peep
e acts, she into both doth easly creep.

26

iis conversion's from the body free;
i not thence, nor thither doth return:
: the soul worse then its energie,
:s acts it be far higher born
they should pend on this base bulk forlorn:
also she hath no dependency
this body, but may safely scorn
ow condition of servility,
ne all that averre that false necessity.

27

hould issue from this nether spring,
r she kept to her originall
:re the stronger, and her works would bring
ore perfection; but alas! they fall
fail by near approch. The best of all
weak and faint by too close union
his foul fount. Might intellectuall
s misty by this strait conjunction;
is woxen weak, its vigour quite is gone.

28

But O! how oft when she her self doth cut
From nearer commerce with the low delight
Of things corporeall, and her eyes doth shut
To those false fading lights, she feels her sprigh
Fill'd with excessive pleasure, such a plight
She finds that it doth fully satisfie
Her thirsty life. Then reason shines out bright,
And holy love with mild serenity
Doth hug her harmlesse self in this her purity.

29

What grave monitions and sure prophesie
Have men in sicknesse left? a true testation
Of the souls utter independency
On this poore crasie corse. May that narration
Of Aristotles move easie perswasion
Of his Eudemus, to whom sick at Phere
While sleep his senses bound, this revelation
A gentle youth did bring with goodly cheer,
And jolly blith deportment, chacing needlesse fear.

30

Told him that sicknesse would not mortall prove,
He should grow well e'r long, but deaths drad powe
On that towns tyrant should be shortly drove,
Swift vengeance on his cursed head should showr:
Both proved true. I could in plenty poure
Such like examples, as of Pherecyde,
Calanus, him of Rhodes, and others more;
But it is needlesse, 'tis a truth well tried,
The higher works the soul the more it is untied.

31

Then quite set loose from this bulks heavy chain
She is in happiest plight, so far she is
From being nought or perishing. Again,
We find such utter contrarieties
Betwixt the bodies and her energies,
That we can no wayes think she pends at all
Of that with which she has such repugnancies.
What thing doth fight with its Originall?
The spring and stream be alwayes homogeneall.

32

But the high heaven-born soul sprung out from Jove
Ever is clashing with the foolery
Of this dull body, which the sense doth love,
And erring phansie. It were long to trie
In every thing: O how 'twould magnifie
The height of pleasures that fall under sense,
This well describ'd would prove its Deity.
A vast round body cloth'd with th' excellence
Of glorious glistring light through the wide aire extense,

33

Bravely adorn'd with diverse colours gay,
Even infinite varieties that shine
With wond'rous brightnesse, varnish'd with the ray
Of that clear light, with motion circuline
Let turn about and stir up sounds divine,
That sweetly may affect th' attentive eare.
Adde fragrant odours waft with gentle wind,
Adde pleasant taste, soft touch to Venus dear;
This is the bodies God, this is its highest sphere.

34

But from far higher place and brighter light
Our reason checks us for this vanity,
Calls to us, warns us that that empty sight
Lead not our soul unto Idolatry,
Make us not rest in easie falsitie.
If thou be stirred up by working fire
To search out God, to find the Deity:
Take to thy self not what thine eyes admire
Any outward sense, or what sense can desire.

35

Behold a light far brighter then the Sunne!
The Sun's a shadow if you them compare,
Or grosse Cimmerian mist; the fairest Noon
Exceeds not the meridian night so far
As that light doth the Sun. So perfect clear
So perfect pure it is, that outward eye
Cannot behold this inward subtile starre,
But indisperst is this bright Majesty,
Every where out shining in infinitie;

44

The living body where the ſoul doth 'bide
Theſe functions hath, phanſie, ſenſe, memory.
How into ſenſe theſe outward forms do glide
I have already told. Vitality
And *preſentiſick circularity*
Is ſpread through all: there is one *Mundane* ſprig
And body, vitall corporality
We have from hence. Our ſouls be counite
With the worlds ſpright and body, with theſe herſelf

45

Our body ſtruck by evolution
Of outward forms ſpread in the worlds vaſt ſprig
Our liſtning mind by its adverſion
Doth notice take, but nothing is empight
In it. Of old Gods hand did all forms write
In humane ſouls, which waken at the knock
Of *Mundane* ſhapes. If they were naked quite
Of innate forms, though heaven and earth ſhoul
With roring winds, they'd heare no more then ſenſle

46

Phanſy's th' impreſſion of thoſe forms that flit
In this low life: They oft continue long,
When as our ſpright more potently is hit
By their incurſions and appulſes ſtrong.
Like heated water, though a while but hung
On fiercer fire, an hot impreſſion
Long time retains; ſo forms more ſtoutly flung
Againſt our ſpright make deep inſculption;
Long time it is till their clear abolition.

47

Hence ſpringeth that which men call memory,
When outward object doth characterize
Our inward *common ſpright*; or when that we
From our own ſoul ſtir up clear phantaſies
Which be our own elicited *Idees*,
Springing from our own centrall life, by might
Of our ſtrong *Fiat* as oft as we pleaſe,
With theſe we ſeal that under groſſer ſpright,
Make that our note-book, there our choiſeſt notions w

48

But sith it is not any part of us,
But longeth unto the great world, it must
Be chang'd; for course of time voraginous
With rapid force is violently just,
Makes each thing pay with what it was intrust.
The common life sucks back the common spright,
The body backward falls into the dust;
It doth it by degrees. Hence phancie, sight,
And memorie in age do not their functions right.

49

Often disease, or some hard casualtie
Doth hurt this spirit, that a man doth lose
The use of sense, wit, phansie, memorie;
That hence rash men our souls mortall suppose
Through their rude ignorance; but to disclose
The very truth, our soul's in safetie
In that distemper, that doth ill dispose
Her under spright. But her sad miserie
Is that so close she's tied in a prone Unitie,

50

Leans on this bodies false vitalitie,
Seeks for things there, not in herself nor higher,
Extremely loves this bodies company,
Trusts in its life, thither bends her desire:
But when it gins to fail, she's left i'th' mire.
Yet hard upon us hangs th' *Eternall* light
The *ever-live Idees*, the lamping fire
Of lasting *Intellect*, whose nearnesse might
Illumine, were our minds not lost in that frail spright.

51

That spright and we are plain another thing:
Which now I'll clearly show that we may see
Our independence on its existing,
Which I must prove by eithers energie.
That spright hath no preceptibilitie
Of her impressions: Phantasie nor sense
Perceive themselves; often with open eye
We look upon a man in our presence,
And yet of that near object have no cognoscence.

52

And so of Phansies that be fresh enough,
Even deeply seald upon that lower spright,
Unlesse we seek them out and pierce them through
With aiming *animadversion*, they in night
Do lurk unknown to us, though they be bright
In their own selves. Again, some object may
In its great vigour, lustre, sweying might
This spirit wound by its fierce giving ray;
Our sight is hurt by th' eye of the broad blasing day.

53

Beside the senses each one are restraind
To its own object: so is Phantasie.
That in the spirits compasse is constaind;
As likewise the low naturall memorie.
But sooth to say, by a strong sympathie
We both are mov'd by these, and these do move.
As the light spider that makes at a flie,
Her self now moves the web she subt'ly wove,
Mov'd first by her own web, when here the flie did rove.

54

Like spider in her web, so do we sit
Within this spirit, and if ought do shake
This subtil loom we feel as it doth hit;
Most part into adversion we awake,
Unlesse we chance into our selves betake
Our selves, or listen to the lucid voice
Of th' *intellect*, which these low tumults slake:
But our own selves judge of what ere accloyes
Our muddied mind, or what lifts up to heavenly joyes.

55

All the five senses, Phansie, Memorie,
We feel their work, distinguish and compare,
Find out their natures by the subtiltie
Of sifting reason. Then they objects are
Of th' understanding, bear no greater share
In this same act then objects wont to do.
They are two realties distinguish'd clear
One from the other, as I erst did show.
She knows that spright, that spright our soul can never kn

THE ARGUMENT OF ANTIPSYCHOPANNYCHIA.

Cant. 1.

Adams long sleep, will, mind compar'd
With low vitality,
The fondnesse plainly have unbar'd
Of Psychopannychie.

1

THe souls ever durancy I sung before,
Ystruck with mighty rage. A powerfull fire
Held up my lively Muse and made her soar
So high that mortall wit, I fear, she'll tire
To trace her. Then a while I did respire.
But now my beating veins new force again
Invades, and holy fury doth inspire.
Thus stirred up I'll adde a second strain,
est, what afore was said may seem all spoke in vain.

2

For sure in vain do humane souls exist
After this life, if lull'd in listles sleep
They senseleſſe lie wrapt in eternall mist,
Bound up in foggy clouds, that ever weep
Benumming tears, and the souls centre steep
With deading liquour, that she never minds
Or feeleth ought. Thus drench'd in *Lethe* deep,
Nor misseth she her self, nor seeks nor finds
er self. This mirksome state all the souls actions binds.

3

Desire, fear, love, joy, sorrow, pleasure, pain,
Sense, phancy, wit, forecasting providence,
Delight in God, and what with sleepy brain
Might sute, slight dreams, all banish'd far from hence.
Nor pricking nor applauding conscience
Can wake the soul from this dull Lethargie;
That 'twixt this sleepy state small difference
You'll find and that men call Mortality.
ain death's as good as such a *Psychopannychie.*

60

Flies she to sense? sense pleads for Ptolemee:
Flies she to her low phansie? that's so swayd
By sense, and fore-impreſt Aſtronomie
By botch'd inculcate paradigmes made
By senses dictate, that they'll both perſwade
That Philolaus and wise Heraclide
Be frantick both, Copernicus twice mad.
She cannot then this queſtion well decide
By ought but her own forms that in her self reſide.

61

Which she calls out unto her faithfull aid,
Commands deep silence to fond phantasie,
Whose odious prating truth hath oft betraid,
And in its stead brought in rash falsitie,
Seated in sowr inert stupiditie.
Then farewell sense, and what from sense hath sprong,
Saith she, I'll contemplate in puritie,
And quit my self of that tumultuous throng:
What then she finds shall be unfold in my next song.

THE ARGUMENT OF PSYCHATHANASIA.

Book 3. Cant. 3.

That th' earth doth move, proofs Physicall
Unto us do descrie;
Adde reasons Theosophicall,
Als' adde Astronomie.

1

BLest souls first Authours of Astronomie!
Who clomb the heavens with your high reaching mind,
Scal'd the high battlements of the lofty skie,
To whom compar'd this earth a point you find;
Your bodies lesse, what measure hath defin'd?
What art that mighty vastnesse? Such high facts
The ancient Giants swoln with raging wind
Could not effect. A subtile Parallax,
A dark Eclipse do quite obscure their braving acts.

2

e great might of mans high Phantasie!
t with a shade or a divided line,
t nought, this but a thin exilitie,
do farre more then strength enrag'd with tine,
sted with haughty pride. That brood combine
:lamber up to heaven. Hill upon hill,
upon Olympus doth recline:
ir brawnie arms redoubled force doth fill,
they their spirits summon t'effect their furious w ill:

3

all in vain they want the inward skill.
t comes from heaven onely can there ascend.
: rage nor tempest that this bulk doth fill
profit ought, but gently to attend
: souls still working, patiently to bend
: mind to sifting reason, and clear light,
it strangely figur'd in our soul doth wend
ting its forms, still playing in our sight,
mething it present that we shall take for right.

4

: busie soul it is that thither hent
strength of reason, the true distancies
he erring Planets, and the vast extent
their round bodies, without outward eyes
h view'd, told their proportionalities,
ifounded sense by reasons strange report
t wiser he that on reason relies
n stupid sense low-sunken into dirt)
veapon I have got none from me may extort.

5

ou stiff-standers for ag'd Ptolemee,
artly praise your humble reverence
illingly given to Antiquities
when of him in whom's your confidence,
your own reason and experience
hose same arts, you find those things are true
at utterly oppugne our outward sense,
en are you forc'd to sense to bid adieu,
hat your sense gainsayes to holden straight untrue.

Though

6

Though contraire unto sense, though it be new
(But sooth to sayen th' earths motion is of tri'd
Antiquitie, as I above did shew:
In Philolaus and in Heraclide
Those subtile thoughts of old did close reside)
Yet reason ought to bear away the bell.
But irefull ignorance cannot abide
To be outtopd, reprochfully 'twill yell,
Call's mad, when its own self doth with foul furie swell.

7

But let them bark like band-dogs at the moon,
That mindlesse passeth on in silencie:
I'll take my flight above this outward sunne,
Regardlesse of such fond malignitie,
Lift my self up in the Theologie
Of heavenly Plato. There I'll contemplate
The *Archetype* of this sunne, that bright *Idee*
Of steddie *Good*, that doth its beams dilate
Through all the worlds all lives and beings propagate.

8

But yet in words to trifle I will deigne
Awhile: They may our mind fitly prepare
For higher flight; we larger breath may gain
By a low hovering. These words they are
All found in that old Oracle of Clare.
That heavenly power which Iao hight
The highest of all the Gods thou mayst declare,
In spring named Zeus, in summer Helios bright,
In autumne call'd Jao, Aides in brumall night.

9

These names do plainly denotate the sunne,
In Spring call'd Zeus, from life or kindly heat;
In winter, 'cause the dayes so quickly done,
He Aides hight, he is not long in sight;
In Summer, 'cause he strongly doth us smite
With his hot darts, then Helios we him name
From Eloim or Eloah so hight;
In Autumne Jao, Jehovah is the same:
So is the word deprav'd by an uncertain fame.

10

great similitude twixt Phœbus light
d God, that God himself the Nations deem
e sun. The learned Seventy have boldly pight
ent therein for the true Eloim,
e sensible Deity you'll reckon him,
Hermes words bear with you any sway,
if you Christian Clerks do ought esteem,
Davids odes they make Gods Christ a day;
ther's then the sunne from whence this light doth ray.

11

en by all the wide worlds acknowledgement,
e sunne's a type of that eternall light
hich we call God, a fair delineament
that which *Good* in Plato's school is hight,
s *T'agathon* with beauteous rayes bedight,
t's now consult with their Theologie,
d that *Idea* with our inward sight
hold, casheering sensibility
n in clear reason view this correspondency.

12

ne steddy *Good*, centre of essencies,
moved *Monad*, that *Apollo* hight,
he *Intellectuall* sunne whose energies
re all things that appear in vitall light,
hose brightnesse passeth every creatures sight,
et round about him stird with gentle fire
ll things do dance their being, action, might,
hey thither do direct with strong desire,
mbosome him with close embracements they aspire.

13

nseen, incomprehensible he moves
bout himself each seeking entity
hat never yet shall find that which it loves.
o finite thing shall reach infinity,
o thing dispers'd comprend that Unity,
et in their ranks they seemly foot it round,
rip it with joy at the worlds harmony
truck with the pleasure of an amorous stound, (crown d.
dance they with fair flowers from unknown root y-

Still

20

Both Will and Intellect then worketh best,
When sense and appetite be consopite,
And grosser phansie lull'd in silent rest:
Then Will grown full with a mild heavenly light
Shines forth with goodly mentall rayes bedight,
And finds and feels such things as never pen
Can setten down, so that unexpert wight
May reade and understand. Experienc'd men
Do onely know who like impressions sustain.

21

So far's the soul from a dependency
(In these high actions) on the body base.
And further signe is want of memory
Of these impressions wrought in heavenly place,
I mean the holy *Intellect*: they passe
Leaving no footsteps of their former light,
When as the soul from thence descended has.
Which is a signe those forms be not empight
In our low proper *Chaos* or *Corporeall spright*.

22

For then when we our mind do downward bend
Like things we here should find: but all is gone
Soon as our flagging souls so low descend
As that straight spright. Like torch that droppeth do
From some high tower, held steddy clearly shone,
But in its fall leaves all its light behind,
Lies now in darknesse on the grail, or stone,
Or dirty earth: That erst so fully shin'd,
Within a glowing coal hath now its light confin'd.

23

So doth the soul when from high *Intellect*
To groveling sense she takes her stooping flight,
Falling into her body, quite neglect,
Forget, forgo her former glorious sight,
Grosse glowing fire for that wide shining light;
For purest love, foul fury and base passion;
For cleerest knowledge, fell contentious fight
Sprong from some scorching false inust impression
Which she'll call truth, she gains. O witlesse Commuta

18

There ought to be certain proportion
Betwixt the object and the outward ſenſe.
Raſh man that doſt inferre negation
From thy dead eare, or non-experience.
Then let them dance and ſing, raiſe influence
From lively motion, that preſerves their ſpright
From foul corruption: motion's the beſt ſenſe
To keep off filth in children of cold *Night*,
hoſe life is in dull matter; but the ſunne's all Light.

19

Therefore full ſafely he may ſteddy ſtond,
Unmov'd, at leaſt not remov'd out of place.
I'll not deny but that he may turn round
On his own centre. So the ſteps we'll trace
Of *Eſſence*, Plato's *On*, which ſteddy ſtayes
And moves at once, that ſame *Iao* high t
In that old Clarian Oracle, that ſayes
It is the ſunne. This anſwer will aright
o *Jehova* or firſt eſſence, as Plato ſchool deſcry't.

20

That ſame firſt *Being*, *Beauty*, *Intellect*,
Turns to his father (of whom he was born)
In a brief inſtant. But who can detect
Such hidden myſteries? back mine eyes I'll turn,
Leſt in this light like fluttering moth I burn.
Enough is ſhown of correſpondency
Twixt this worlds ſunne and *centre of hid Morn*,
The radiant light of the deep Deity.
hus have I fairly prov'd the ſunnes ſtability.

21

Then muſt the earth turn round, or we want day,
Or never be in night. Now I'll deſcend
Cloth'd with this truth. As wrathfull dogs do bay
At ſpectres ſolemn Cynthia doth ſend;
So now I backward to the ſenſes wend:
They'll bark at th' ſhape of my diſguiſed mind,
As ſtranger wights, they wrathfully will rend
This uncouth habit. They no ſuch thing find
longſt their domeſtick forms, to whom they are more kind.

And

22

And weaker reason which they wont misguide
Will deem all this nothing mysterious,
But my strong-winged Muse feebly to slide
Into false thoughts and dreams vertiginous,
And plainly judge us woxen furious,
Thus in our rage to shake the stable earth,
Whirling it round with turns prodigious;
For it doth stedfast stand as it appear'th
From the unshaken buildings it so safely bear'th.

23

If it should move about, then would it sling
From of it self those fair extructed loads
Of carved stone: The aire aloud would sing
With brushing trees: Beasts in their dark aboads
Would brained be by their own caves; th' earth strowd
With strange destruction. All would shatter'd lye
In broken shivers. What mad frantick mood
Doth thus invade wary Philosophy,
That it so dotes on such a furious falsity?

24

But still more subtlie this cause to pursue,
The clouds would alwayes seem to rise from th' East,
Which sense and oft-experience proves untrue;
They rise from all the quarters, South, North, West,
From every part, as Æolus thinketh best.
Again the earths sad stupid gravity
Unfit for motion shows its quiet rest.
Lastly an arrow shot unto the sky
Would not return unto his foot that let it fly.

25

Adde unto these that contrariety
Of motion, when as the self same things
At the same time do back and forward hie:
As when for speed the rider fiercely dings
His horse with iron heel, layes the loose strings
Upon his neck, westward they swiftly scoure,
When as the earth, finishing her dayly rings,
Doth eastward make with all her might and power,
She quite hath run her stage at end of twice twelve houres.

Th

26

ese and like phansies do so strongly tye
e slower mind to ancient Ptolemee,
at shamefull madnesse 't were for to deny
plain a truth as they deem this to be.
yet, alas! if they could standen free
m prejudice, and heavie swaying sense
at dims our reason that it cannot see.
at's the pure truth, enough in just defense
thagore we find though with small diligence.

27

e single truth concerning unity
sprights and bodies, how one spirit may
t a various Corporeity,
p't up together and its might display
ough all the bulk, make't constantly obey
: powerfull dictates of that *centrall* spright,
ich being one can variously play:
is lore if we but once had learnd aright,
nat was brought against us would vanish at first sight.

28

that Magnetick might doth so combine
th, Water, Aire, into one Animate,
ose soul or life so sweetly 't doth incline,
urely, easly, as none can relate
he that's exercis'd in every state
noving life. What? Can the *plastick* spright
variously it and its bulk dilate,
nward to hell upward to heaven bright,
rangely figur'd leaves and flowers send into sight?

29

one poore single *Centre* do all this
base weed that suddenly decayes?
l shall not the earths life that is transmisse
ough sea and aire, and with its potent rayes
rms all this (all this on that life stayes)
l't not obtain the like variety
nward ruling motion? Your minds raise,
uggish men! single *centrality*
find shall do, what ere's admit by phantasy.

30

Now see if this clear apprehension
Will not with ease repell each argument
Which we rehers'd with an intention
For to refute. The earths swift movement,
Because 'tis naturall not violent,
Will never shatter buildings. With straight line
It binds down strongly each partic'larment
Of every edifice. All stones incline
Unto that Centre; this doth stoutly all combine.

31

Nor is lesse naturall that circular motion,
Then this that each part to the centre drives:
So every stone on earth with one commotion
Goes round, and yet with all right stifly strives
To reach the centre, though it never dives
So deep. Who then so blind but plainly sees
How for our safety Nature well contrives,
Binding all close with down-propensities?
But now we'll frame an answer to the loud-singing trees.

32

Walls, towers, trees, would stirre up a strange noise,
If th' aire stood still, while the earth is hurled round.
As doth the switch oft shak'd by idle boyes
That please themselves in varying of the sound.
But this objection we with reason sound
Have well prevented, while we plainly taught
Earth, water, aire in one to be fast bound
By one *spermatick* spright, which easly raught
To each part: Earth, sea, aire so powerfully hath it caught.

33

All these as one round entire body move
Upon their common Poles; that difficulty
Of stirring sounds, so clearly we remove.
That of the clouds with like facility
We straight shall chace away. In th' aire they ly
And whirl about with it, and when some wind
With violence afore him makes them fly,
Then in them double motion we find,
Eastward they move, and whither by those blasts they 're inclin'd.

What

34

y pretend of the Earths gravity,
it but a long taken up conceit:
hat downward to the earth doth hy
ore heavy then dry ſtraws that jet
ing made of black ſhining jeat.
ng doth tend to the loud-calling might
athy. So 'tis a miſconceit
:ms the earth the onely heavy weight.
it the ſtrange power of the ſtrong centrall ſpright

35

re a ſhiver cut from off the Moon
quite off from that round entire maſſe,
fall into our mouths? No, it would ſoon
:k to th' centre from whence forc'd it was:
: in Mars and Sol would come to paſſe,
he ſtars that have their proper centres.
; is nought but cloſe to preſſe
: Magick point, there near to enter;
:hetick part doth boldly it adventure.

36

:ach ſtarry globe all parts may tend
point, and mean time turn around;
i that ſway its circling ought offend:
ptions do not at all confound
ıthers courſe. The earth's not heavy found,
that ſtrong down-pulling *centrall* ſway,
ıders not but that it may turn round,
it moves not a contrary way.
:r I will bend againſt the fifth aſſay:

37

ſhot into the empty aire,
aight returning to the bowmans foot,
is ſtability muſt proven clear.
e bad archers do at random ſhoot,
ſie errour I do thus confute.
' hath one ſpirit with this ſphere,
ward turns with it, mov'd by the root
ll motion. So when back't doth bear
Eaſtward turns with motion circular.

38

So 'tis no wonder when it hath descended
It falleth back to th' place from whence itflew,
Sith all this while its circular course hath bended
Toward the East, and in proportion due
That arcuall Eastern motion did pursue :
Nearer the earth the slower it must go ;
These Arks be lesse, but in the heavens blew
Those Arks increase, it must not be so slow.
Thus must it needs return unto its idle bow.

39

Nor ought we wonder that it doth conform
Its motion to the circles of the aire,
Sith water in a woden bucket born
Doth fit it self unto each periphere,
By hight or depth, as you shall change the sphere.
So lowly set more water 't will contain,
'Cause its round tumour higher then doth bear
It self up from the brims. So may't be sayen
The lowlier man the larger graces doth obtain.

40

But now to answer to the last objection,
Tis not impossible one thing to move
Contrary wayes, which by a fit retection
I strongly will evince and clearly prove.
Take but the pains higher for to remove
A clock with hanging plummet. It goes down
At that same time you heave it high above
Its former place. Thus fairly have we won
The field 'gainst stupid sense, that reason fain would drown.

41

Now let's go on (we have well cleard the way)
More plainly prove this seeming paradox
And make this truth shine brighter then midday,
Neglect dull sconses mowes and idle mocks.
O constant hearts, as stark as Thracian rocks,
Well grounded in grave ignorance, that scorn
Reasons sly force, its light slight subtile strokes.
Sing we to these wast hills, dern, deaf, forlorn,
Or to the cheerfull children of the quick-ey'd *Morn* ?

To

42

) you we ſing that live in purer light,
:ap'd the thraldome of down-drooping ſenſe,
hoſe nimble ſpirit and clear piercing ſight
in eaſly judge of every conference
ithouten prejudice, with patience
.n weigh the moments of each reaſon brought
hile others in tempeſtuous vehemence
ow all away with bitter blaſts. Untought
otilties, they ſhew themſelves in jangling ſtout.

43

ave the barking of bold ſenſe confuted,
clamorous tongue thus being conſopite,
th reaſons eaſie ſhall I be well ſuited,
ſhow that Pythagore's poſition's right.
pernicks, or whoſoever dogma't hight.
e firſt is that that's wiſely ſignifi'd
Moſes Maymons ſon, a learned wight,
o ſaith each good Aſtronomer is ty'd
ſſen the heavens motions vainly multiply'd,

44

d the foul botches of falſe feigned Orbs:
oſe uſeleſſe number reaſon muſt reſtrain,
at oft the looſe luxuriant phanſie curbs,
d in juſt bounds doth warily contain:
uſe more means then needs is all in vain.
y then, O buſie ſonnes of Ptolemee!
you that vaſt ſtar-bearing ſphere conſtrain
hurl about with ſuch celerity,
th' earth may move without ſuch ſtrange velocity?

45

at needleſſe phanſy's this that that huge ſphere
one ſhort moment muſt thus whirl around,
it it muſt fly ſix hundred thouſand ſheere
Germane miles. If that will not confound,
pomp adde fourty thouſand more, that 'bound;
ee thouſand more, if it were requiſite,
. might annex, and more, if they have found
meaſure right; when as the earth's ſlow flight
time, of a mile goes but the ſixteenth bit.

46

But if this All be liquid, pervious,
One fine Ethereall (which reason right
Will soon admit: for 'tis ridiculous
Thus for to stud the heaven with nails bright,
The stars in fluid sky will standen tight,
As men do feigne the earth in the soft aire
To be unmov'd) How will proportion fit?
So vast a difference there doth appear
Of motions in those stars that the same bigneſſe bear.

47

Besides that difficulty will remain
Of unconceivable swift motion
In the Equinoctiall stars, where some contain
This earthy globes mighty dimension,
Ten thousand times twise told. They hurry on
With the same swiftneſſe I set down before,
And with more pains. A globes extension,
The bigger that it growes, groweth still more
Nigh to a flat fac'd figure, and finds resistance sore.

48

But now that all the heavens be liquid, hence
I'll fetch an argument. Those higher stars
They may as well hang in fluid essence,
As do the Planets. Venus orb debars
Not Mars, nor enters he with knock and jars;
The soft fine yielding Æther gives admission;
So gentle Venus to Marcurius dares
Descend, and finds an easie intromission,
Casts ope that azur curtain by a swift discission.

49

That famous star nail'd down in Cassiopee,
How was it hammer'd in your solid sky?
What pinsers pull'd it out again, that we
No longer see it, whither did it fly?
Astronomers say 'twas at least as high
As the eighth sphere. It gave no parallax,
No more then those light lamps that there we spy.
But prejudic'd minds before themselves they'll tax
Of holy writ and the heavens they'll make a nose of wax.

Wh

50

at man will now that's not vertiginous
:rie about his head these severall lights,
nighty vast with so voracious
d rapid course whirling them day and night
out the earth, when the earths motion might
e that so monstrous labour, with lesse pains,
n infinitely lesse? But thoughts empight
ce in the mind do so possesse the brains,
hard it is to wash out those deep ancient stains.

51

o things there be whose reason's nothing clear:
ose cool continuall breathings of East wind
ler the Line; the next high Comets are,
which three motions Philosophers do find,
icerning which men hitherto are blind,
it have not mov'd the earth unto their aid;
rnall and an annuall course they have mind
e to the sunnes, beside, by what they're sway'd
rth or South. This myst'ry's easly thus display'd.

52

: Ecliptick course, and that diurnall moving,
ut apparent as the sunnes, not true:
that the earth doth move, that still wants proving,
'll say. Then if you will, these Comets shew
: proof for her two motions. Whence issue
ose Meteors turnings? what shall hale them on,
l guide their steps, that in proportion due
y dance Sols measure? what occasion
it can be of that strange double motion?

53

ight but the earths circumvolution
h cause this sight, and but in outward show
s sight of double Sunlike motion
in the Comets. For the winds that blow
ler the Æquinoctiall, who doth know
other cause, that still they breathe from th' East?
it strange effect from whence else can it flow,
n from the earths swift hurting from the West?
rtis stronglieſt rouz'd, the Poles do sleep in rest.

54

Wherefore men under th' Æquinoctiall,
Where the earths course most rapid is and swift,
Sensibly 're dash'd 'gainst that Aereall
Pure liquid essence. That clear aire is left
Not snatch'd away so fast, not quite bereft
Of its own Nature, nor like th' other skie
Unmoved quite; but slow pac'd is yeleft
And driven close together; sensibly
So feel we that fine aire that seems from East to flie.

55

Those parts be in farre greater puritie
Devoid of earthy vapours. Thence it is
They're not so easly turn'd by sympathie,
The aire there having lesse of earthinesse;
So that they move not with one speedinesse,
The earth and it. Yet curious men have sun
Something like this, even in the mid-land seas
Ships foure times sooner the same stages run,
When westward they do flie, then when they there begun.

56

But that disgracement of Philosophie
From flux and reflux of the Ocean main
With its spread arms, we by this Theorie
Might take't away and shew the causes plain.
Some parts of th' earth do much more swiftnesse gain,
When as their course goes whirling on one way
With th' annuall motion, which must needs constrain
The fluid sea with unexpected sway.
Long time it were this mysterie fully to display.

57

Wherefore I'll let it passe, my self betake
Unto some reasons Astronomicall,
To which if 't please the nimble mind t' awake
And shake off prejudice, that wont forestall
The ablest wit, I fear not but he'll fall
Into the same opinion, magnifie
That subtile spirit that hath made this All,
And hath half-hid his work from mortall eye,
To sport and play with souls in sweet philosophie.

58

But with crabb'd mind wisdome will nere consort,
Make its abode with a sowr ingenie;
That harmlesse spright it self will nere disport
With bloudie zeal, currish malignitie,
With wrathfull ignorance, grave hypocrisie.
Mirth, and free mindednesse, simplicitie,
Patience, Discreetnesse, and benignitie,
Faithfulnesse, heart-struck teneritie;
hese be the lovely play-mates of pure veritie.

59

The Eternall Sonne of God, who *Logos* hight,
Made all things in a fit proportion;
Wherefore, I wote, no man that judgeth right
In heaven will make such a confusion,
That courses of unlike extension,
Infinitely unlike, in like time shall be run
By the slight starres. Such vast distension
Of place shews that their time is not all one;
turn his ring no'te finish as quick as the Moon.

60

Yet if the Earth stand stupid and unmov'd,
This needs must come to passe. For they go round
In every twise twelve houres, as is prov'd
By dayly experience. But it would confound
The worlds right order, if 't were surely found
A reall motion. Wherefore let it be
In them but seeming, but a reall round
In th' earth it self. The world so's setten free
om that untoward disproportionalitie.

61

For so the courses of the erring Seven
With their own orbs will fitly well agree;
Their Annuall periods in the liquid heaven
They onely finish then: which as they be
Or lesse or greater, so the time they flie
In their own circlings hath its difference.
The moon a moneth, Saturn years ten times three;
Those have the least and bigg'st circumference.
all their times and orbs have mutuall reference.

Next

62

Next light's, the Planets dark opacitie,
Which long time hath been found in the low moon:
Hills, valleys, and ſuch like aſperitie
Through optick glaſſes thence have plainly ſhone:
By the ſame trick it hath been clearly ſhown
That Venus moon-like grows corniculate
What time her face with fluſher light is blown:
Some ſuch like things others have contemplate
In Mercurie, about the Sunne both circulate.

63

When Venus is the furtheſt off from us,
Then is ſhe in her full. When in her full,
She ſeemeth leaſt; which proves ſhe's exterous
Beyond the Sunne, and further off doth roll.
But when her circling nearer down doth pull,
Then gins ſhe ſwell, and waxen bug with horn,
But looſe her light, parts clad with darkneſſe dull
She ſhows to us. She and Mercury ne're born
Farre from the Sunne, proves that about him both do turn

64

They both opake, as alſo is the Moon
That turns about the earth (ſo turn thoſe foure
'Bout Jupiter, tend him as he doth run
His annuall courſe) Then Tellus ſo may ſcoure
Th' Ethereall plain, and have the ſelf ſame power
To run her circuits in the liquid skie
About the Sunne, the mind that doth not lour,
Drooping in earthie dregs, will not denie,
Sith we ſo well have prov'd the ſtarres opacitie.

65

About the great the leſſer lamps do dance,
The Medicean foure reel about Jove;
Two round old Saturn without Nominance,
Luna about the earth doth nimbly move:
Then all as it doth ſeemly well behove,
About the bigg'ſt of all great Phœbus hight,
With joy and jollitie needs round muſt rove,
Tickled with pleaſure of his heat and light.
What tumbling tricks they play in his farre-piercing ſig

66

ny next argument (could I't well expresse
Poets pen) it hath so mighty force,
an ingenious man 'twould stoutly presse
ve assent unto the Annuall course
iis our earth. But prejudice the nurse
ignorance stoppeth all free confession,
eeps the way that souls have not recourse
urer reason, chok'd with that oppression.
gument is drawn from the stars retrocession.

67

ets go back, stand still, and forward flie
unexpected swiftnesse: What's the cause
they thus stagger in the plain-pav'd skie?
upid stand, as if some dull repose
numb their spirits and their sinews lose?
'gins the wheel-work of the Epicycle;
patch they heaven more botch'dly then old cloths.
prettie sport doth make my heart to tickle
ughter, and mine eyes with merry tears to trickle.

68

ring phansie! that dost thus compile
heavens from hasty thoughts, such as fall next;
e Philosophers cannot but smile
ich feat gear, at thy rude rash context.
eap of orbs disorderly perplext,
ist in on every hint of motion,
be the wondrous art of Nature, next
working under God. Thus, thus vain man
alwayes God to his opinion;

69

ks every thing is done as he conceives;
ld bind all men to his religion;
ne world else of freedome he bereaves,
nd his God must have Dominion,
truth must have her propagation:
is his thought, which he hath made a God,
furious hot inust impression
so disturb his veins, that all abroad
ge he roves, and all gainsayers down hath trod.

32

But to return from whence my Muse hath flown,
All this disordred superfluitie
Of Epicycles, or what else is shown
To salve the strange absurd enormitie
Of staggering motions in the azure skie;
Both Epicycles and those turns enorm
Would all prove nought, if you would but let flie
The earth in the Ecliptick line yborn,
As I could well describe in Mathematick form.

71

So could I (that's another argument)
From this same principle most clearly prove
In regresse and in progresse different
Of the free Planets: Why Saturn should rove
With shorter startings, give back lesse then Jove;
Jove lesse then Mars; why Venus flincheth out
More then Mercurius; why Saturn doth move
Ofter in those back jets then Jove doth shoot;
But Mercury more oft then Venus and Mars stout:

72

And why the Sunne escap'd an Epicycle,
When as th' old prodigall Astronomie
On the other six bestowed that needlesse cycle;
Why Saturn, Jove, and Mars be very nigh
Unto the earth, show bigger in our eye
At eventide when they rise Acronycall;
Why farre remov'd with so vast distancie
When they go down with setting Kronycall:
All these will plain appear from th' earths course Annu

73

Many other reasons from those heavenly motions
Might well be drawn, but with exilitie
Of subtile Mathematicks obscure notions,
A Poets pen so fitly no'te agree;
And curious men will judge't a vagrancy
To start thus from my scope. My pitched end
Was for to prove the immortalitie
Of humane souls: But if you well attend,
My ship to the right port by this bow'd course did bend.

: clearly show'd that stout resistence
e soul against the *Mundane* spright
Whereof's the lower mans consistence;
h quell by force of reason right
se impressions which our outward sight
r lower life: From whence we see
ive proper independent might,
mind, behold our own Idee,
must prove the souls sure immortality.

ARGUMENT OF
YCHATHANASIA.

Book 3. Cant. 4.

ice, true faith in the first good,
Our best perswasion
lest eternity unmov'd,
Th' earths conflagration.

1

me good to think what things will follow
ll prov'd thesis in my former song;
liquid heavens more swift then swallow,
Tellus lap. That doth among
starres of right not rudely throng,
vhat highest thoughts of man desire:
st thoughts of man are vain and vvrong,
rd heaven vve burn vvith hellish fire,
covetise, revenge, lust, pride and ire.

2

hth sphere Andromeda from chains
ast; fearfull Orion flyes
led Scorpion. Alas! vvhat gains
to live in the bright starrie skyes?
can exeem from miseries.
at seek for true felicity,
: ovvn hearts: There God himself descryes
there dvvells his beauteous majesty;
the sunne of righteousnesse in goodly glee.

And

3

And you who boldly all Gods providence
Confine to this ſmall ball, that *Tellus* hight,
And dream not of a mutuall influence,
And how that ſhe may ſhine with beamsbright
At a farre diſtance clad with Sols lent light,
As Venus and the Moon; O you that make
This earth Gods onely darling dear delight,
All th' other orbs merely for this orbs ſake
So ſwiftly for to runne with labour never ſlack,

4

To dance attendance on their Princeſſe *Earth*
In their quick circuits, and with anger keen
Would bite him, that or ſerious or in mirth
Doubts the prerogative of your great Queen!
Beſt uſe of that your Theory, I ween,
In this, that as your ſelves monopolize
All the whole world, ſo your ſelves back again
You wholy give to God. Who can deviſe
A better way? Mans ſoul to God this cloſely tyes.

5

But if the earth doth thankfully reflect
Both light and influence to other ſtarres,
As well as they to it, where's the defect?
That ſweet ſubordination it mars;
Gods love to us then not ſo plain appears:
For then the ſtarres be mutually made
One for another: Each all the good then bears
Of the Univerſe, for 'ts ſingle labour paid
With the joint pains of all that in the heavens wade.

6

Rare reaſon! why! then God would be too good
What judgeth ſo but envy, and vain pride,
And baſe contract ſelf-love? which that free flood
Of bounty hath ſo confidently tied
Unto it ſelf alone. Large hearts deride
This pent hypocriſie. Is he good to me?
That grace I would not ere ſhould be deny'd
Unto my fellow: My felicity
Is multiply'd, when others I like happy ſee.

11

Fear, anger, hope, fierce vengeance, and swoln hate,
Tumultuous joy, envy and discontent,
Self-love, vain-glory, strife and fell debate,
Unsatiate covetise, desire impotent,
Low-sinking grief, pleasure, lust violent,
Fond emulation, all these dim the mind
That with foul filth the inward eye yblent,
That light that is so near it cannot find.
So shines the Sunne unseen on a trees rugged rind.

12

But the clean soul by virtue purifi'd
Collecting its own self from the foul steem,
Of earthly life, is often dignify'd,
With that pure pleasure that from God doth streem;
Often's enlighten'd by that radiant beam,
That issues forth from his divinity,
Then feelingly immortall she doth deem
Her self, conjoynd by so near unity
With God, and nothing doubts of her eternity.

13

Nor death nor sleep nor any dismall shade
Of low contracting life she then doth fear,
No troubled thoughts her settled mind invade,
Th' immortall root of life she seeth clear,
Wisheth she were for ever grafted here:
No cloud, no darknesse, no deficiency
In this high heavenly life doth ere appear;
Redundant fulnesse, and free liberty,
Easie flowing knowledge, never weary energy,

14

Broad open sight, eternall wakefulnesse,
Withouten labour or consuming pain:
The soul all these in God must needs possesse
When there deep-rooted life she doth obtain,
As I in a few words shall maken plain.
This bodies life by powerfull sympathy
The soul to sleep and labour doth constrain,
To grief, to wearinesse and anxiety,
In fine, to hideous sense of dread mortality.

11

Say now the dagger touch'd thy trembling breast,
Couldst thou recall the reasons I have shown
To prove th' immortall state of men deceast?
Evolved reason cannot stand at one
Stoutly to guard thy soul from passion.
They passe successively like sand i'th' glasse;
While thou look'st upon this the other's gone
But there's a plight of soul such virtue has
Which reasons weak assistance strangely doth surpasse.

12

The just and constant man, a multitude
Set upon mischief cannot him constrain
To do amisse by all their uprores rude,
Not for a tyrants threat will he ere stain
His inward honour. The rough Adrian
Tost with unquiet winds doth nothing move
His steddy heart. Much pleasure he doth gain
To see the glory of his Master Jove,
When his drad darts with hurrying light through all doro

13

If heaven and earth should rush with a great noise,
He fearlesse stands, he knows whom he doth trust,
Is confident of his souls after joyes,
Though this vain bulk were grinded into dust.
Strange strength resideth in the soul that's just:
It feels the power how't commands the spright
Of the low man, vigorously finds it must
Be independent of such feeble might
Whose motions dare not appear before its awfull sight.

14

But yet, my Muse, still take an higher flight,
Sing of Platonick Faith in the first Good,
That Faith that doth our souls to God unite
So strongly, tightly, that the rapid flood
Of this swift flux of things, nor with foul mud
Can stain, nor strike us off from th' unity,
Wherein we stedfast stand, unshak'd, unmov'd,
Engrafted by a deep vitality.
The prop and stay of things is Gods benignity.

15

Als is the rule of his Oeconomie.
No other cause the creature brought to light
But the first *Good's* pregnant fecundity:
He to him self is perfect full delight;
He wanteth nought, with his own beams bedight
He glory has enough. O blasphemy!
That envy gives to God or soure despight!
Harsh hearts! that feigne in God a tyranny,
Her pretense to encrease his sovereigne Majesty.

16

When nothing can to Gods own self accrew,
Who 's infinitely happy; sure the end
Of this creation simply was to shew
His flowing goodnesse, which he doth out send
Not for himself; for nought can him amend;
But to his creature doth his good impart,
His infinite *Good* through all the world doth wend
To fill with heavenly blisse each willing heart.
The free Sunne doth 'light and 'liven every part.

17

This is the measure of Gods providence,
The key of knowledge, the first fair Idee,
The eye of truth, the spring of living sense,
Thence sprout Gods secrets; the sweet mystery
Of lasting life, eternall charity.
Yet you O bitter men and soure of sprigh!
Which brand Gods name with such foul infamy
Yet though poore humane race he did or slight,
Curiously view to do them some despight;

18

And all to shew his mighty excellency,
Is uncontrolled strength: fond men! areed,
Yet not as great an act from misery
To keep the feeble, as his life to speed
With fatall stroke? The weak shak'd whisling reed
Bows Boreas wondrous strong! but ignorance
And false conceit is the foul spirits meed;
Gods lovely life hath there no enterance;
Yet their fond thoughts for truth they vainly do advance.

19

If God do all things simply at his pleasure
Because he will, and not because its good,
So that his actions shall have no set measure;
Is't possible it should be understood
What he intends? I feel that he is lov'd
Of my dear soul, and know that I have born
Much for his sake; yet is it not hence prov'd
That I shall live, though I do sigh and mourn
To find his face; his creatures wish he'll slight and scorn

20

When I breath out my utmost vitall breath,
And my dear spirit to my God commend,
Yet some foul feigne close lurking underneath
My serious humble soul from me may rend:
So to the lower shades down we shall wend,
Though I in hearts simplicity expected
A better doom; sith I my steps did bend
Toward the will of God, and had detected
Strong hope of lasting life, but now I am rejected.

21

Nor of well being, nor subsistency
Of our poore souls, when they do hence depart,
Can any be assur'd, if liberty
We give to such odde thoughts, that thus pervert
The laws of God, and rashly do assert
That will rules God, but *Good* rules not Gods will.
What ere from right, love, equity, doth start,
For ought we know then, God may act that ill,
Onely to show his might, and his free mind fulfill.

22

O belch of hell! O horrid blasphemy!
That Heavens unblemish'd beauty thus dost stain,
And brand Gods nature with such infamy:
Can *Wise*, *Just*, *Good*, do ought that's harsh or vain?
All what he doth is for the creatures gain,
Not seeking ought from us for his content:
What is a drop unto the Ocean main?
All he intends is our accomplishment.
His being is self-full, self-joy'd, self-excellent.

23

; fair beams through all has freely sent;
but thy soul that thou mayst take them in.
froward hypocrite be never went,
finds pretexts to keep his darling sinne.
igh all the earth this spright takes pains to winne
t self such as he simply true,
ith malignant pride resist not him,
ive to do what he for right doth shew;
greater light he brings into their view.

24

es in severall circumference
up unto him and expect their food;
es his hand, showrs down their sustinence:
things be yfild with their wish'd good,
ink, are satisfi'd from this free flood.
cling life that yet unsettled is
; straight, as it is further still remov'd
the first simple *Good*, obtains lesse blisse,
sharp pains inflicted by just *Nemesis*.

24

hy do I my soul loose and disperse
nouldring reason, that like sand doth flow.
lose united with that *Good*, a verse
ot declare, nor its strange virtue show.
; it holds up the soul in all its wo,
leath, nor hell, nor any change doth fray.
valks in light knows whither he doth go;
iod is light, we children of the day.
ur strength and hope, what can us then dismay?

25

esse it self will do to us this good,
godly souls may dwell with him for aye.
iod forsake what of himself's belov'd?
ever lives may shrink into cold clay;
od mens souls death hests shall not obey.
there's no incompossibility
ngs, Gods goodnesse needs must bear the swar-
rtuous brood take't for sure verity,
s shalt not fall short of blest eternity.

26

But yet bold men with much perplexity
Will here object against this principle,
Heaping up reasons (strange fecundity
Of ignorance !) that goodly might to quell
Of my last argument, so fairly well
Set down, right strongly the unsettled spright
To have confirmed at my last far-well:
But contraire forces they bring into sight,
And proudly do provoke me with that rout to fight.

27

Whence was't, say they, that God the creature made
No sooner ? why did infinite delay
Precede his work ? should God his goodnesse staid
So long a time ? why did he not display
From infinite years this *out-created ray* ?
The mighty starres why not inhabited,
When God may souls proportion to their clay
As well as to this earth ? why not dispred
The world withouten bounds, endlesse, uncompassed ?

28

Poore souls ! why were they put into this cave
Of misery, if they can well exist
Without the body ? Why will not God save
All mankind ? His great wisdome if it list
Could so contrive that they'd at last desist
From sinning, fallen into some providence
That sternly might rebuke them that have mist
Their way, and work in them true penitence:
Thus might they turn to God with double diligence.

29

Why be not damned souls devoyd of sense,
If nothing can from wickednesse reclame,
Rather then fry in pain and vehemence
Of searching agony ? or why not frame
Another form, so with new shape and name
Again to turn to life ? One centrall spright
Why may't not many forms in it contain,
Which may be wak'd by some magnetick might,
'Cording as is the matter upon which they light?

30

ı two ſeverall kinds by Venus knit
a birth, from both the ſoul doth take
e; but if free it were tranſmit
l with th' others ſeed, then it would make
le form; for then they could not ſlake
others energie. Why 's the world ſtill
ight, through malice, or through blind miſta'ke?
the firſt-made-man ſuch a looſe will,
numerous of-ſpring he ſhould fouly ſpill.

31

not this unlucky world diſſolv'd
ıs that unhappy Adam fell?
of this knot I be reſolv'd:
myriads tumble down to hell,
partakers of Gods holy ſpell.
is ſaid, they that do not partake
tian lore, for ever they muſt dwell
ed fiends, and burn in brimſtone lake.
lrad deſignes do make my heart to quake.

32

multitude of myriads
be ſav'd, but broyl in ſcorching wo;
ous miſchiefs then to miſchiefs addes
lds continuance if that be ſo;
ely more then good doth grow.
would ſhow much more benignity
ibs of heaven about would ſtrow,
he earth, choke all vitality,
ıe creature to its ancient nullity.

33

who ere thou art, that thus doſt ſtrive
ce aſſault my ground-work to ſubvert,
lly doſt into Gods ſecrets drive,
my manly face no'te make m'avert.
lde queſtion which thou firſt did ſtert,
ly prove thine incapacity,
e thy feeble feet back to revert,
not climb ſo high a myſtery:
ıe ſtrang perplexed inconſiſtency.

34

Why was this world from all infinity
Not made? saist thou: why? could it be so made
Say I. For well observe the sequency:
If this *out world* continually hath wade
Through a long long-spun time that never had
Beginning, then there as few circulings
Have been in the quick Moon as Saturn sad;
And still more plainly this clear truth to sing,
As many years as dayes or flitting houres have been.

35

For things that we conceive are infinite,
One th' other no'te surpasse in quantity.
So I have prov'd with clear convincing light,
This world could never from infinity
Been made. Certain deficiency
Doth alwayes follow evolution:
Nought's infinite but tight eternity.
Close thrust into it self: extension
That's infinite implyes a contradiction.

36

So then for ought we know this world was made
So soon as such a Nature could exist;
And though that it continue, never fade;
Yet never will it be that that long twist
Of time prove infinite, though nere desist
From running still. But we may safely say
Time past compar'd with this long future list.
Doth show as if the world but yesterday
Were made, and in due time Gods glory out may ray

37

Then this short night and ignorant dull ages
Will quite be swallowed in oblivion;
And though this hope by many surly Sages
Be now derided, yet they'll all be gone
In a short time, like Bats and Owls yflone
At dayes approch. This will hap certainly
At this worlds shining conflagration.
Fayes, Satyrs, Goblins the night merrily
May spend, but ruddy Sol shall make them all to fly.

38

The roring Lions and drad beasts of prey
Rule in the dark with pittious cruelty;
But harmlesse Man is master of the day,
Which doth his work in pure simplicity.
God blesse his honest usefull industry.
But pride and covetize, ambition,
Riot, revenge, self-love, hypocrisie,
Contempt of goodnesse, forc'd opinion;
These and such like do breed the worlds confusion.

39

But whither am I gone? The eagre mind
Impatiently expects I should proceed
Unto the next objection; that defin'd,
Then thorough on. His vote it must not speed,
Danger of plenteous speech is the sure meed,
And Cynthius pulls me by my tender eare,
Such signes I will observe with wary heed.
Therefore my restlesse Muse at length forbear,
Thy silver sounded Lute hang up in silence here.

IE PREFACE TO THE READER.

NO preface much concerning these little after-pieces of Poetry, I hold needlesse, having spoke my mind so fully before. The motives that drevv me to them to the former are expreſt in the Po- themselves. My drift is one in them all: :h is to raise a certain number of vvell orde- 'hantasms, fitly shaped out and vvarily con- d, vvhich I set to skirmish and conflict vvith ıe furious phansies of Epicurisme and Athe- But here 's my disadvantage, that victory be no victory, unlesse the adversary ac- vledge himself overcome. None can ac- vledge himself overcome, unlesse he perceive rength, and feel the stroke of the more povv- l arguments. But the exility and subtletie of ', and that not of the meanest, is such (nor :hey be othervvise) that they vvill (as that of thunder vvhich the Poets do commonly ἀέρα, from its over quick and penetrating ;ie) go through their more *porous* and spon- ıinds vvithout any sensible impression. ure I am that sensuality is alvvayes an ene-) subtilty of reason, vvhich hath its rise from ty of phansie: so that the life of the body, be-

ing

4

Now comes the ſtory of Praxiteles
Into my mind, whom looking in a glaſſe,
With ſurly countenance, it did much diſpleaſe,
That any ſhould ſo ſourely him outface;
Yet whom he ſaw his dogged ſelf it was:
Tho he with angry fiſt ſtruck his own ſhade.
Thus he the harmleſſe miroir ſhattered has
To many ſhivers; the ſame ſhapes invade
Each piece, ſo he a many ſurly ſad faces made.

5

Theſe ſhapes appeard from the diviſion
Of the broke glaſſe: ſo raſher phanſies deem
The Rationall ſoul (whom they ſuppoſe but one)
By the divided matter many to ſeem:
Disjoined bulks broke glaſſes they eſteem:
Which if they did into one ſubſtance flow,
One ſingle ſoul in that one glaſſe would ſheen;
If that one ſubſtance alſo were ygo,
One onely ſoul is left, the reſt were but a ſhow.

6

Well is their mind by this ſimilitude
Explaind. But now lets ſift the verity
Of this opinion, and with reaſon rude
Rub, cruſh, tonze, rifle this fine phantaſie,
As light and thin as cob-webs that do fly
In the blew aire, cauſ'd by th' Autumnall ſun,
That boils the dew that on the earth doth lie.
May ſeem this whitiſh rag then is the ſcum,
Unleſſe that wiſer men make't the field-ſpiders loom.

7

But ſuch deep ſecrets willingly I leave
To grand philoſophers. I'll forward go
In my propoſed way. If they conceive
There's but one ſoul (though many ſeem in ſhow)
Which in theſe living bodies here below
Doth operate (ſome ſuch opinion
That Learned Arab held hight Aven-Roe)
How comes't to paſſe that ſhe's ſo ſeldome known
In her own ſelf? In few ſhe thinks her ſelf but one.

this is but to ſhew; how the ſtronger or
αἴσθημα doth obſcure the weaker or further,
nd how that one being removed, the ener-
the other will eaſily appear.

w that our compariſon may be the fitter,
conſider what Ariſtotle ſaith of phanſie,
is αἴσθησις τῆς αἰσθήσεως. Thus much I will take
, that Phanſie is ſenſe; and adde to it that
μα is alſo αἴσθημα, and αἴσθημα, φάντασμα· and
I have intimated in ſome paſſages of theſe
s, That the ſoul doth alwayes feel it ſelf, its
ctuall Idea, by its omniform centrall ſelf.
at the immediate ſenſe of the ſoul is nothing
at to perceive its own energie.

w, ſith that, that which we call outward
is indeed the very energie of the ſoul, and
d ſenſe which is phanſie can be but the
nergie of the ſoul, there ſeems to be no re-
nd intrinſecall difference betwixt the φάντα-
nd αἴσθημα of any form; no more then there
wixt a frog born by the Sunne and mere
, and one born by copulation: For theſe are
xtrinſecall relations. Wherefore φάντασμα
ἴσθημα in the ſoul it ſelf is all one.

t now ſith it is the ſame nature, why is there
he ſame degree of energie in both? I ſay
is, as appears plainly in ſleep, where we
all as clear and energeticall as when we

t here theſe αἰσθήματα or φαντάσματα (for I
prov'd them all one) do as greater and

leſſer

32

But if ſhe know thoſe ſpecies outſent
From diſtant objects; tell me how ſhe knows
Theſe ſpecies. By ſome other? You nere ment
To anſwer ſo. For ſtraight the queſtion goes
Unto another, and ſtill forward flows
Even to infinity. Doth the object ſerve
Its image to the mind for to diſcloſe?
This anſwer hath as little ſenſe or nerve:
Now reel you in a circle if you well obſerve.

33

Wherefore no aſcititious form alone
Can make us ſee or hear; but when this ſpright
That is one with the *Mundane's* hit upon
(Sith all forms in our ſoul be counite
And *centrally* lie there) ſhe doth beget
Like ſhapes in her own ſelf; that energie
By her own centrall ſelf who forth it let,
Is view'd. Her *centrall omniformity*
Thus eaſly keepeth off needleſſe infinity.

34

For the quick ſoul by it ſelf doth all things know:
And ſith withouten apt ſimilitude
Nought's known, upon her we muſt needs beſtow
Eſſentiall centrall forms, that thus endew'd
With univerſall likeneſſe ever tranſmew'd
Into a repreſenting energie
Of this or that, ſhe may have each thing view'd
By her own *centrall ſelf-vitality*.
Which is her *ſelf-eſſentiall omniformity*.

35

If plantall ſouls in their own ſelves contain
That vitall formative fecundity,
That they a tree with different colour ſtain,
And divers ſhapes, ſmoothneſſe, aſperity,
Straighneſſe, acuteneſſe, and rotundity,
A golden yellow, or a crimſon red,
A varniſh'd green, with ſuch like gallantry;
How dull then is the ſenſitive? how dead,
If forms from its own centre it can never ſpread?

16

For that one ſoul is judge of every thing,
And heareth all Philoſophers diſpute;
It ſelf diſputes in all that jangling,
In reaſoning fiercely doth it ſelf confute,
And contradictions confidently conclude:
That is ſo monſtrous that no man can think
To have leaſt ſhew of truth. So this purſuit
I well might now leave off: what need I ſwink
'o prove what's clearly true, and force out needleſſe ink.

17

Again, ſhe would the ſame thing will and nill
At the ſame time. Beſides, all men would have
The ſelf-ſame knowledge, art, experience, skill;
The frugall parent might his money ſave,
The Pedagoge his pains: If he engrave
His Grammer precepts but in one boyes mind,
Or decent manners: He doth thus embrave
VVith ſingle labour all the youth you'll find
nder the hollow heavens, they'll be alike enclin'd.

18

And every man is skill'd in every trade,
And every ſilent thought that up doth ſpring
In one mans breaſt, doth every man invade;
No counſel-keeper, nor no ſecret thing
VVill then be found; They'll need no whiſpering
Nor louder voice. Let Orators be dumb,
Nor need the eager auditours make a ring;
Though every one keep himſelf cloſe at home, (roam,
he ſilent Preachers thoughts through all the world will

19

Find each man out, and in a moment hit
VVith unavoyded force: Or ſooth to ſain
They all begin at once to think what's fit,
And all at once anon leave off again.
A thouſand ſuch incongruities vain
VVill follow from that firſt abſurdity,
VVhich doth all ſouls into one centre ſtrain,
And make them void of ſelf-centrality.
range ſoul from whence firſt ſprong ſo uncouth falſity.

3

If God even on this body operate,
And shakes this Temple when he doth descend,
Or with sweet vigour doth irradiate,
And lovely light and heavenly beauty lend.
Such rayes from Moses face did once extend
Themselves on Sinai hill, where he did get
Those laws from Gods own mouth, mans life to mend;
And from Messias on mount Saron set
Farre greater beauty shone in his disciples sight.

4

Als Socrates, when (his large *Intellect*
Being fill'd with streaming light from God above)
To that fair sight his soul did close collect,
That inward lustre through the body drove
Bright beams of beauty. These examples prove
That our low being the great Deity
Invades, and powerfully doth change and move.
Which if you grant, the souls divinity
More fitly doth receive so high an energy.

5

And that God doth illuminate the mind,
Is well approv'd by all antiquity;
With them Philosophers and Priests we find
All one: or else at least Philosophy
Link'd with Gods worship and pure piety:
Witnesse Pythagoras, Aglaophemus,
Zoroaster, thrice-mighty Mercury,
Wise Socrates, nothing injurious,
Religious Plato, and vice-taming Orpheus.

6

All these, addicted to religion,
Acknowledg'd God the fount of verity,
From whence flows out illumination
Upon purg'd souls. But now, O misery!
To seek to God is held a phantasie,
But men hug close their loved lust and vice,
And deem that thraldome a sweet liberty;
Wherefore reproch and shame they do devise
Against the braver souls that better things emprise.

THE ARGUMENT OF NTIPSYCHOPANNYCHIA.

Cant. 1.

Adams long ſleep, will, mind compar'd
With low vitality,
The fondneſſe plainly have unbar'd
Of Pſychopannychie.

1

'He ſouls ever durancy I ſung before,
Yſtruck with mighty rage. A powerfull fire
leld up my lively Muſe and made her ſoar
o high that mortall wit, I fear, ſhe'll tire
'o trace her. Then a while I did reſpire.
ut now my beating veins new force again
avades, and holy fury doth inſpire.
'hus ſtirred up I'll adde a ſecond ſtrain,
,what afore was ſaid may ſeem all ſpoke in vain.

2

or ſure in vain do humane ſouls exiſt
ſter this life, if lull'd in liſtles ſleep
'hey ſenſeleſſe lie wrapt in eternall miſt,
ound up in foggy clouds, that ever weep
enumming tears, and the ſouls centre ſteep
ith deading liquour, that ſhe never minds
r feeleth ought. Thus drench'd in *Lethe* deep,
lor miſſeth ſhe her ſelf, nor ſeeks nor finds
ſelf. This mirkſome ſtate all the ſouls actions binds.

3

eſire, fear, love, joy, ſorrow, pleaſure, pain,
enſe, phancy, wit, forecaſting providence,
elight in God, and what with ſleepy brain
light ſute, ſlight dreams, all baniſh'd far from hence.
lor pricking nor applauding conſcience
an wake the ſoul from this dull Lethargie;
'hat 'twixt this ſleepy ſtate ſmall difference
ou'll find and that men call Mortality.
a death's as good as ſuch a *Pſychopannychie.*

4

What profiteth this bare exiſtency,
If I perceive not that I do exiſt?
Nought longs to ſuch, nor mirth nor miſery.
Such ſtupid beings write into one liſt
With ſtocks and ſtones. But they do not perſiſt,
You'll ſay, in this dull dead condition.
But muſt revive, ſhake off this drow ſie miſt
At that laſt ſhrill loud-ſounding clarion
Which cleaves the trembling earth, rives monuments of ſt

5

Has then old Adam ſnorted all this time
Under ſome ſenſeleſſe ſod with ſleep ydead?
And have thoſe flames, that ſteep Olympus climbe,
Right nimbly wheeled o're his heedleſſe head
So oft, in-heaps of years low-buried:
And yet can ken himſelf when he ſhall riſe
Wakend by piercing trump, that farre doth ſhed
Its ſearching ſound? If we our memories
And wit do loſe by ſickneſſe, falls, ſloth, lethargies;

6

If all our childhood quite be waſte away
With its impreſſions, ſo that we forget
What once we were, ſo ſoon as age doth ſway
Our bowed backs, ſure when baſe worms have eat
His mouldring brains, and ſpirits have retreat
From whence they came, ſpread in the common fire,
And many thouſand ſloping ſunnes have ſet
Since his laſt fall into his ancient mire,
How he will ken himſelf reaſon may well admire:

7

For he muſt know himſelf by ſome impreſſion
Left in his ancient body unwaſh'd out:
Which ſeemeth ſtrange. For can ſo long ſucceſſion
Of ſliding years that great Coloſſes mought
Well moulder into duſt, ſpare things ywrought
So ſlightly as light phantaſms in our brain,
Which oft one yeare or moneth have wrenched out
And left no footſteps of that former ſtain,
No more then's of a cloud quite melted into rain?

8

nd shall not such long series of time,
'hen Nature hath dispread our vitall spright
nd turn'd our body to its ancient slime,
uite wash away what ever was empight
i that our spirit? If bulk and soul unite
ose such impressions, as were once deep seald
nd fairly glisterd like to comets bright
our blew *Chaos*, if the soul congeald
her own body lose these forms as I reveald,

9

hen so long time of their disjunction
The body being into dust contract,
he spright diffus'd, spread by dispersion)
nd such *Lethean* sleep that doth contract
he souls hid rayes that it doth nothing act
ust certainly wipe all those forms away
hat sense or phansie ever had impact.
that old Adam will in vain assay
nd who here he was, he'll have no memorie.

10

or can he tell that ere he was before:
nd if not tell, he's as if then first born.
as first born, his former life's no store.
:t when men wake they find themselves at morn.
it if their memory away were worn
ith one nights sleep, as much as doth respect
hemselves, these men they never were beforn,
is day's their birth day: they cannot conject
ever liv'd till now, much lesse the same detect.

13

when a man goes hence, thus may he say,
s much as me concerns I die now quite.
diew, good self! for now thou goest away,
or can I possibly thee ever meet
gain, nor ken thy face, nor kindly greet.
eep and dispersion spoyls our memory.
my dear self henc' forth I cannot weet.
he: e'ore to me it's perfectly to die,
ugh subtil'er Wits do call't but *Psychopannychie.*

12

Go now you *Psychopannychites*! perſwade
To comely virtues and pure piety
From hope of joy, or fear of penance ſad.
Men promptly may make anſwer, Who ſhall try
That pain or pleaſure? When death my dim eye
Shall cloſe, I ſleep not ſenſible of ought:
And tract of time at leaſt all memory
Will quite debarre, that reacquainten mought
My ſelf with mine own ſelf, if ſo my ſelf I ſought.

13

But I ſhall neither ſeek my ſelf, nor find
My ſelf unſought: Therefore not deprehend
My ſelf in joy or wo. Men ought to mind
What longs unto them. But when once an end
Is put unto this life, and fate doth rend
Our retinence; what follows nought at all
Belongs to us: what need I to contend,
And my frail ſpright with preſent pain to gall
For what I nere ſhall judge my ſelf did ere befall?

14

This is the uncouth ſtate of ſleeping ſoul,
Thus weak of its own ſelf without the prop
Of the baſe body, that it no'te out-roll
Its vitall raies: thoſe raies death down doth lop,
And all its goodly beauty quite doth crop
With its black claws. Wiſdome, love, piety,
Are ſtraight dried up: death doth their founta in ſtop.
This is thoſe ſleepers dull Philoſophy,
Which fairly men invites to foul impiety.

15

But if we grant, which in my former ſong
I plainly prov'd, that the ſouls energie
Pends not on this baſe corſe, but that ſelf-ſtrong
She by her ſelf can work, then when we fly
The bodies commerce, no man can deny
But that there is no interruption
Of life; where will puts on, there doth ſhe hie.
Or if ſhe's carried by coaction,
That force yet ſhe obſerves by preſſe adverſion.

16

ith moſt lively touch doth feel and find
f. For either what ſhe moſt doth love
n obtains; or elſe with croſſe, unkind
ry life ſince her deceaſe ſhe hath ſtrove,
eeps her wake, and with like might doth move
ık upon her ſelf, and in what plight
llen. And nothing able to remove
arching vengeance, groans in this ſad Night,
, and raves, and ſtorms, & with her ſelf doth fight.

17

ırty love of that great vitall ſpright,
red fount of holy ſympathy;
s the ſoul with its deep quickning might
/e the bodyes vain mortality.
ne flies into Eternity,
ıll accompliſhment of her ſtrong deſire;
ıing would reach its own centrality:
h with Earth, and Moon with Moon conſpire.
s live moſt, when moſt we feed our *Centrall* fire.

18

the ſoul continually in life
ten interruption. If that ſhe
erate after the fatall knife
ıt the cords of this bulks ſympathy:
he can do, if that ſome energy
rciſe (immur'd in this baſe clay)
on this bulk hath no dependency.
n the like ſhe'll do, that done away,
ependent acts, its time now to diſplay.

19

ıprehending *Will*, proportionate
ıtſoever ſhall fall by Gods decree
lent ſufferance, ſweetly ſpread, dilate,
d out to embrace each act or entity
eep from hidden cauſe that none can ſee
ıtward eyes. Next *Intellect*, whoſe hight
king's then, when as it ſtands moſt free
nſe and groſſer phanſie, deep empight
l corſe, which to purg'd minds yields ſmall delight.

20

Both Will and Intellect then worketh best,
When sense and appetite be consopite,
And grosser phansie lull'd in silent rest:
Then Will grown full with a mild heavenly light
Shines forth with goodly mentall rayes bedight,
And finds and feels such things as never pen
Can setten down, so that unexpert wight
May reade and understand. Experienc'd men
Do onely know who like impressions sustain.

21

So far's the soul from a dependency
(In these high actions) on the body base.
And further signe is want of memory
Of these impressions wrought in heavenly place,
I mean the holy *Intellect*: they passe
Leaving no footsteps of their former light,
When as the soul from thence descended has.
Which is a signe those forms be not empight
In our low proper *Chaos* or *Corporeall spright*.

22

For then when we our mind do downward bend
Like things we here should find: but all is gone
Soon as our flagging souls so low descend
As that straight spright. Like torch that droppeth down
From some high tower, held steddy clearly shone,
But in its fall leaves all its light behind,
Lies now in darknesse on the grail, or stone,
Or dirty earth: That erst so fully shin'd,
Within a glowing coal hath now its light confin'd.

23

So doth the soul when from high *Intellect*
To groveling sense she takes her stooping flight,
Falling into her body, quite neglect,
Forget, forgo her former glorious sight,
Grosse glowing fire for that wide shining light;
For purest love, foul fury and base passion;
For clearest knowledge, fell contentious fight
Sprong from some scorching false inust impression
Which she'll call truth, she gains. O witlesse Commutation!

But

24

ore clear her independent might
anding and pure ſubtile will
: I will aſſay t' explain aright
:nce ('cording to my beſt skill)
ſe and thoſe baſe faculties that well
n with the low vitality
-*world*, that when my curious quill,
deſcrib'd their great diſparity,
t we may give an independency.

25

es we deem corporeall,
unto this earthy inſtrument
that they no'te operate at all
e body there immerſe and meint)
feeling, taſting, ſight, and ſent.
phanſie, *Mundane* memory:
ers be all or more or leſſe ypent
e life: We 'll firſt their property
l then the others contrariety.

26

perceives not its own inſtrument.
ſcovers not the ſpungy tongue;
Mundane ſpright (through all extent)
ce are ſenſe and lower phanſie ſprong,
y the beſt of all among
ed *five*, nor yet by phantaſie:
r this or thoſe ſo nearly throng
elves as by propinquity
l themſelves. They no'te themſelves deſcry;

27

arnd they their own energie.
held ſomewhere elſe in open ſight,
lies, unknown unto the eye
igh there its image be empight,
it ſoul look on that image right.
hemſelves the ſenſes do not know,
ar phanſie; for each furious wight
ie full enough, ſo full't doth ſhow
he, nor's phanſie doth that phanſie know.

28

Age, potent objects, too long exercise
Do weaken, hurt, and much debilitate
Those lower faculties. The Sun our eyes
Confounds with dazeling beams of light so that
For a good while we cannot contemplate
Ought visible: thus thunder deafs the eare,
And age hurts both, that doth quite ruinate
Our sense and phansie: so if long we heare
Or see, 't sounds not so sweet, nor can we see so clear.

29

Lastly, the Senses reach but to one kind
Of things. The eye sees colours, so the eare
Hears sounds, the nostrills snuff perfumed wind;
What grosse impressions the out-senses bear
The phansie represents, sometimes it dare
Make unseen shapes, with uncouth transformation,
Such things as never in true nature are.
But all this while the phansies operation
Is bound to law of bodies: such is her figuration.

30

This is the nature of those faculties
That of the lower *Mundane* spright depend.
But in our *Intellect* farre otherwise
We'st see it, if we pressely will attend
And trace the parallels unto the end.
There's no self-knowledge. Here the soul doth find
Her self. If so, then without instrument.
For what more fit to show our inward mind
Then our own mind? But if 't be otherwise defind;

31

Then tell me, Knows she that fit instrument?
If she kens not that instrument, how can
She judge, whether truly it doth represent
Her self? there may be foul delusion.
But if she kens this organ; straight upon
This grant, I'll ask how kens she this same tole?
What? by another? by what that? so go on
Till to infinity you forward roll,
An horrid monster count in Philosophick school.

32

The ſoul then works by it ſelf, and is ſelf-liv'd,
Sith that it acts without an inſtrument:
Free energies from her own ſelf deriv'd
Flow round. But to go on. The eyes yblent
Do blink even blind with objects vehement,
So that till they themſelves do well recure
Leſſe matters they no'te ſee. But rayes down ſent
From higher ſourſe the mind do maken pure,
Do clear, do ſubtiliſe, do fix, do ſettle ſure.

33

That if ſo be ſhe lift to bend her will
To leſſer matters, ſhe would it perform
More excellently with more art and skill:
Nor by long exerciſe her ſtrength is worn;
Witneſſe wiſe Socrates, from morn to morn
That ſtood as ſtiff as any trunck of tree:
What eye could beat in contemplation
So long a fix'dneſſe, none ſo long could ſee,
Its watery tears would wail its frail infirmity.

34

Nor feeble eld, ſure harbenger of death,
Doth hinder the free work of th' *Intellect*.
When th' eye growes dim and dark that it unneath
Can ſee through age, the mind then cloſe collect
Into it ſelf ſuch miſteries doth deteſt
By its far-piercing beams, that youthfull heat
Doth count them folly and with ſcorn neglect,
His ignorance concludes them but deceit;
He hears not that ſtill voyce, his pulſe ſo loud doth beat.

35

Laſtly ſenſe, phanſie, though they be confin'd
To certain objects, which to ſeverall
Belong; yet ſure the Intellect or mind
Apprehends all objects, both corporeall,
As colours, ſounds; and incorporeall,
As virtue, wiſdome, and the higher ſpright,
Gods love and beauty intellectuall;
So that its plain that ſhe is higher pight
Then in all acts to pend on any earthly might.

36

If will and appetite we list compare,
Like difference we easly there discover,
This pent, contract, yfraught with furious jar
And fierce antipathy. It boyleth over
With fell revenge; or if new chance to cover
The former passion. Suppose lust or fear.
Yet all are tumults, but the will doth hover
No whit enslav'd to what she findeth here,
But in a free suspense her self doth nimbly bear.

37

Mild, gentle, calm, quick, large, subtill, serene,
These be her properties which do increase
The more that vigour in the bodies vein
Doth waste and waxen faint. Desires decrease
When age the *Mundane* spright doth more release
From this strait mansion. But the will doth flower
And fairly spread, near to our last decease
Embraceth God with much more life and power
Then ever it could do in its fresh vernall hower.

38

Wherefore I think we safely may conclude
That Will and Intellect do not rely
Upon the body, sith they are indew'd
With such apparent contrariety
Of qualities to sense and phantasie,
Which plainly on the body do depend:
So that departed souls free energie
May well exert, when they have made an end
Of this vain life, nor need to *Lethe Lake* descend.

The Argument of
ΓIPSYCHOPANNYCHIA.

Cant. 2.

'ondage and freedom's here set out
By an inverted Cone:
'he self-formd soul may work without
Incorporation.

1

ıin of beings! the vast deep abysse
: and love and penetrating Will,
ıreaks through narrow *Night*, and so transmisse
doth find it self! What mortall skill
ach this mysterie? my trembling quill
lesse may set it forth; yet as I may
attempt this task for to fulfill.
ide my pen while I this work assay
, through all himself doth infinitely display.

2

d's loose largenesse and full libertie
den out. Most precious thing I ween.
centrall life its outgone energie
preaden forth, unsneep'd by foe-man keen,
ke unclouded Sunne doth freely shine.
: right Libertie, whose first Idee
ıeasure is that holy root divine
free life, hight *Ahad, Unitie:*
ngs He at once is present totally.

3

otall presence must be infinite:
e infinite infinitie.
infinites you must not disunite:
e one all-spreaden Unitie.
ıust you so out-spread this Deitie,
ıt infinitie so infinite
e in every infinite: so we
nultiplie this infinite single sight
l apprehension of a mortall wit.

What

4

What is not infinitely infinite,
It is not simply infinite and free:
For straitnesse (if you do conceive aright)
Is the true daughter of deficiencie.
But sith there's no defect in *Unitie*,
Or *Abad*, *Abad* this first centre hight
In Poetrie as yet to vulgar eye
Unpublish'd) him first freedome infinite
We may well style. And next is that eternall light;

5

Sonne unto *Abad*, *Son* we him name
(In that same Poeme) like his father free,
Even infinitely free I him proclaim
Every where all at once. And so is she
Which *Psyche* hight: for perfect *Unitie*
Makes all those one. So hitherto we have
Unmeasurable freedome. *Semele*
Is next, whom though fair fluttering forms embrave,
Yet motion and defect her libertie deprave.

6

Imagination's not infinite,
Yet freer farre then *sense*; and *sense* more free
Then vegetation or *spermatick* spright.
Even absent things be seen by phantasie;
By sense things present at a distancie;
But that *spermatick* spright is close confin'd
Within the compasse of a stupid tree,
Imprison'd quite in the hard rugged rind,
Yet there defective *reduplication* we find:

7

Farre more defective then in phantasie
Or sense; yet freer is the *plastick* spright
Then quantitie, or single qualitie,
Like quantitie it self out-stretched right
Devoid of all *reduplicative* might:
If any such like qualities there were
So dull, so dead, so all devoid of light
As no communicative rayes to bear;
If there be such to *Hyle* they do verge most near.

8

But Hyle's self is perfect penurie,
And infinite straitnesse: Here we finden nought,
Nor can do ought. If curiously we prie
Into this mirksome corner quite distraught
From our own life and being, we have brought
Our selves to nothing. Or the sooth to sayen
The subtilest soul herself hath never wrought
Into so strait a place, could nere constrain
Herself to enter, or that hagge to entertain.

9

Lo! here's the figure of that mighty Cone,
From the strait Cuspis to the wide-spread Base,
Which is even all in comprehension.
What's infinitely nothing here hath place;
What's infinitely all things steddie stayes
At the wide Basis of this Cone inverse,
Yet its own essence doth it swiftly chace,
Oretakes at once; so swiftly doth it pierce
That motion here's no motion.

10

Suppose the Sunne so much to mend his pace,
That in a moment he did round the skie,
The nimble Night how swiftly would he chace
About the earth? so swift that scarce thine eye
Could ought but light discern. But let him hie
So fast, that swiftnesse hath grown infinite,
In a pure point of time so must he flie
Around this ball, and the vast shade of Night
Quite swallow up, ever steddie stand in open sight.

11

For that which from its place is not away
One point of time, how can you say it moves?
Wherefore the Sunne doth alwayes steddie stay
In our Meridian, as this reason proves.
And sith that in an instant round he roves,
The same doth hap in each Meridian line;
For in his instantaneous removes
He in them all at once doth fairly shine,
Nor that large stretchen space his freenesse can confine.

The

Seems not this soul or Intellect very dull,
That in so few she can her self discover
To be but one in all, though all be full!
Of her alone? Besides, no soul doth love her
Because she sucks up all: but what would move her
Thus to detest her self, if one she be
In all mens bodies? right reason surely dtove her
Thus to condemne this lonesome Unitie
Of mind or soul: which reason's her own energy.

9

Thoughts good and bad that Universall mind
Must take upon it self; and every ill,
That is committed by all humane kind,
They are that souls. Alas, we have no will,
No free election, nor yet any skill,
But are a number of dull stalking trees
That the universall Intellect doth fill
With its own life and motion: what it please
That there it acts. What strange absurdities are these?

10

All plotted mischief that sly reason wrought,
All subtill falsities that nimbly fly
About the world, that soul them all hath brought;
Then upon better thoughts with penalty
Doth sore afflict her self, doth laugh and cry
At the same time. Here Aristophanes
Doth maken sport with some sprusé Comedie;
There with some Tragick strain sad Sophocles
Strikes the Spectatours hearts, makes many weeping eyes,

11

Such grief this soul must in her self conceive
And pleasure at one time. But here you'll say
We ought not grief not pleasure for to give
Unto the soul. To what then? This live clay?
It feels no grief if she were gone away:
Therefore the soul at once doth laugh and cry.
But in this argument I'll no longer stay,
But forward on with swifter course will hie,
And finden out some grosser incongruity.

12

Let now two men conceiven any form
Within their ſelves, ſuppoſe of flaming fire;
If but one ſoul doth both their corpſe inform,
There's but one onely ſpecies intire.
For what ſhould make it two? The idee of fire,
That is but one, the ſubject is but one,
One onely ſoul that all men doth inſpire.
Let one man quench that form he thought upon,
That form is now extinct and utterly ygone;

13

So that the other man can think no longer,
Which all experience doth prove untrue.
But yet I'll further urge with reaſon ſtronger,
And ſtill more clearly this fond falſhood ſhew.
Can contraries the ſame ſubject imbew?
Yes; black and white, heat, cold may both poſſeſſe
The mind at once; but they a nature new
Do there obtain, they're not groſſe qualities,
But ſubtill ſprights that mutually themſelves no'te preſſe:

14

But contradiction, can that have place
In any ſoul? Plato affirms Idees;
But Ariſtotle with his pugnacious race
As idle figments ſtifly them denies.
One ſoul in both doth thus philoſophiſe,
Concludes at once contradictoriouſly
To her own ſelf. What man can here deviſe
A fit eſcape, if (what's ſure verity)
He do but grant the ſouls indiviſibility?

15

Which ſtifly is maintaind in that ſame ſong
Which is ycleeped Pſychathanaſie,
And ſafely well confirmd by reaſons ſtrong:
Wherefore I liſt not here that truth to trie,
But wiſh the Reader to turn back his eye,
And view what there was faithfully diſplaid,
Now if there be but one centrality
Of th' Univerſall ſoul which doth invade
All humane ſhapes; how come theſe contradictions made?

For

16

that one ſoul is judge of every thing,
heareth all Philoſophers diſpute;
lf diſputes in all that jangling,
:aſoning fiercely doth it ſelf confute,
contradictions confidently conclude:
t is ſo monſtrous that no man can think
ıave leaſt ſhew of truth. So this purſuit
ll might now leave off: what need I ſwink
ve what's clearly true, and force out needleſſe ink.

17

n, ſhe would the ſame thing will and nill
ıe ſame time. Beſides, all men would have
ſelf-ſame knowledge, art, experience, skill;
frugall parent might his money ſave,
Pedagoge his pains: If he engrave
Grammer precepts but in one boyes mind,
ecent manners: He doth thus embrave
h ſingle labour all the youth you'll find
he hollow heavens, they'll be alike enclin'd.

18

every man is skill'd in every trade,
every ſilent thought that up doth ſpring
ıe mans breaſt, doth every man invade;
ounſel-keeper, nor no ſecret thing
l then be found; They'll need no whiſpering
louder voice. Let Orators be dumb,
need the eager auditours make a ring;
ıgh every one keep himſelf cloſe at home, (roam,
ent Preachers thoughts through all the world will

19

each man out, and in a moment hit
h unavoyded force: Or ſooth to ſain
all begin at once to think what's fit,
all at once anon leave off again.
uſand ſuch incongruities vain
l follow from that firſt abſurdity,
ich doth all ſouls into one centre ſtrain,
nake them void of ſelf-centrality.
ſoul from whence firſt ſprong ſo uncouth falſity.

20

Now all the arguments that I have brought
For to disprove the souls strange solitude,
That there is not one onely soul, well mought
Be urg'd (and will with equall strength conclude)
To prove that God his creature hath indewd
With a *self-centrall* essence, which from his
Doth issue forth, with proper rayes embewd,
And that not all the very Godhead is:
For that would straight beget the like absurdities.

21

For he is indivisibly one being,
At once in every place, and knoweth all;
He is omnipotent, infinite in seeing:
Wherefore if Creatures intellectuall
(And in that order humane souls will fall)
Were God himself, they would be alike wise,
Know one anothers thoughts imaginall,
Which no man doth: such falshoods would arise
With many more, which any idiot might well despise.

22

Nor will mens souls that now be different
Be God himself hereafter, and all one:
For thus they were quite lost; their life ylent
And subtill being quite away are flone.
This is a perfect contradiction,
They are all one with God, and yet they are.
If they be one with God, then they alone
Did make themselves, and every rolling starre:
For God alone made these, and God himself they are.

23

Before the Sunne and all the host of heaven,
The earth, the sea; and mans deep centrall spright;
Before all these were made, was not God even
With his own self? what then him moven might
To waste his words and say, Let there be light,
If the accomplishment of all things be,
That all be God himself. This is not right.
No more perfection, no more energie
There will be then, then at the former nullity.

24

r will you say, that God himself delights
o do and undo? But how can this stand
ith self-sufficiency? There's nought that might
dde to his happinesse (if I understand
is Nature right.) But he with open hand
oth easly feed the Creature that he made
s easly. Wherefore if the truth be scand
his Goodnesse would that nought should be decay'd;
mind is all should live; no life he would should fade.

25

ut if the finall consummation
f all things make the Creature *Deiform*,
s Plato's school doth phrase it; there is none
hat thence need fear to come to any harm:
or God himself will then inact, inform,
nd quicken humane souls at the last day;
nd though the devill rore, and rage, and storm,
et deaths drad power shall be done away,
living *Night* on men its poysonous beams shall ray.

26

le hasten it that makes that glorious day!
or certainly it is no fearfull thing
ut unto pride, and love of this base clay:
t's their destruction, but the perfecting
f the just souls. It unto them doth bring
heir full desire, to be more close unite
Vith God, and utter cleans'd from all their sin.
ong was the world involv'd in cloudy *Night*,
at the last will shine the perfect Christian light.

27

Thus the souls numerous plurality
have prov'd, and shew'd she is not very God;
But yet a decent *Deiformity*
Have given her: thus in the middle trod
safely went, and fairly well have row'd
As yet. Part of my voyage is to come,
Which is to prove that the souls new aboad
in heaven or hell (what ever is her doom)
ought hinders but past forms even there again may bloom.

Which

28

Which if they did not, ſhe could never tell
Why ſhe were thus rewarded, wherefore ill
Or good ſhe doth enjoy, whether ill or well
She lived here. Remembrance death did ſpill.
But otherwiſe it fares; as was her will
And inclination of her thirſty ſpright,
Impreſſions of like nature then doth fill
Her lively mind, whether with ſad affright
Diſturb'd, which ſhe long feard; or in hop'd-for delight.

29

The life that here moſt ſtrongly kindled was
(Sith ſhe awakes in death) muſt needs betray
The ſoul to what neareſt affinity has
With her own ſelf; and likeneſſes do ſway
The mind to think of what ever did play
In her own ſelf with a like ſhape or form;]
And contraries do help the memory:
So if the ſoul be left in caſe forlorn,
Remembrance of paſt joy makes her more deeply mourn.

30

'Tis alſo worth our obſervation,
That higher life doth ever comprehend
The lower energie: ſenſation
The ſoul ſome fitten hint doth promptly lend
To find out plantall life; ſenſe is retaind
In ſubtiller manner in the phantaſie;
Als reaſon phantaſies doth well perpend:
Then muſt the higheſt of all vitality
Contain all under life. Thus is there Memory.

31

This faculty is very intimate
And near the Centre, very large and free,
Extends it ſelf to whatſoever that
The ſoul peracts. There is no ſubtilty
Of Intellect, of Will, no energy
Of Senſe, nor uncouth ſtrange impreſſion
From damned Night, or the bleſt Deity,
But of all theſe ſhe hath retention,
And of their former being makes a prompt agnition.

This

32

norie the very bond of life
well deem. If it were cut away
g truly then you might contrive
int of time. The former day
ught at all to us; when once we lay
:s to sleep, we should not know at morn
: we were before; nor could we say
f sense: so soon as off we turn
that's quite forgot. Coherence thus is torn.

33

h it is of such necessitie,
he bundle of the souls duration,
:chman of the soul, lest it should flie
from its own self, a sure fixation
ntrall depth it hath, and free dilation,
akes notice of each energie
lect, sense, or imagination:
ore this virtue no dependencie
is body, must be safe when it doth die.

34

isperſed lifes collection,
s our memorie, safely survive
well it may, sith it depends not on
indane spirit) what can fitly drive
ıction? In heaven it doth live
of one great light, it hath no time
ı low trifles, as past sights, to dive,
she gathered up in earthly slime:
ledge of herself is lost in light divine.

35

ı she here forget our radiant Sunne?
ch its maker is the bright *idee*,
; her shadow; or what she hath done
ıe's rewarded with the Deitie?
e it: Yet her lifes *Centralitie*
ghtly's quickned with near Union
ood, that now wish'd-for vitalitie
ıcreas'd, that infinitely sh' has fun
ıer deep'st desire unspeakably hath wonne.

And

36

And deep desire is the deepest act,
The most profound and centrall energie;
The very selfnesse of the soul, which backt
With piercing might, she breaks out, forth doth flie
From dark contracting death, and doth descrie
Herself unto herself; so thus unfold
That actuall life she straightwayes saith, is I.
Thus while she were in this live bulk infold,
Of this low life; as of herself oft tales she told.

37

In dangerous sicknesse often saith, I dies
When nought doth die but the low plantall man,
That falls asleep: and while Nature doth tie
The soul unto the body; she here can
Avoid it, but must feel the self-same pain,
The same decay, if hereto she her mind
Do bend. When stupid cold her corse oretain,
She felt that cold; but when death quite doth bind
The sense, then she herself doth dead and senseleſſe find.

38

Or else at least just at the entrance
Of death she feels that slie privation,
How now it spreads ore all: so living sense
Perceives how sleep creeps on, till quite o'recome
With drousinesse; animadversion
Doth cease: but (lower sense then fast ybound)
The soul bestoweth her adversion
On something else: So oft strange things hath found
In sleep, from this dull carcase while she was unbound.

39

So though the soul, the time she doth advert
The bodies passions takes her self to die;
Yet death now finish'd, she can well convert
Herself to other thoughts. And if the eye
Of her adversion were fast fixt on high;
In midst of death 'twere no more fear or pain,
Then 'twas unto Elias to let flie
His useleſſe mantle to that Hebrew Swain,
While he rode up to heaven in a bright fierie wain.

Thus

40

ıve] ſtourly reſcued; he ſoul
:ntrall death or pure mortalitie,
ım the liſtleſſe flouds of Lethe dull,
ım the ſwallow of drad Unitie,
m an all-conſuming Deitie.
ɔw remains, but ſince we are ſo ſure
eſſe life, that to true pietie
: our minds, and make our conſcience pure,
; Night in bitter darkneſſe us immure.

FINIS.

A Paraphrasticall Interpretation of the ans of Apollo, *when he was consulted by* Amelius *whither* Plotinus *soul went when he departed this life.*

I Tune my strings to sing some sacred verse
Of my dear friend; in an immortall strein
His mighty praise I loudly will reherse
With hony-dewed words: some golden vein
The strucken chords right sweetly shall resound.
Come, blessed Muses, let's with one joint noise,
With strong impulse, and full harmonious sound,
Speak out his excellent worth. Advance your voice,
As once you did for great Æacides,
Wrapt with an heavenly rage, in decent dance,
Mov'd at the measures of Meonides.
Go to, you holy quire, let's all at once
Begin, and to the end hold up the song,
Into one heavenly harmonie conspire;
I Phœbus with my lovely locks ymong
The midst of you shall sit, and life inspire.
Divine Plotinus! yet now more divine
Then when thy noble soul so stoutly strove
In that dark prison, where strong chains confine,
Keep down the active mind it cannot move
To what it loveth most. Those fleshly bands
Thou now hast loos'd, broke from Necessitie.
From bodies storms, and frothie working sands
Of this low restlesse life now setten free,
Thy feet do safely stand upon a shore,
Which foaming waves beat not in swelling rage,
Nor angry seas do threat with fell uprore;
Well hast thou swommen out, and left that stage
Of wicked Actours, that tumultuous rout
Of ignorant men. Now thy pure steps thou stay'st
In that high path, where Gods light shines about,
And perfect Right its beauteous beams displayes.